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Collier's

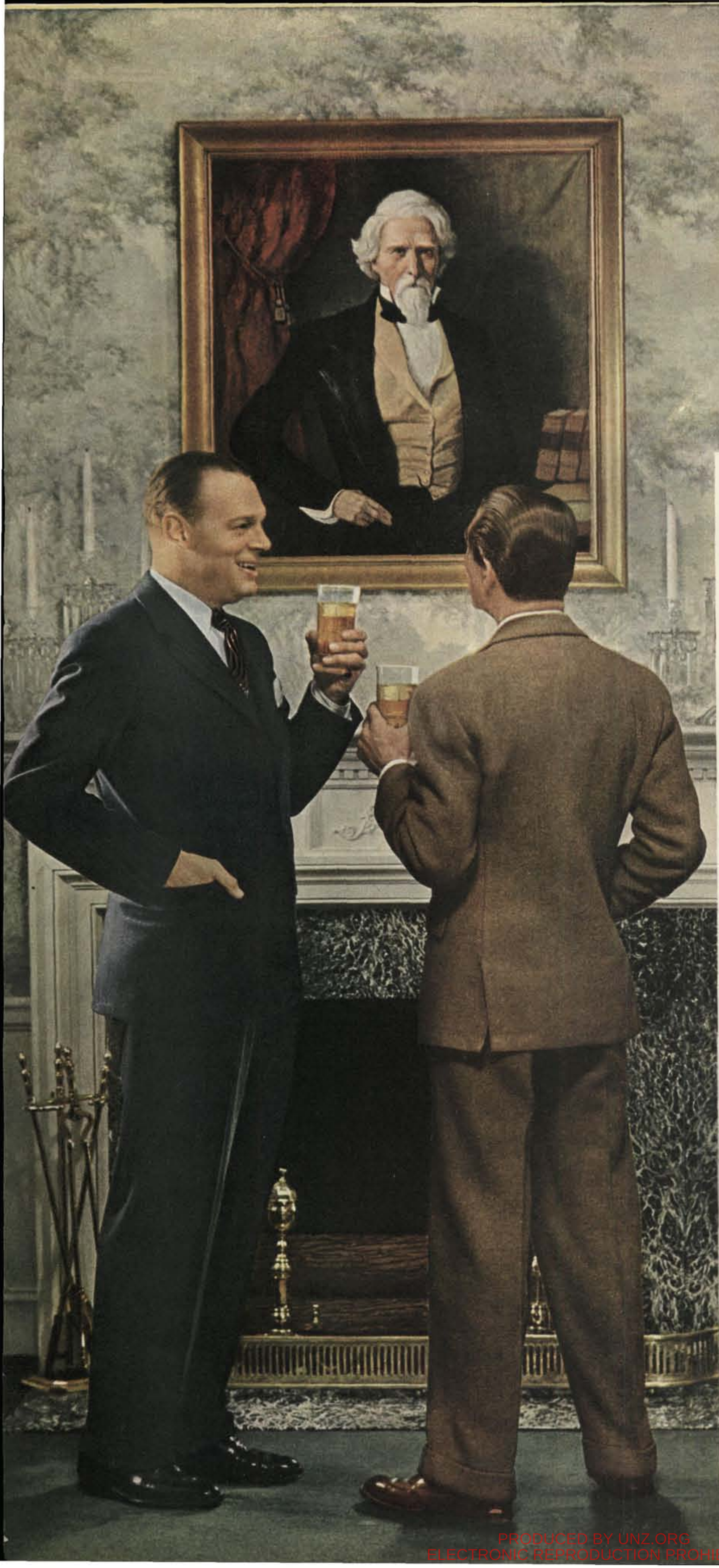
T NATIO WE

June 22, 1940

5¢ A COPY

Our Defenseless Coast **By General Johnson Hagood**

UNE 22, 1940



"The lesson I never forgot"

"JIM, ONE OF THE THINGS I remember best about my grandfather is a bit of philosophy he was fond of repeating . . .

"There are fine things and common things, he used to say. One man chooses the common, and gets the fleeting satisfaction of having paid a small price.

"Another chooses the fine, and pays a little more—yet he gets the better bargain. For his is the lasting satisfaction of having paid so *little* more to get so *much* more."

This is a philosophy which we have often voiced—that while Four Roses may cost a little more, we believe you will find it worth *infinitely* more.

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

Do you see a Little Girl?
No! I see a Debutante of 1952.

Is she a Popular Debutante?
How could She miss with that Lovely Smile!

Is She Lucky to have a Smile like that?
Perhaps—but She always has used Ipana and Massage.

MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
NET WT. 2.4 OZ.
AS USED ALWAYS HELPS

Why take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"? Help your gums to become firmer, healthier, your smile brighter . . . with Ipana and Massage.

JUDY won't always be wearing pig-tails . . . but the chances are she'll have her heart-catching smile for a long, long time. For Judy is a little girl who knows about the proper care of teeth and gums.

She can tell you why gum massage is so important to healthy gums and sparkling smiles! For she, like thousands of lucky youngsters today, has learned in her classroom that the soft, creamy foods we eat today deny our gums the exercise they need for health. That's why gums often tend to become tender, sensitive . . . and signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink"!

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

As soon as "pink" appears on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist!* It may not mean serious trouble . . . but let your dentist decide. Very likely, he'll tell you your gums need help . . . need exercise and stimulation. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana does more than clean your teeth thoroughly. Used with massage, Ipana is especially designed to aid the gums to health. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" you notice is exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means that circulation is awakening in the gum tissues . . . helping the gums to become stronger and firmer.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. Begin now the daily habit of Ipana and massage . . . for healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

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JUNE 22, 1940

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COVER BORIS BUZAN

ANY WEEK

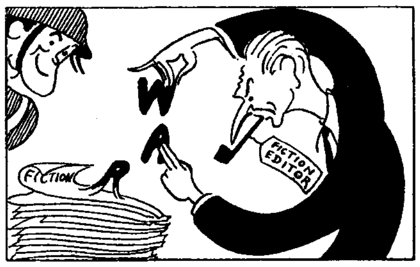
ALL of a sudden we seem to be looking at national affairs through the large end of a telescope. We'd probably be doing that even if we hadn't waded through a couple of hundred letters from readers who, like ourselves, have been exploded out of a smug complacency by Mr. Hitler's none too distant bombs. You tell us that something discouraging should be done about "minuscular, political minds unable to reckon beyond office-seeking." That comes from Dr. George V. DeBerry of Central City, Colorado. And we're asked to gripe with Mr. Ernest Besher of Danbury, Connecticut, at the blatherings of wool-hat statesmen who "can't get it into their burr heads that this is not the time to make major issues of pensions, doles, subsidies and similar grabs." We gather (and gladly) that vast numbers of you sicken as you listen to the blather of political convention orators exhorting you to elect their employers if you would restore the world to unity, peace and concord, evade war, establish lasting prosperity and plenitude, abolish social and economic error and so on to an unearthly point far beyond the horizon of mortal mind and capability.

AND yet there are reasons to believe that all of us haven't shriveled. We've a letter from a woman in Des Moines, Iowa, who says that she is willing to take half what the relief authorities have been giving her if the other half will be devoted to buying "the arms and ammunition that will protect us from war and worse." She asks us not to use her name but thinks that her willingness to make sacrifices may win others to do likewise. After a little struggle we believe that she may be a startling influence. Or maybe we merely hope so. Maybe there's enough of that spirit to promote a political black-out and inspire one or more of the foremost presidential aspirants to make the patriotic suggestion offered by Mrs. Sally Clotheren of Vicksburg, Mississippi. Mrs. Clotheren would "limit each party platform to one plank—to stay out of the war until it was thrust upon us and then to devote ourselves to winning at the expense of everything else." Then, suggests Mrs. Clotheren, "let the successful candidate form a nonpolitical, coalition war cabinet as single-minded as Germany's." She would forthwith "conscript men and wealth for the duration of the emergency." Then, having restored this crazy world to sanity, Mrs. Clotheren would "return to making fools of ourselves in a peaceful way."

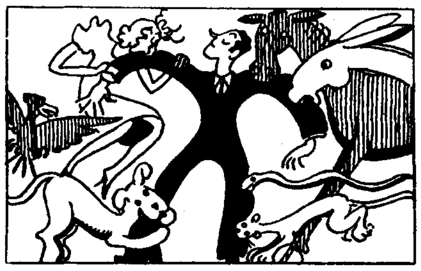
NO WEEK, scarcely a day, passes that we aren't in communication with some fellow citizen with claims to a place apart from the common masses. Let's see. Well, here's Mr. John Corbin Kearn of St. Louis, Missouri, who has traveled around the country collecting the articulate sounds of his fellow men on phonograph records. At least two of his records excite us. On one of them he has recorded, one on top of the other, in the same grooves, the preamble of the Declaration of Independence as read by twelve gentlemen in twelve well-separated parts of the United States. It was all worked out nicely by metronome to keep each dialect at the same tempo. But otherwise each recorder did his natural stuff. To anyone accustomed to political oratory, Mr. Kearn assures us, the result might not be astonishing. That record he says "is completely candidate." The other record we're interested in didn't come out quite so well—lacks quickly appraisable character. It compiles similarly the voices of twelve ladies reading a newspaper beauty-hints column. Mr. Kearn admits that it's all pretty confusing.

A DEMAND has come to us from Mrs. H. Jerowicz of Grand Rapids, Michigan. "Sometime soon before too late print down in one page what all this is on the radio and in the newspaper," asks Mrs. Jerowicz. "The talk is so fast and the voice so thick that I do not know. Also the newspaper says different from the radio. Put it down quick. I got a husband and children to take care of. Put it down little and no jokes so I can understand. I am not educated."

WE HAVE gone about as far as we dare go on the subject of war. We regret that we've had to abandon a number of your suggestions because the world is moving too rapidly for the average letter writer's mind. But we are hearing increasingly from the escapists. For example, here's Mr. Ben Padden of St. Joseph, Missouri, who begs us to "keep the war out of fiction." Mr. Patten contends that he's willing to "face war when it comes" but in the meantime he looks to us for refuge from his radio and his newspaper. He warns us against putting him down as one who can't take unpleasant facts. However, Mr. Padden recalls that when he was in the Army in 1917 a very important part of a soldier's life was "relaxation from war by means of books, magazines, movies, song-and-dance teams and entertainers." He thinks that "the noncombatants ought to have a break, so don't drag the war into every page."



WE'VE been on the verge several times of telling you about people who have been bitten by dogs. For example, there was the gentleman who has been bitten by only one dog, but six times on the same leg. But we're glad we restrained ourselves until hearing from Mr. Harry K. Mingin of Las Vegas, New Mexico. On various places on his body, Mr. Mingin carries the marks of sixty-two bites inflicted by twenty-seven distinct varieties of animal life. He offers affidavits in proof. He has been bitten by man and beasts—dogs, snakes, Gila monsters, insects, horses, cats (wild and house), mountain lions, fish (carp), birds (thrice by an eagle and once by a parrot), wolves (prairie and timber), mules and dying coyotes. Mr. Mingin has never been bitten by a black widow spider although he seems to have hopes. But he has been bitten by two movie actresses, a cowboy and a deputy sheriff, all of whom, he says, were pretty thoroughly under the influence of liquor.



IN THE meantime a large number of Americans seem to be preparing to make the best of their opportunities. We are reliably informed that Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's (FBI) mail and Congressman Martin Dies' have been increasing to a point where it's becoming a problem. We have only our authority's guess for it that more than three quarters of the letters have to do with fifth columnists. Virtually every letter writer knows several of these crawlers and the uncomfortable feeling grows that the situation affords one's enemies an opportunity impossible to scorn to nominate one for immediate and painful extermination. Quite a few of Mr. Dies' and Mr. Hoover's correspondents desire too to know what the laws say about doing away with fifth columnists before their dirty work gets under way. We should like to state at once that we're not a fifth columnist and would appreciate it if Mr. Hoover would make note of it, paying no attention to anything he hears from a Mr. One Hundred Per Cent American who writes us from Detroit that we are "a rotten traitor and a cowardly tool of the International Bankers." All of which comes to us as a surprise. We thought that after all these years everybody knew what we were.

A PHITT columnist. . . . W. D.

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YOU CAN TALK ALL YOU WANT TO ABOUT BLOW-OUTS ..I STILL SAY SKIDS ARE WORSE
BUT LISTEN, A BLOW-OUT GIVES NO WARNING ...YOU CAN'T STOP ...YOU CAN'T STEER

Why Argue?

New Goodrich Tire protects you against both skids and blow-outs

(Reading Time: 1 Minute 15 Seconds)

WHAT do *you* think? Are blow-outs worse than skids?—or skids worse than blow-outs? No matter what side of the fence you're on you're bound to admit that *both* are dangerous.

Yes, and figures prove it, too! Thousands are actually killed or injured in skid and blow-out accidents every year. And it's figures like these that demonstrate all too clearly why you need the extra protection of Goodrich Safety Silvertown tires. For remember, Silvertowns are the *only* tires with the famous Life-Saver Tread and the new Golden Ply—two exclusive Goodrich features that give you *maximum* protection against *both* skids and blow-outs.

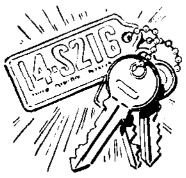
With the constant sweeping action of a windshield wiper, the Life-Saver Tread goes to work on a wet road. It sweeps the water right and left from under the tire—actually leaves a track so dry you can light a match on it. That's why Silvertowns give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had!

It's true—the first time you stop on a wet pavement you'll actually *feel* the greater skid protection of the Life-Saver Tread. And at the same time that other great safety feature, the Golden Ply, is working to give you extra protection against high speed blow-outs. Yes, the new, improved Golden Ply is resisting the terrific blow-out causing heat that is generated inside all tires at today's high speeds.

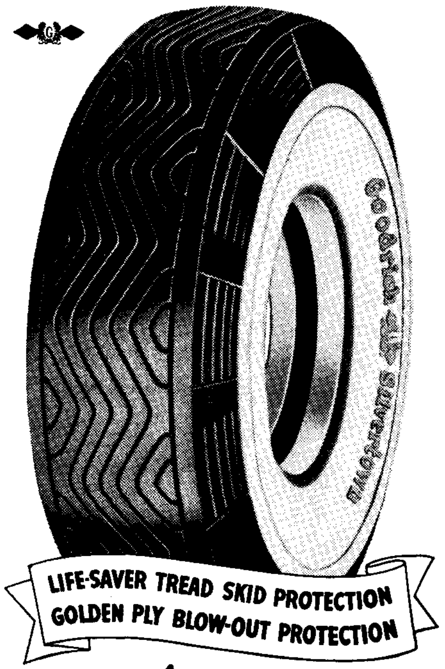
Why waste your breath arguing about skids and blow-outs when you may be risking your life riding on tires that do not give you protection? Get Silvertowns now. You'll find you can get them easily if you wish on the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.

* * *

Miniature Reproduction of Your License Plate on A Key Chain



ONLY 10 CENTS for this smart handy reproduction of your own license plate on a key chain. Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. There's no obligation. Just 10 cents to cover cost of handling.


Goodrich Safety Silvertown
LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION
GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

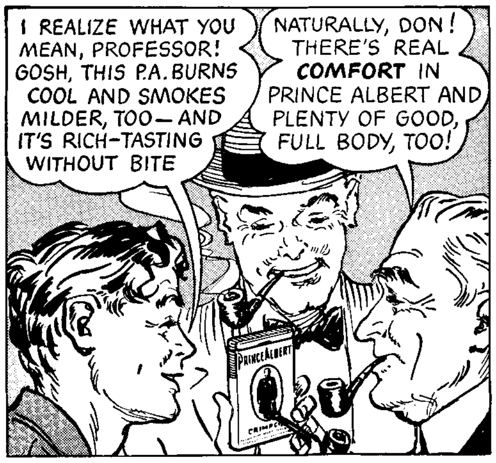
DON'T MISS JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
DON'T BE SURPRISED, DAD. IT'S SADIE HAWKINS DAY AT THIS SCHOOL. THE GIRLS HAVE TO CATCH A DATE FOR THE DANCE TONIGHT
?
SADIE HAWKINS DAY IS AN EVENT OBSERVED AT ALMOST 300 COLLEGES NOW, JUDGE. THE STUDENTS WEAR THEIR OLDEST CLOTHES
I'VE CAUGHT YOU, DON—YOU'RE MY DATE AT THE DANCE TONIGHT!
OUCH!
YOU SEEMED TO GIVE UP PRETTY EASY, DON
WELL—ER—I DROPPED MY PIPE—MY BRAND OF TOBACCO BURNS HOT
O-HO—WE WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT—WOULD WE, PROFESSOR?
NOT WHILE WE'RE ENJOYING COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT. HOW ABOUT TRYING A PIPE OF P.A., DON?
PRINCE ALBERT

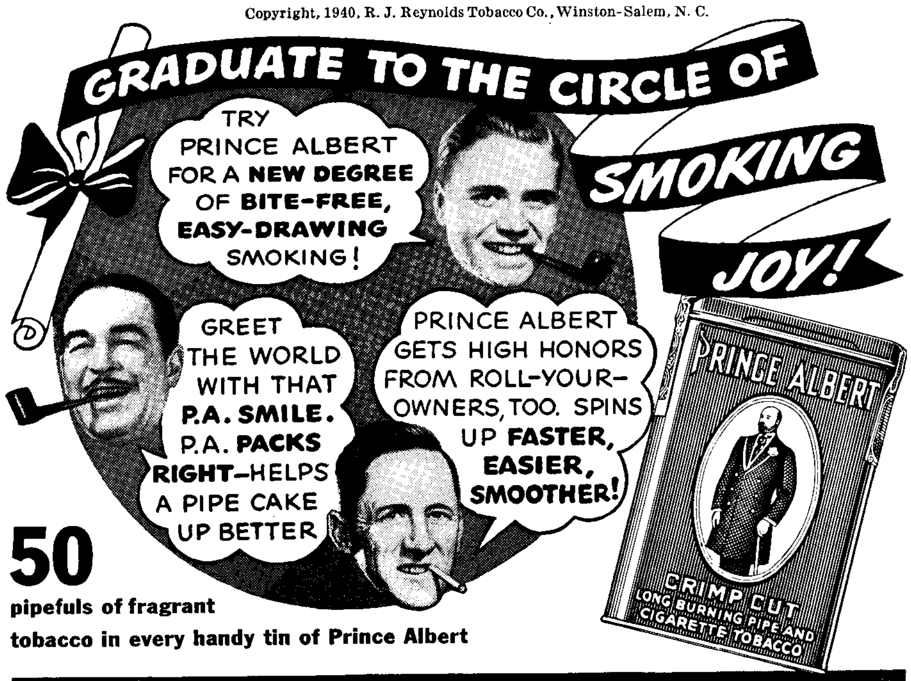
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!


I REALIZE WHAT YOU MEAN, PROFESSOR! GOSH, THIS P.A. BURNS COOL AND SMOKES MILDER, TOO—AND IT'S RICH-TASTING WITHOUT BITE
NATURALLY, DON! THERE'S REAL COMFORT IN PRINCE ALBERT AND PLENTY OF GOOD, FULL BODY, TOO!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


GRADUATE TO THE CIRCLE OF SMOKING JOY!
TRY PRINCE ALBERT FOR A NEW DEGREE OF BITE-FREE, EASY-DRAWING SMOKING!
GREET THE WORLD WITH THAT P.A. SMILE. P.A. PACKS RIGHT—HELPS A PIPE CAKE UP BETTER
PRINCE ALBERT GETS HIGH HONORS FROM ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS, TOO. SPINS UP FASTER, EASIER, SMOOTHER!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

England is about to issue bank notes which, it is believed, cannot be counterfeited. They are covered with a fine coat of metal that is invisible except under Wood's light, which causes it to become phosphorescent. As various metals, or combinations of metals, give off their own individual tint under this light, it is possible for every denomination of currency in every country to have its own identifying color.

At least forty per cent of the Caucasian race, which is generally supposed to comprise the white branches of the human species, is composed of people such as the Hindus and Arabs, whose skin is dark brown, and others such as the Ethiopians, whose color is nearly black.

Persons not certain of their ages may apply for this information to the Bureau of the Census and it will be given to them, if available, provided a definite address can be furnished at any census period. If the facts are required from censuses taken before 1880, anyone may search the records as they are not confidential.

Denver, Pennsylvania, is the first community in the United States to install a newly designed ozonation plant for the treatment of its municipal water. In this equipment, the ozone oxidizes and removes all organic matter responsible for bad taste, odor and discoloration and it kills the harmful bacteria.

The Federal Trade Commission does not allow manufacturers to label their goods "shrinkproof" or "nonshrinkable," nor to sell the same product for different prices under different trade names.

The medical service rendered gratis by American physicians and surgeons to people who they know are too poor to pay for it is valued at $1,000,000 a day.

About four hundred different types of crosses have been used as religious and heraldic symbols, and approximately fifty of which are still employed in Christian architecture, art and ceremonies.—*By Alfred Peacock, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.*

As the London Zoo is low in funds, several hundred people have come to its rescue by adopting an animal. They pay for its food and, in return, have their generosity acknowledged on a sign attached to the animal's cage. Three lions, two giraffes, a gorilla and a skunk are still awaiting adoption.

The Secretary of State, unlike the other nine members of the Cabinet, does not submit an annual report to Congress because he is not required to do so by law and because the President includes a discussion on foreign affairs in his annual message.

The blind people of the United States are engaged in about 425 different regular occupations.—*By Elvira Walton, New York, New York.*

Although there are oil wells in this country capable of producing up to as much as 185,000 barrels a day, the average daily production per well is less than ten barrels. In Pennsylvania, it is less than half a barrel.—*By Clement W. Adams, Hopkinton, Massachusetts.*

In Paris, compressed air is piped underground by a public utility that has a distribution system through more than three hundred miles of streets. The air is used in some two hundred distinct ways in the operation of machines and in manufacturing processes. — *By Roger Pedrotti, Le Pouliguen, France.*

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This may be
in YOUR
Engine!

Ask Your AC Service Man "IS MY OIL CLEAN?"

You'll want to know. Dirty oil forces you to buy more oil, and more gas. For dirty oil clogs the piston rings which maintain that all-important engine compression. When this occurs, both oil and gas consumption per mile go down.

AC
OIL FILTER
AC OIL FILTERS
Keep Oil Clean

Your AC Service Man Can Show You The Answer

Ask him to give your oil the dirt test. Watch him wipe the gauge stick on an AC Oil Test Pad. If the smear is clear, your oil is clean. But, if there's a dark, greasy spot in the middle of the smear, you need an AC Oil Filter.

Dirty Oil Costs You Money

AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filters keep all dirt, dust, sludge, and abrasives out of engine oil. They also remove sediment discoloration. With the only rigid, molded filtering element on the market,—through which oil cannot channel, and which water and acid cannot harm,—AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filters save you money every mile.

Ask for an AC Oil Test Today—IT'S FREE

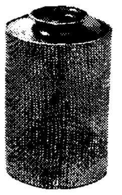
AC
OIL FILTERS

Gummy, abrasive sludge and dirt

MADE HARMLESS BY AC OIL FILTERS

Dirt like this collects in engine oil in a few thousand miles of driving. A very efficient oil filter is needed to remove such dirt. According to exhaustive tests, AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filters are highly efficient. And here's the main reason why—

Only AC Filters have IGNEONITE



Non-channeling, non-disintegrating,—molded into a single rigid unit,—these elements for AC Kleer-Kleen Filters are second to none in efficiency. They need no attention except replacement when oil becomes so dark that the gauge stick markings cannot be seen easily.

Built to do a Better Job

Amazing Proof of OIL ECONOMY

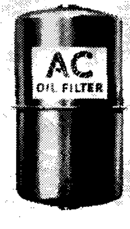
Tests conducted by car engineers clearly show that AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filters give you more miles per quart of oil. Here are the facts . . .

NO FILTER	MILES OF DRIVING	WITH AN OIL FILTER
Test Car No. 1 Miles per Qt. of Oil		Test car No. 2 Miles per Qt. of Oil
Start with New Oil	0	Start with New Oil
272	5,000	368
252	10,000	402
226	15,000	408
200	16,000	417

AC OIL FILTERS—*Made in 2 Models*

KLEER-KLEEN MODELS—Three sizes. Fit all cars, trucks, buses, tractors, and stationary engines. Element can be replaced without disturbing filter connections.

CARTRIDGE MODELS—Sizes to fit all vehicles. 8,000–10,000-mile capacities. Easily installed and replaced.



AC Makes Filters and Elements to Fit Every Engine

NOTE: Many kinds and grades of oil are in use today. You will be sure of the best results if you have your oil checked periodically, and follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.

AC OIL FILTERS *Manufactured by* **AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION** • *General Motors Corporation* • **FLINT, MICH.**

"My Hat's Off to the Girl I Married"

"I'm a lucky man—I've got a wife with brains! When our 1937 car began to look out of date, Judy got me to look at a new De Soto. I found everything *I* wanted: 100 economical horsepower, 122½" wheelbase, gearshift on the steering post. It all added up to the best engineering. And Judy got her favorite color, a smart interior, a trunk that holds 10 big bags, a wonderful Floating Ride. You guessed it—we *bought* that De Soto! It's priced $20 to $48 lower than last year—has ㊴ features not in our old car. Are we happy now!"

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

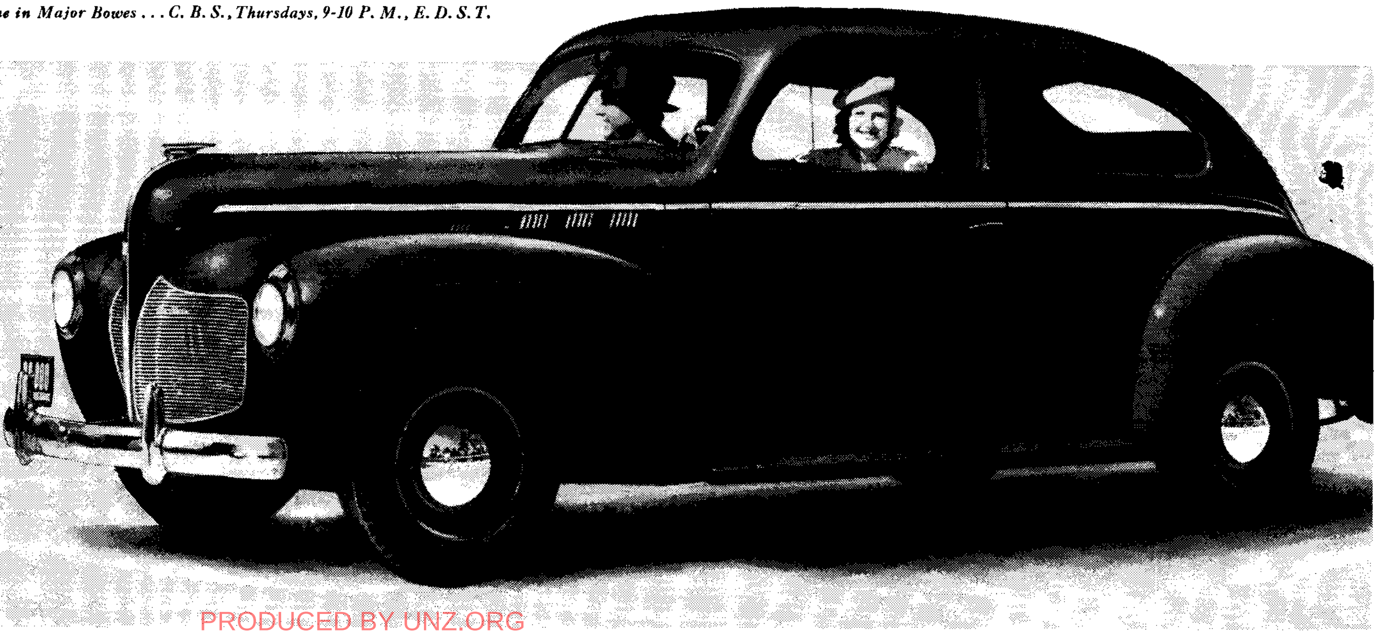
Tune in Major Bowes . . . C. B. S., Thursdays, 9-10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

DE SOTO

AMERICA'S FAMILY CAR

DE LUXE COUPE	DE LUXE SEDAN
$845	$905

Delivered at Detroit, including Federal taxes. Transportation, state, local taxes, if any, extra. Price includes: bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and wheel, tail lights, windshield wipers, safety glass.

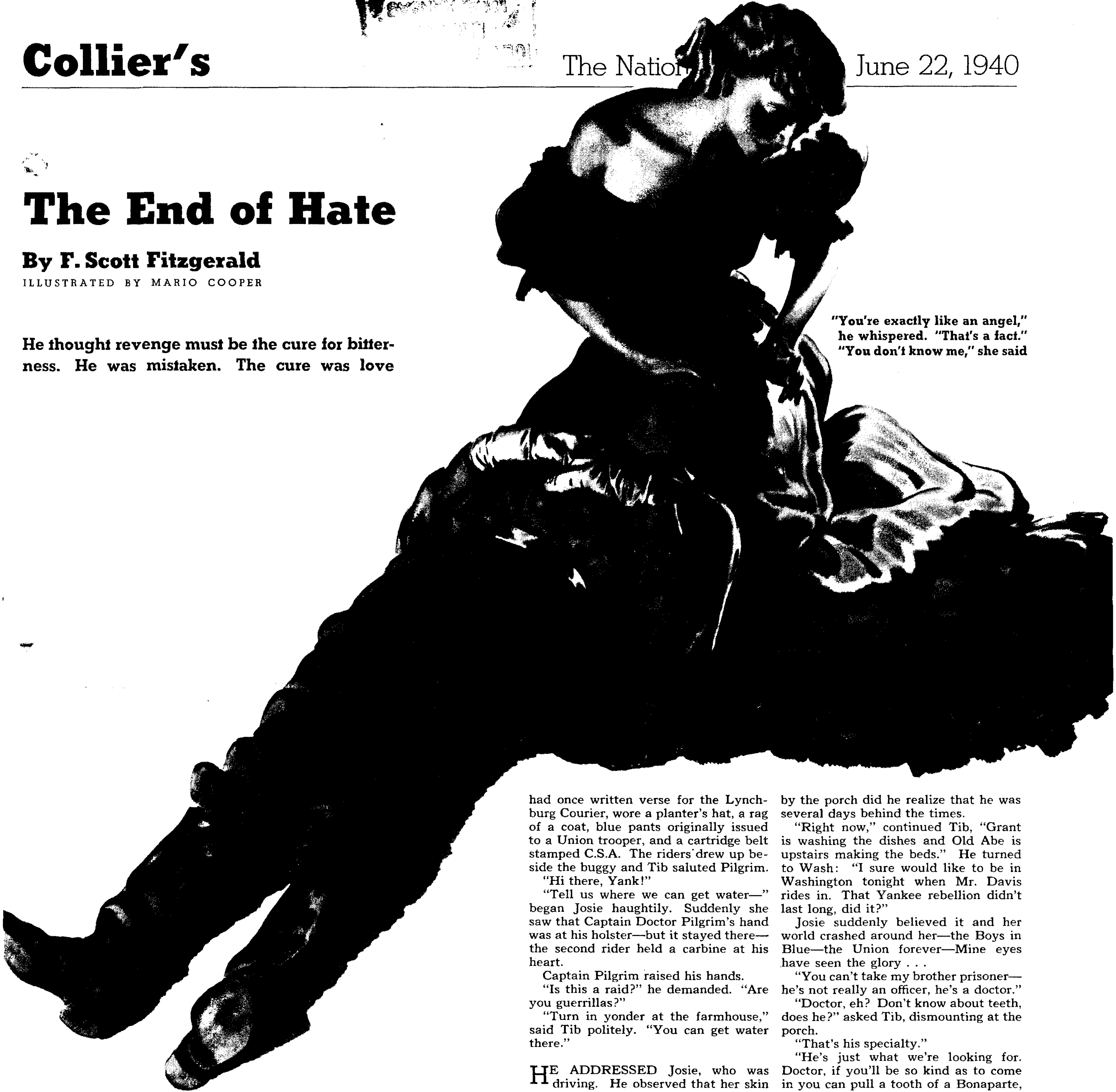


The End of Hate

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

He thought revenge must be the cure for bitterness. He was mistaken. The cure was love



"You're exactly like an angel," he whispered. "That's a fact." "You don't know me," she said

THE buggy progressed at a tired trot and the two occupants were as warm and weary as the horses. The girl's hair was a crackly yellow and she wore a dress of light blue bombazine—the first really grown-up dress she had ever known. She was going to be a nurse in a wartime hospital, and her brother complained that she was arrayed like a woman of the world.

"We're now almost in the District of Columbia," said Captain Doctor Pilgrim. "We will stop and get water at the next farmhouse."

The two Pilgrims were probably the only adults thereabout who did not know that southern Maryland was suddenly and surprisingly in Confederate hands. To ease the pressure on Lee at Petersburg, General Jubal Early had marched his corps up the valley in a desperate threat at the capital, had thrown shells into the suburbs, and then unwillingly turned back toward the west. His last infantry columns had scarcely slogged along this road, leaving a stubborn dust behind.

The Pilgrims, who had driven down from Ohio, were unaware of the situation; and as the buggy turned into the Washington Pike, Josie was puzzled by a number of what seemed to be armed tramps who limped past. And there was something about two men who galloped toward the buggy from the farmhouse that made her ask alertly, "What are those people, Brother? Secesh?"

To anyone who had not been at the front, it would have been hard to place the men as soldiers—Tib Dulany, who had once written verse for the Lynchburg Courier, wore a planter's hat, a rag of a coat, blue pants originally issued to a Union trooper, and a cartridge belt stamped C.S.A. The riders drew up beside the buggy and Tib saluted Pilgrim.

"Hi there, Yank!"

"Tell us where we can get water—" began Josie haughtily. Suddenly she saw that Captain Doctor Pilgrim's hand was at his holster—but it stayed there—the second rider held a carbine at his heart.

Captain Pilgrim raised his hands.

"Is this a raid?" he demanded. "Are you guerrillas?"

"Turn in yonder at the farmhouse," said Tib politely. "You can get water there."

HE ADDRESSED Josie, who was driving. He observed that her skin had a peculiar radiance as if phosphorus had touched it, and around her eyes was that veiled expression sometimes described as starry.

"Nobody's going to hurt you," he said, "you're inside Lee's lines."

"Lee's lines!" Captain Pilgrim cried indignantly as he turned the carriage. "Every time you Mosby cutthroats come out of your hills and cut a telegraph—"

The team jolted to a stop—the second trooper had grabbed the reins, and turned white eyes upon the doctor.

"One more peep about Mosby—"

"He just doesn't know the news, Wash," said Tib. "He doesn't recognize the Army of Northern Virginia."

Wash released the reins and the buggy drove up to the farmhouse. Only as the doctor saw a dozen horses tied by the porch did he realize that he was several days behind the times.

"Right now," continued Tib, "Grant is washing the dishes and Old Abe is upstairs making the beds." He turned to Wash: "I sure would like to be in Washington tonight when Mr. Davis rides in. That Yankee rebellion didn't last long, did it?"

Josie suddenly believed it and her world crashed around her—the Boys in Blue—the Union forever—Mine eyes have seen the glory . . .

"You can't take my brother prisoner—he's not really an officer, he's a doctor."

"Doctor, eh? Don't know about teeth, does he?" asked Tib, dismounting at the porch.

"That's his specialty."

"He's just what we're looking for. Doctor, if you'll be so kind as to come in you can pull a tooth of a Bonaparte, a cousin of Napoleon the Third. He's attached to General Early's staff and he's been carrying on for an hour but the ambulances have gone on."

An officer came out on the porch, gave a nervous ear to a crackling of rifles in the distance, and bent an eye upon the buggy.

"We found a tooth specialist, Lieutenant," said Tib. "The Lord sent him into our lines and if Napoleon still needs help—"

"Bring him in," the officer exclaimed. "We didn't know whether to take the prince along or leave him."

Suddenly Josie had a glimpse at the Confederacy on the vine-covered veranda. There was an egress from the house: a spidery man in a shabby riding coat adorned with faded stars, followed by two younger men cramming papers into a canvas sack. Then a miscellany of officers, one on a crutch, one stripped to his undershirt with the gold star of a general pinned to a bandage on his shoulder. There was disappointment in their tired eyes. Seeing Josie, they made a single gesture: their dozen right hands rose to their dozen hats and they bowed in her direction.

Josie bowed back stiffly. In a moment they swung into their saddles and General Early looked for a moment toward the city he had not taken. Then he spoke to the aide at his stirrup: "I want couriers from Colonel Mosby every half hour till we reach White's Ford."

"Yes, sir."

The general's sun-strained eyes focused on Dr. Pilgrim in the buggy.

"I understand you're a dentist," he said. "Pull out Prince Napoleon's tooth or whatever he needs. Do well by him and these troopers will let you go without parole."

The clop and crunch of mounted men moved down the lane, and in a minute the last sally of the Army of Northern Virginia faded into the distance. A French aide-de-camp came out of the farmhouse.

"The prince is still in agony," he announced.

"This Yank is a doctor," Tib said. "One of us'll go along while he's operating."

THE stout invalid in the kitchen, a gross miniature of his world-shaking uncle, tore his hand from his mouth and sat upright.

"Operation!" he cried. "*Quel horreur!*"

Dr. Pilgrim looked suspicious.

"My sister—where will she be?"

"In the parlor, Doctor. Wash, you stay here."

Prince Napoleon groaned again.

"I am a trained surgeon," Pilgrim reassured him stiffly. "Now, sir, will you take off that hat?"

The prince removed the white Cordoba which topped a costume of red tail-coat, French uniform breeches and dragoon boots.

"Prince, if he doesn't do well we got some apple trees outside and plenty rope."

Tib went into the parlor where Miss Josie sat on the edge of a sofa.

"The general said not to harm my brother," she reminded him.

"I'm more worried at what he's about to do to the prince," said Tib, sorry for her lovely anxious face.

An animal howl arose from the library.

"You hear that?" Tib said. "Napoleon's the one to worry about. And then, after our cavalry pickets pass, you and your brother can resume your journey."

Josie relaxed and looked at him with a certain human interest.

"What did my brother mean when he said you were a gorilla?"

"It's '*guer*rilla' not '*gor*illa,'" he objected. "When a Yankee's on detached service they call him a scout, but they pretend we're only part-time soldiers, so they can hang us."

"A soldier not in uniform is a spy, isn't he?"

"I *am* in uniform—look at my buckle. And, believe it or not, Miss Pilgrim, I was a smart-looking trooper when I rode out of Lynchburg four years ago."

He told her how he had been dressed that day, and Josie listened—it wasn't unlike the first volunteers leaving Youngstown, Ohio.

"—with a big red sash that belonged to my mother. One of the girls stood in front of the troop and read a poem I had published."

"Say the poem," Josie urged him. "I would so enjoy hearing it."

Tib considered. "All I remember is: 'Lynchburg, thy guardsmen bid thy hills farewell.' I—"

Came a scream from across the hall and a medley of French. Wash appeared in the door.

"Say, Tib—the Yank got the tooth."

"Fine," said Tib. He turned back to Josie.

"I certainly would like to write a few lines sometime to express my admiration of you."

"This is so sudden," she said lightly. She might have spoken for herself, too.

PRESENTLY Wash turned from the window:

"Tib, the patrols have started shootin' back from the saddle."

"Will you leave without *us?*" the French aide demanded suspiciously.

"We sure will," said Tib. "The prince can observe the war from the Yankee side for a while. Miss Pilgrim, I bid you a most unwilling goodby."

Peering hastily into the kitchen, Tib saw the prince so far recovered as to be sitting upright.

Now Wash called from outside:

"Hey, Tib!"

There were shots very near. The two scouts were unhitching their horses when Wash muttered, "Hell's fire!" and pointed down the drive where five Federal troopers were in view at the far gate. Wash swung his carbine one-handed to his right shoulder.

"I'll take the two on the left."

"Maybe we could run for it," Tib suggested.

"They got seven-rail fences."

Leisurely the file of cavalry trotted up the drive. Even after four years, Tib hated to shoot from ambush, but he had no choice.

"Get your mark, Wash. When they break we'll ride through 'em."

But the ill luck of Southern arms that day was with them. Before they could loose a shot a man's body flung against Tib and pinioned him—a voice shouted beside his ear:

"Men! There're rebels here!"

As Tib wrestled desperately with Pilgrim, the Northern patrol stopped, drew pistols. Wash was bobbing from side to side trying to get a shot at Pilgrim, but the doctor maneuvered Tib's body in between.

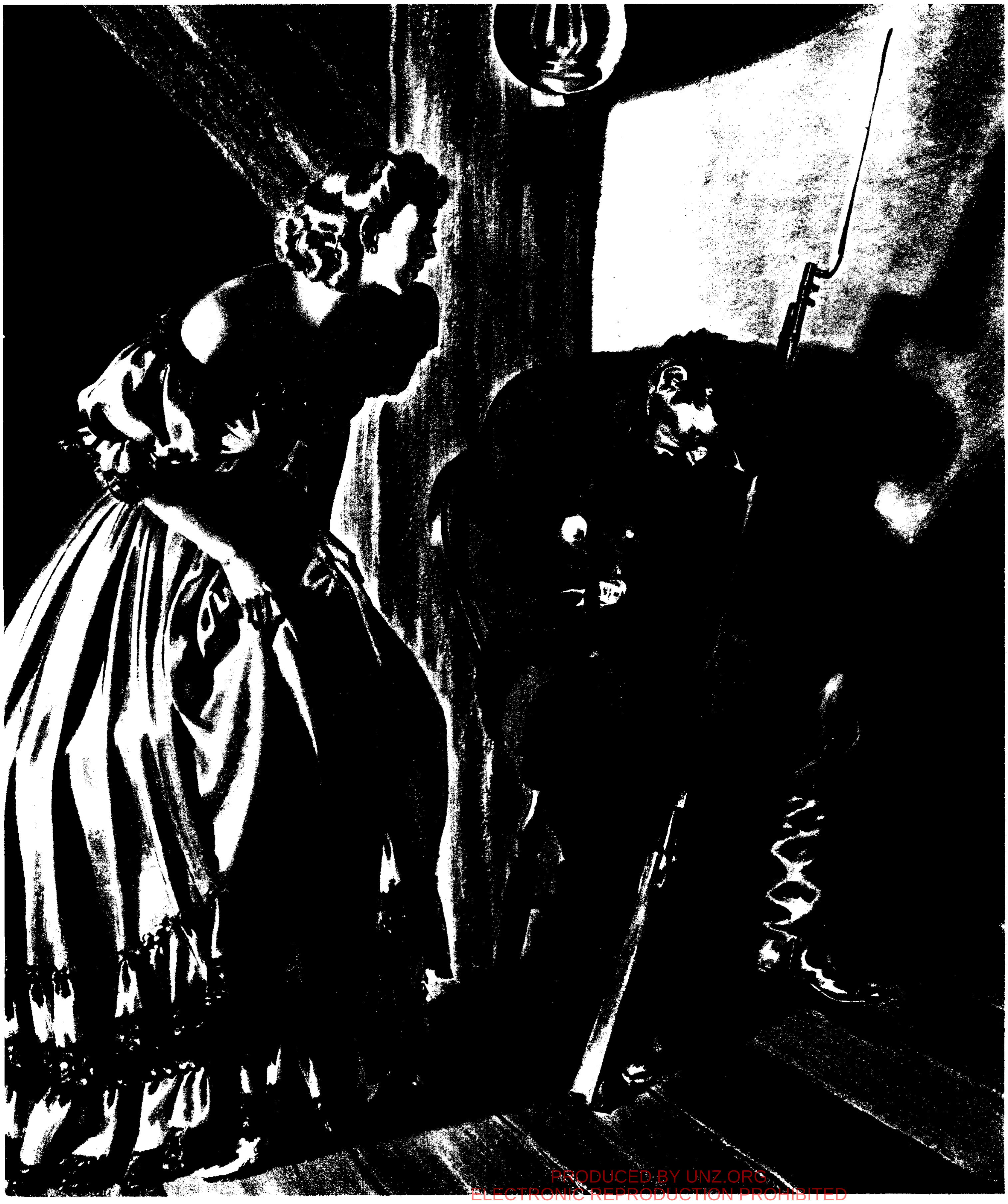
In a few seconds it was over. Wash fired once, but the Federals were around them before he was in his saddle. Panting, the two young men faced the Federals. Dr. Pilgrim spoke sharply to their corporal: "These are Mosby's men."

Those years were bitter on the border. And nothing was more bitter than Mosby's name. Wash dodged suddenly, ran and sprawled dead on the grass in a last attempt to get away. Tib, still struggling, was trussed up at the porch rail.

"There's a good tree," said a soldier.

The corporal glanced at Dr. Pilgrim.

(Continued on page 63)



When it was late and the guard was dozing on the porch, someone came who knew where the stepladder was—she had heard them dump it

EL COMICO

By Frank Condon

Chris Martin's luck is running high. Yours would be too if you had a $400-a-week movie job, a big house all paid for, a private gold mine, elegant health and a merry life

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES E. KERLEE

SOME [illegible] gentlemen happened to be sitting around a green table on the lawn outside the Lakeside Golf Club and their conversation related to luck o' the movies, and who had good luck and who didn't and why. The debating gentlemen — Adolphe Menjou, Oliver Hardy and Frank Lloyd—were drinking strong tea and they agreed, as near as I could make out, that the luckiest one in the movies was Clark Gable. I maintain that's a mistake. I claim the luckiest man in the movies today is none other than Chris Martin, actor, philosopher, father, dreamer, optimist, miner and horseman. Here's why.

One: he has just signed a formidable seven years' contract of employment and acting with Mr. Zanuck and will be with the 20th Century-Fox Company for at least seven years. Two: he has just come into possession of a brand-new gold mine in Arizona, a mine of unrevealed riches, probably full of shining nuggets, to which he can retire and dig any time the movies happen to turn chilly. Three: he has a partly deaf wife, and can learn his lines at home without interruption or domestic debate, and, fourth, he has never paid a dime of income tax.

To be sure, Chris Martin will have to get busy and forward some income tax from here in, as they now pay him four hundred bucks each and every week. Gable draws five thousand a week, but Gable is no Yaqui Indian and Gable never carried water for fifty cents a day. It's all relative.

Chris is not a newcomer to the films. He is actually an old-timer and shows signs of wear. He is not beautiful to the eye. He is far from romantic and young women rarely chase him down the boulevard. His youth is far back there among the daffodils. All he has is his luck and his family, a seven-year job with Mr. Z., his diamond ring, his untouched gold mine, elegant health and a merry manner. . . . That is why I claim this man outlucks Gable, both being in the same trade.

Mr. Chris Martin comes from Tucson, Arizona, and his book name, with nothing left out, is Ysabel Ponciana Chris-Pin Martin Piaz, known briefly around Arizona as "El Comico," probably a tribute to his jovial mien. Long ago he discarded the Piaz part and became strictly Martin, because careless people kept calling him Mr. Pie, a reflection upon his dignity, of which he has plenty. Now he's Chris-Pin Martin on the screen acting list, with a hyphen before Pin and a ready squawk if they happen to leave it out.

He has been working for several years in the Cisco Kid series, is identified in action as a horse-riding gun-toter with comedy leanings, and now he has become a true figure, a man to consider and, as he says himself, calmly: "I am now a name. I am at the top of my career."

Chris-Pin Martin started in Arizona and earned fifty cents a day as water boy and at the age of thirteen he came to a momentous conclusion about life. His decision was that hard work was a mistake for a man inclined to stoutness and that therefore he would avoid it persistently.

Following out this theorem, he remained quietly in Tucson and environs, fighting off hard labor, and in due time he married, raised a family and saw a movie wherein an Indian guide sat beside a brook. That's all he remembers of the movie. Now Chris was born an Indian, although the Yaquis say he isn't one. The Yaquis contend Chris is a Mexican, whereas the Mexicans swear he's a Yaqui and the question was still open yesterday at noon.

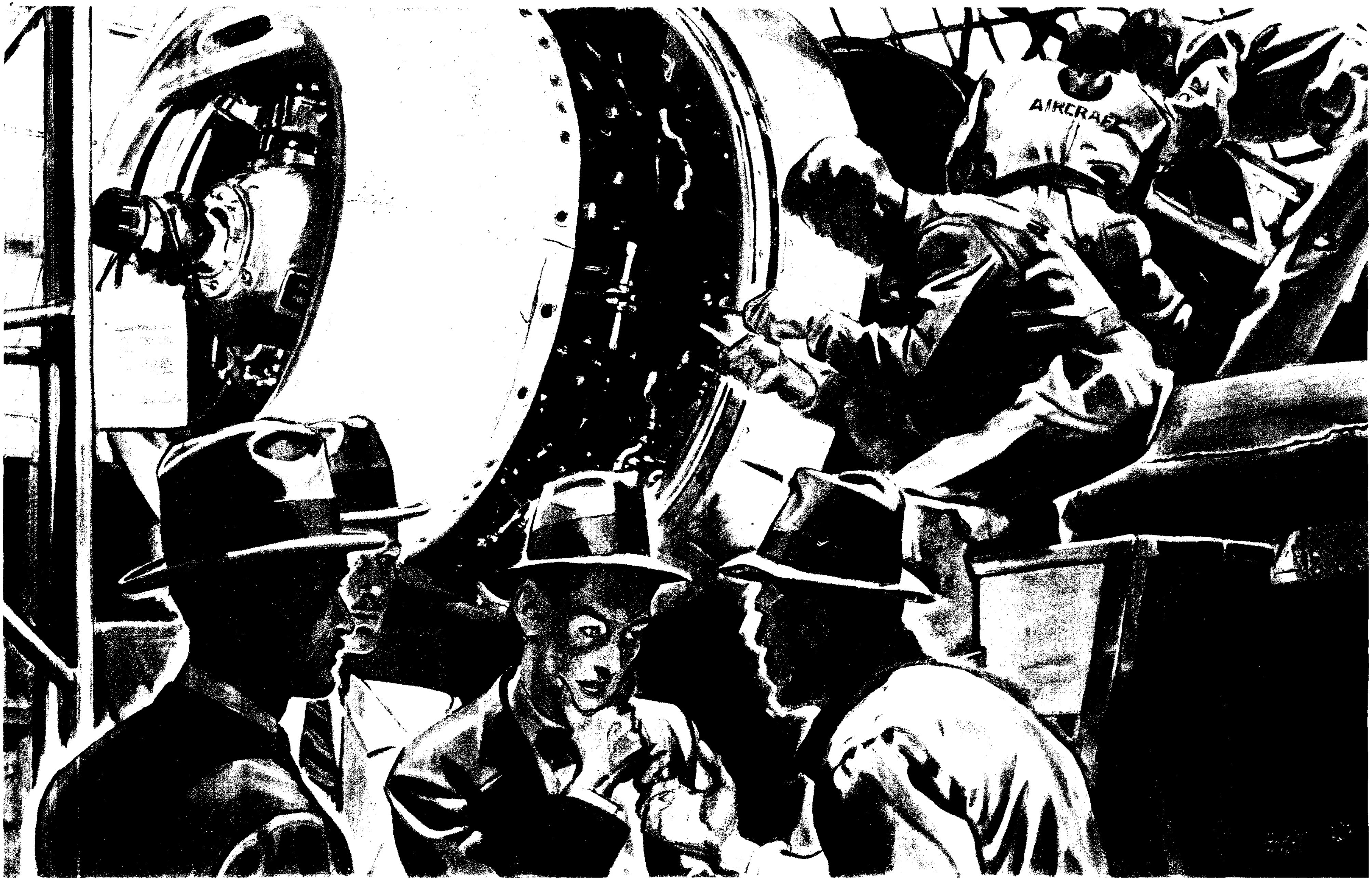
He observed this aborigine sunning himself in the picture and said to his wife: "I am going out there and be a movie Indian, as it looks like nice work and easier than carrying water."

He investigated the general railroad transport situation and found railroads still charging people money to ride them over to the coast. He came across a carload of Indians being shipped out to a well-known Hollywood studio.

The traveling carload of Indians took Chris in with them and hid him beneath a seat and he had a nice breakfast of canned salmon on the floor of the car. That's how he arrived in Hollywood, where the friendly savages ordered him to shut up and pretend he couldn't speak English. They sneaked him into the mass job and his first salary became five dollars a week, a tent and rations. The job lasted until Chris uncovered the fact that they were feeding the innocent Indians horse meat and he quit and who wouldn't?

Now he was at the very bottom of the motion-picture industry, a man unknown, jovial enough, but not a great actor, if you mean acting. In fact, only lately Paul Muni, who is a great actor, observed Chris in one of his scenes and gave it as his opinion, speaking as an actor, that Chris couldn't act for sour milk. In this view, the director of the picture concurred and Chris was fired. A few weeks later, when Stagecoach was preparing and John Ford was

(Continued on page 46)



"Look!" he demanded. "How do you expect me to hang the stabilizer on Number 18 when we ain't got no attach fittings?"

Ten-Million-Dollar Order

By Hurd Barrett

These English—when they buy airplanes, they want to be shown. So young Mr. Smith showed them—in his own peculiar way

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

HANNIBAL SCIPIO SMITH—more familiarly known to his intimates as Skip—propped his feet up on his desk in Western Aircraft's production office, leaned his gangly frame back in his chair and sighed.

It was a nice California spring day, and the transport assembly line—for whose smooth functioning Skip was responsible—was running without a hitch. By rights, he should have been at peace with the world; but he wasn't. As usual—whenever there was a lack of mild hell popping about his head—he was bored.

"Hey, *you!*" The voice came from behind him. A vehement voice. It was stentorian in quality, and angry in note. Skip recognized it as belonging to Tony Marlin—his boss, and the head of Western's production department. Its effect was magical. Skip's body stiffened convulsively, his chair overturned and he landed in a sitting position on the floor.

"Haven't you got anything to do but park your feet on a desk?" asked Tony.

"No, sir," said Skip. "Not a thing."

"Hmph!" said Tony, dubiously. An aircraft production man is responsible for every detail part, or subassembly that goes into his portion of an airplane, and Tony'd never heard of one's being caught up with his job before. "How about these pilots' seats that were short yesterday?" he inquired glacially. "What about the landing-gear struts, and those rejected support castings?"

Skip got up off the floor and dusted himself. "They're all in, sir."

"Hmph!" said Tony again. . . . Before Skip had come to work for him, the transport line had been a pain in the neck. Skip, he reflected, had whipped it into shape for him. The guy was a redheaded screwball who talked too much and thought he knew everything; but he really cut the buck on the job. . . . He ruminated a moment on the frayed end of his cigar.

"Look," he said, less ferociously, "you still can't sit with your feet on the desk."

"I was thinking," explained Skip.

"What about?" asked Tony, suspiciously.

"I've been with you three months," Skip told him. "And I don't feel that I'm getting anywhere."

Tony's red cheeks swelled like balloons. "Not getting anywhere!" he roared. "Why, six months ago you were pushing a material truck at four bits an hour. Since then, you've had three raises and been made assistant division chief. What do you expect for three months?"

"I know my stuff," said Skip calmly. "I could handle a division. I could even handle the production work on a whole contract."

"Listen," said Tony, grimly. "We've been over that before. You're not going to be a division chief until *I* think you're ready to be one, and that's not yet. . . . By the way—how's your conscience? Been doing anything around here you'd be ashamed to read in print?"

SKIP thought briefly about his telephonic impersonation, the previous day, of Ryerson, the assistant factory superintendent, in the matter of some passenger seats he'd told Thatcher, in subassembly, he had to have out before quitting time. He reassured himself by thinking that Thatcher could hardly have recognized his voice; and that Ryerson, in any event, would have told Thatcher the same thing, if he'd been around. . . .

"Why?" he asked Tony. "What's up?"

Tony smiled wickedly. "The boss wants to see you," he said. "The big boss."

"What for?" asked Skip, suddenly panic-stricken.

"Go find out," suggested Tony.

Skip had never been in the boss' office before. During the fifteen or twenty minutes he waited in the anteroom, his remarkable imagination managed to dig up at least seven more good reasons—aside from the Ryerson incident—why the boss should decide to dispense with his services. And when at last he sat down across the desk from the youngish-looking man who had founded Western Aircraft in a hay barn, fifteen years before, he was frankly apprehensive. . . .

The boss didn't say anything for quite a while. His gray eyes examined Skip, and their scrutiny made him even less at ease. . . .

A full two minutes went by, when the boss said abruptly, "Two English army officers are in this country to buy a hundred bombing airplanes of a new design, Smith. We have a ship on paper they like, but our plant is pretty well loaded, and they haven't assured themselves we can meet their due dates. That's where you come in. Marlin says you know our system thoroughly."

"Did he?" said Skip.

"Yes," said the boss. "What I want

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Canada Gets Mad

By Walter Davenport

At Herr Hitler, of course. She is so mad she is willing to send all her best troops to help crush him. And she hopes, somehow (with a hopeful look across the United States border) to get the tanks, guns and planes they'll need

WIDE WORLD

Norman Rogers, Canadian Minister of National Defense (in civilian clothes) visits Canadian troops being trained in England

THE news from England's Kentish Hills came to Ottawa just as boredom seemed to be settling in. The effect was as if the Germans had come to rain fire and men upon Canada's Plains of Abraham, to smash Halifax and make a bloody mess of Montreal.

Until then Canada was taking the war as bad news from a distant home she'd never seen. Until then Canada was thinking chiefly of Canada—what was happening to her commerce, what of her future whoever won the war. But with Hitler in Belgium and France where thousands of Canada's sons died in the first World War, she snapped out of her lethargy. When the word came that Canterbury had been bombed, Canada awoke. And no one waited for confirmation of the rumor. Canada quit shuddering and got mad. Her one remaining fear was that she had slept too long.

Lansdowne Park lost its air of summer encampment. The young artillery regiment training there and the brawny Cameron Highlanders training beside them suddenly dropped their soldier grousing, saving one complaint—that they should be playing at war three thousand miles away from action—action anywhere: England, Belgium, France.

It hit Canada like that. Out from Parliament, across Victoria Street, men were suddenly touching their hats as they passed the heroic memorial to the dead of 1914-1918. Those who had been wondering an hour ago what was to become of Canada had been shocked out of all that. The bombs that had dropped on England and Belgium had asked them what Canada was going to do now. And Canada was eager to answer, although a bit vague about what the answer might be.

Down Elgin, crowds were pushing against the doors of the recruiting depot where not long ago only a thin trickle of dispirited youths dawdled half-heartedly. And yet it was not like the late days of 1914. No bands were whooping it up. No pipers strutted the streets to whip Canadian blood. No flamboyant posters asked you to die gloriously for God, King and Country. It wasn't necessary. The hour of ballyhoo had passed. Canada was as near to hate as a free people can get.

An End to Indecision

Out at Lansdowne, where the fighting men were, bored generals no longer despaired of making soldiers of farmers, miners and schoolboys. The news from England, France and the low countries had fixed that. There was no more soldier talk (some of it had been very doubtful) about whether Hitler could be stopped. Even The Sieve had ceased his eternal blather about 1916 and seemed content with: "B'God if he wins, he'll be too dead to enjoy it." And the kid from Dalhousie had lost his look of bewilderment and agreed with his Highlander buddy, The Sieve, as he invariably did. The Sieve was an old one, and a windbag, if you'd ask the veterans. He had gone out from Halifax in 1916 with the Camerons and had got himself shot twice and shell-splintered galore at Arras or some such place and how he had held together to enlist again in 1939 nobody knows. He said he was forty-two and he looked every minute of it. Anyway, he's back with the Camerons, teaching kids like the Dalhousie one how to be a Canadian soldier. He told us that Canadian soldiers die so hard that it frightens the men who kill them.

The kid from Dalhousie is about nineteen or twenty. Between the future he envisions and the company he's keeping he is living in a world he never dreamed of. With hundreds like himself, he had dropped his books and, filled to the roots of his hair with idealism, history, economics, indignation and curiosity, had joined up.

He was going to the war with twenty-five thousand others who were girding themselves to follow the twenty-five thousand that Canada had already sent to do the job that he doesn't doubt Canadians could do: Stop Hitler. Marching at his side, proud in their Cameron plaids, are men from the Spanish International Brigade, from the old battalions almost wiped out at Vimy Ridge, from the bush, the mines, the farms and the cold back country of Canada—a rough, tough, bangaroo brigade that Hitler will have to kill to stop. The average age of these Camerons is higher, their hides thicker, their discipline harder than the young regiments about them. Inspecting officers look at them and envy their commanders.

But we'll come back to the soldiers. The shock that roused Canada entered the doors of the war councils and commissions that will be blessed or cursed for what happens to The Sieve and the kid from Dalhousie. Where yesterday they were thinking perhaps of the political and economic consequences of what they might do, today it was the hell with all that. Shoot the works and hope it's not too late. To them the war had been money, cotton, sugar, steel, wool and beef. Now it was—Canada. It was no longer frightening that the war was costing Canada $2,000,000 a day. Nor were they longer groaning that the cost might soon be doubled.

Yesterday they told you, almost whispering, that Canada went into the first World War with her public debt a mere half-billion dollars, and had emerged owing two billions. When war came again that debt had grown to four billions. Yesterday the Empire was something to be measured only in trade and profits. Now Hitler had blown away Canada's near horizons and it didn't matter what she'd owe when this was over—six billions, eight billions. And what that would mean to a country of less than 12,000,000 people—well, it was too late to worry about that. Twelve million people, the vast majority of them poor, paying $2,000,000 a day for a war three thousand miles away.

Yesterday you got tired of the eternal questions that forced you to think that Canada was screaming impotently for help. Canada's politicians, that is. They wanted to know whether Canada's friend, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, was going to seek a third term, and if you were doubtful their faces lengthened. If he ran, would he be re-elected? If you weren't quick to say yes, they wrung their hands. Somehow you got the feeling that Mr. Roosevelt had unwittingly done Canada a disservice when he said "the people of the United States will not stand idly by if domination of Canadian soil is threatened."

Conscription Isn't So Bad

But the too efficient Mr. Hitler changed it all. Ever since last September, when Canada declared war in its own right for the first time in her history, you had only to mention the word conscription to anger the Canadian. The average Canadian was as sure that his country would never again draft him into the army as his brother below the international line seemed determined today that the United States should not get into Europe's disaster. But now Canada doesn't know. It was curious to hear her soften her words. Conscription? Well, it wouldn't be necessary. But if it was—well, Canada could take it.

She's aroused now. She's looking east as well as south. She still asks what the United States is going to do. She's still asking whether we'll repeal the Johnson Act and lend her money, whether we'd fight if Germany established air bases in Greenland, what we'd do if submarines bent on demoralizing entered the St. Lawrence or shelled Halifax. But her queries have lost the old dread.

She's enlisting men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. She has promised herself that no boy less than twenty years old will be sent to Europe. Suddenly she has planted her heavy foot on Nazi sympathizers and Communists. She has closed down two radical newspapers in Montreal and Toronto because they preferred the Russian and even the German way to the Canadian. One German language paper was raided and discontinued a few days before the war came, and its editor is now thinking it over at Kananaskis, one of Canada's two drear internment camps. Without witch-hunting or noticeable noise four or five hundred enemy aliens, fifth columnists and others whose records and activities were opposed to Canada's job of defending herself have been thrown into Kananaskis, in Alberta, and Petawawa in northern Ontario. Canada estimates that there are about 2,000 candidates for these two camps.

Without price fixing, without windy legislative debate, with a minimum of noise, Canada has handcuffed the would-be profiteer. Daily she publishes the proper current prices of things and bids her citizens to pay no more. If, for example, a grocer asks more than the published price, the purchaser is asked to go through with the transaction and get a receipted bill. He takes the receipted bill to the nearest representative of the Wartime Prices and Trade

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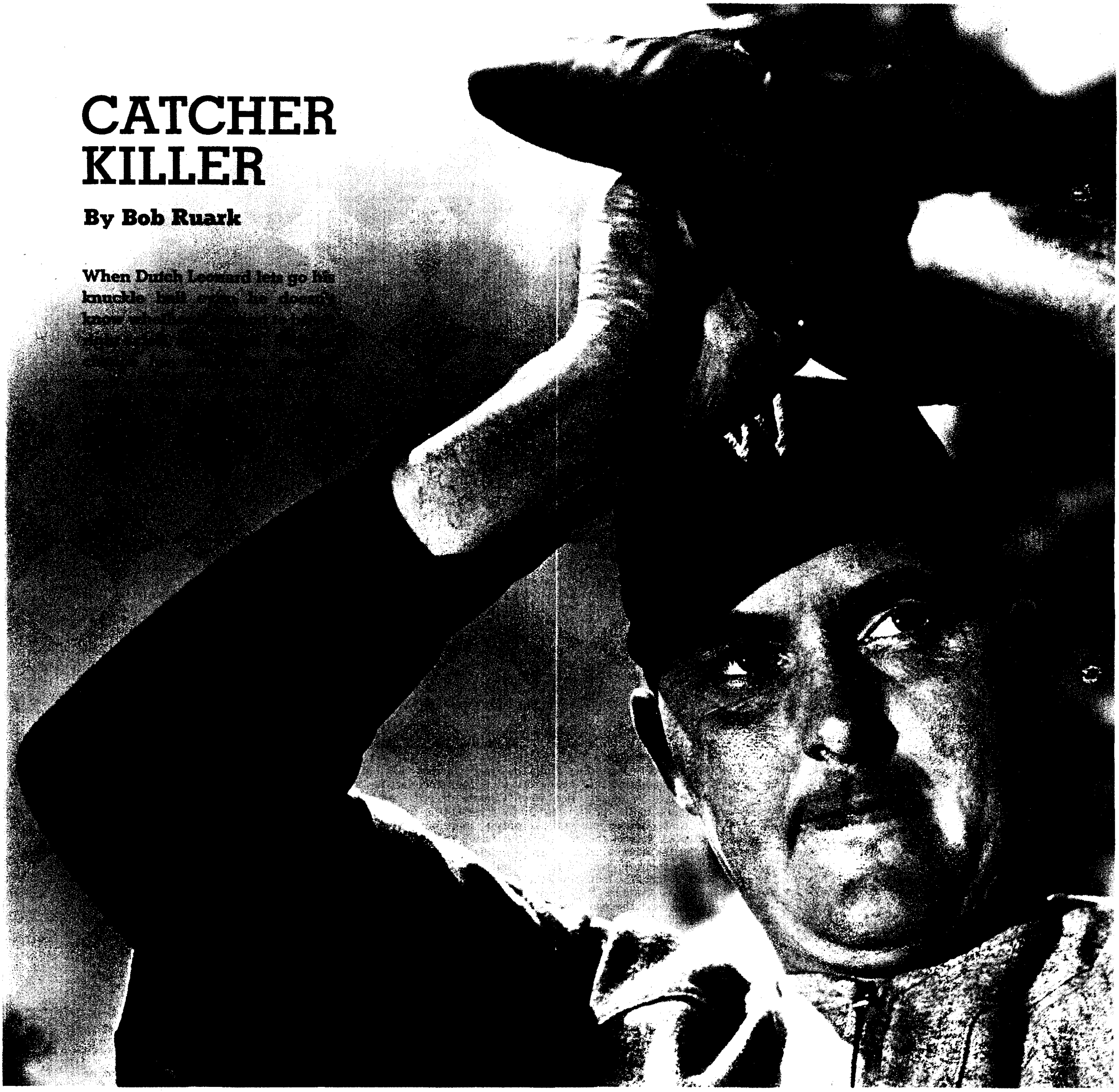
Experience and discipline make Canada's Cameron Highlanders her model regiment. Many of its members fought in the last war

THOMAS

CATCHER KILLER

By Bob Ruark

When Dutch Leonard lets go his knuckle ball even he doesn't know [illegible]



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MAXWELL COPLAN

THE big, fat man jerked his cap off his head, revealing a fearsome expanse of sweaty, naked skull. Gold teeth flashed in the late afternoon sunlight. He stuffed his glove in a hip pocket, mopped his streaming forehead with his sleeve and trudged off the field. When his spiked feet clattered to the top of the players' runway they didn't turn left to the dressing room, but swerved instead to a telephone booth. His thick, calloused fingers trembled as they stabbed out the number of a boardinghouse.

"Gimme Mrs. Leonard," he panted, jiggling from one foot to the other. Then . . .

"Rose? Yeah. Lissen, honey, dash out and rent that apartment. Right now. It looks like we're going to be here for a spell. Huh? Oh, sure. Thirteen innings. What? One to nothing. Who? Bob Feller, that's who. . . ."

It was springtime in Washington, D. C. The cherry blossoms had come and gone, and the Washington Senators had come back from their sunny lair in Florida. And over in the visiting team's dressing room in Griffith Stadium the gloom was a foot deep.

"What in hell was he throwin'?" asked a member of the Cleveland Indians.

"You got me, pal," replied a brother. "All I can tell you is that it wiggles its ears goin' by, and if you get a bat on it, it feels like you've laid into a dish of oatmeal. Darnedest delivery I ever seen in my life."

The gentleman in question was one Mr. Emil Leonard, twenty-nine, late of Atlanta, Georgia. He had just contrived to take a 13-inning victory from the broad, capable hands of Robert Feller, the talented schoolboy who labors for the Indians. Master Feller being something rather special in a pitching way, and his conqueror being an elderly nobody, the feat attracted quite some attention. People do not go around beating Master Feller every day, especially when he is having one of his good days.

What Mr. Leonard was throwing was discovered to be a knuckle ball, but of a different variety. And it was no fluke delivery. The guy could control it. It wiggled and wobbled and dipped, but he could push it over the plate. If the Indians managed to hit it at all, it crawled along the ground, or popped high in the air.

Over in the Washington boudoir Rick Ferrell, who for his sins must catch for the Nats, was doing some explaining. In between explanations Richard was rubbing blue welts on his birdlike thighs.

"How," he asked angrily, "do you expect anyone to hit it, when I can't even catch it? It comes over the plate all right, and it looks soft. But about the time I try to put a mit on it the damn' thing jumps and socks me in the leg. The guy's about to beat me to death with that dipsy-doodler."

The 1938 season wound along, and Dutch Leonard, the refugee from the Southern Association, kept throwing his dipsy-doodler, and he kept winning games with it. Occasionally he would lose, chiefly because of the feeble efforts of the fifth-place Senators. But win or lose, Leonard always looked like a million bucks.

He admitted to twenty-nine years, which can be thirty-five or more as ballplayers reckon age. It was his first season in the American League. Mr. Clark Griffith, the eminent Yankee-hater, had plucked him from the draft list for the usual price. The record showed that Leonard had won fifteen games in 1937 for Atlanta.

(Continued on page 27)

DOGS' LIVES

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A dog is man's best friend, but thirteen dogs—well, too many friends can be bad

LIKE everybody says, the dog is a noble creature, and man's truest friend. I'd be the last man in the world to deny it, but every once in a while I can't help remembering that, when you get right down to it, he's first cousin to a wolf, and used to acknowledge the relationship by chasing us up into trees and otherwise making a nuisance of himself. I remembered it specially this time I'm talking about.

It was in the spring, before business had really begun to amount to much, but in spite of it Clara was keeping me pretty well wore down getting ready for the summer rush. This particular afternoon I was with Luke Armisted, working on a new cabin in the tourist camp that me and Clara run on the main road to California, about ten miles from Lastrap.

Luke is an ex-Arkansas bottom-land farmer that drifted into our camp a while back, and just stayed. He ain't got a lot to say, but he's handy with tools, and helpful by nature, and Clara can tolerate him, although she says two fools is bigger than one fool any day, and me and Luke together is the plainest piece of addition she ever seen.

We was up on the roof of this new cabin, slapping the last shingles on her, and not talking much on account of Luke being quiet like I said, and my mouth full of nails. We was just starting a new row when this car come down the road from the mountains toward California, and turned into our drive. It was an ancient, square-tailed touring car, and there was a two-wheel trailer on the back of it, with a lot of stuff covered over with a tarpaulin. It honked in front of the house, but of course no one come out, on account of Clara being off in Lastrap, laying in towels and things against the summer rush. Then the fellow at the wheel seen us there and drove over.

He stopped right in front of the cabin, and it was a car that had certainly seen better days. And when the driver opened the door and got out, I guessed he had too. He was a little fat man, with a gray suit and a derby hat and a wing collar to his shirt. He took the hat off, very polite, and said, "Are you the owner of this camp?"

I took the nails out of my mouth and said, "That's right, mister. Bert Stillwell's the name."

He said, "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Stillwell. I'm Ambrose Torpey."

And he sort of bowed.

Well, there can't nobody outmanner me, but neither can you bow very good off a roof, so I clumb down, and Luke Armisted come with me. I introduced Luke, and they shook hands, and I said, "What can I do for you, Mr. Torpey?"

He said, "A simple matter, Mr. Stillwell. A little matter of a night's lodging for myself and my daughter."

He waved toward the car, and I looked over there, and this girl was sitting in the front seat, watching us. And right away I wished I'd looked sooner, because she certainly was a pretty girl. She had red hair of almost the same color Clara's used to be, and a creamy skin and gray eyes. And a look of knowing her own mind that went with the hair. She smiled, but it was a sort of tired smile, and I figured they'd come quite a way in that perambulating old hay barn. So I said, "Why, sure, Mr. Torpey. I reckon you and the young lady'll want one of the double cabins. They're nice cabins. I guarantee you'll be comfortable."

He twirled the derby between his fingers, and said, "And the—ah—and the price, Mr. Stillwell?"

The way he hung up on it, and the funny look on the girl's face, I guessed *something right away. Because I noticed* something I hadn't before. There was some lettering on the side of the car, mostly too worn out to read, but you could still catch the "Torpey" and something that looked like "—moth Shows." There's a lot of these little one-horse acts that have a tough time wintering it out in California, and an even tougher time getting back to the circuits in the spring. I knew Clara would raise hell about it, but I shaved half a buck off the price right there, and said, "Two dollars, Mr. Torpey."

His face sagged a little, but he said, "Two dollars—ah—reasonable enough, Mr. Stillwell, reasonable enough. Jane dear, I think we might disembark."

Jane said, "But, Father—"

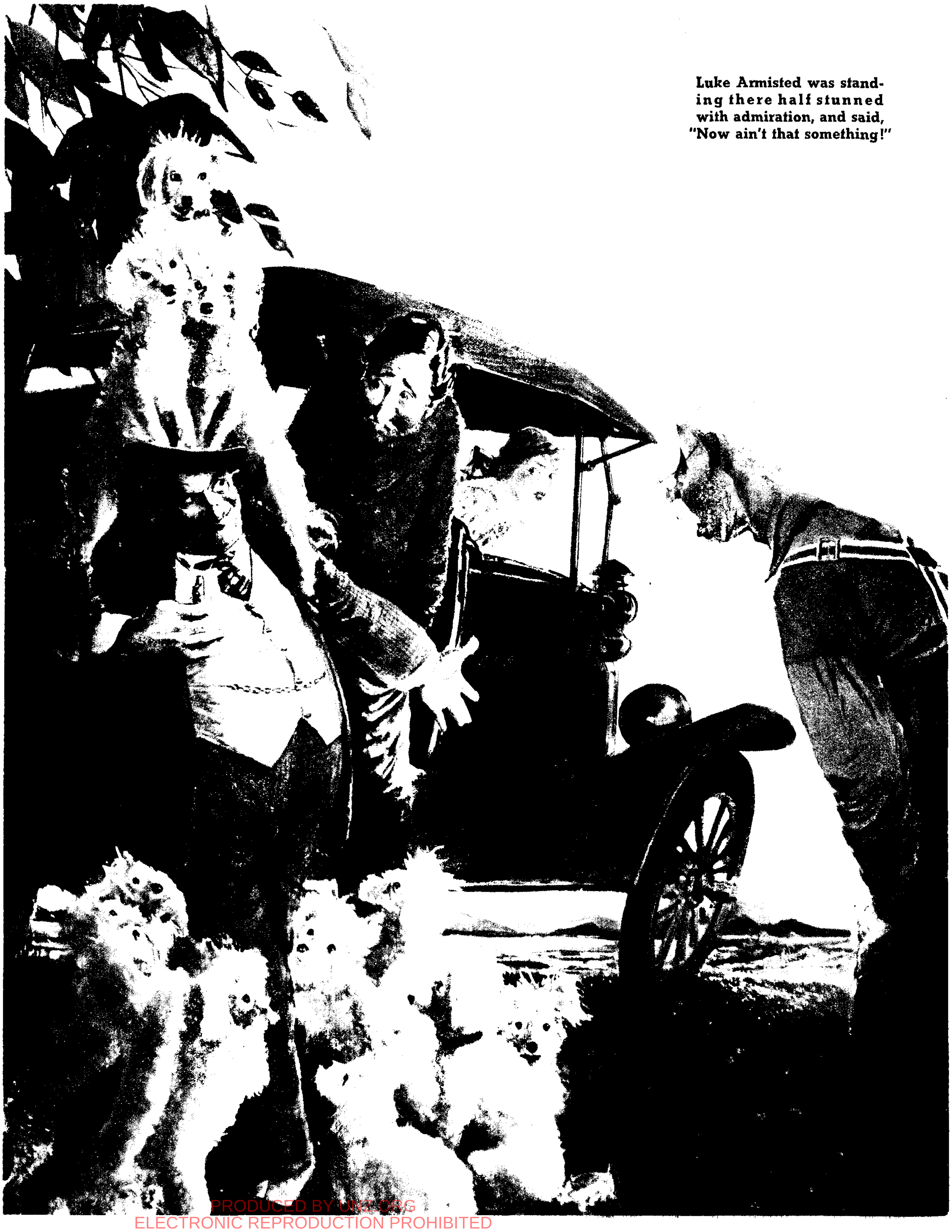
Her voice was sort of funny—half ordering him and half asking—but Torpey didn't pay any attention to her. He *threw his hand up, like he'd only that second* remembered something, and said, "Ah—by the way. You've no objections to dogs in your cabins, have you?"

I said, "Why, no. I reckon not."

Because it wouldn't do no good to object anyway, on account of half the tourists we get having some kind of canine nuisance along with them. Mr. Ambrose Torpey smiled like a great load was off his mind, and said, "Come, Jane," and the girl give a resigned sigh and sort of shifted over to get out. I reached over to open the door for her, only I wasn't looking very good, and it was the back door handle I grabbed instead of the front. The girl looked startled, and Mr. Torpey said, "Just a minute. Just a—"

But I already had the door open. And for the next thirty seconds, it seemed like the heavens had split and were just pouring dogs down on us. There was *only about a dozen, but it seemed like* hundreds, and I could see Torpey through a haze of dog, with his mouth

(Continued on page 33)



Luke Armisted was standing there half stunned with admiration, and said, "Now ain't that something!"

Swastika Over Mexico

By Frank Gervasi

Peace or war, what Adolf Hitler and Joe Stalin are doing in Mexico can mean only one thing for the United States. That's Trouble

PIX WIDE WORLD

Señor Arturo Dietrich, press attaché of the German legation in Mexico City, is organizing his fifth column without opposition

Left, Vicente Toledano, head of the powerful Mexican Workers Federation, is called both a Communist agent and a Nazi sympathizer

Nominal editor of Germany's propaganda magazine Rudder is José Vasconcellos, who gets both his orders and money from Dietrich

IN THE Calle de Ave Maria No. 8, in somnolent old Coyoacán where Conquistador Cortes halted to refresh his battle-weary troops before descending upon what is now Mexico City, there is an ancient convent. Long ago, penitent nuns walked in the cool patio of the convent quadrangle. Coyoacán is Indian for Lair of the Wolf. The convent has come into its own. It is the headquarters now of the Gestapo.

The weathered wall is at least a foot thick. On one side there is a heavy double door, wide enough to admit an automobile. Through that door Nazi agents enter, fresh from Berlin, most of them ex-members of the German Condor Legion that helped Generalissimo Franco conquer Spain. They emerge equipped with Mexican passports and scatter northward into the United States and southward to Guatemala, Panama, Brazil, Chile, the Argentine—to the twenty Latin-American countries, there to work with the Communists, Fascists, the Japanese to foment hatred of Yanqui Imperialism and prepare for Der Tag in the Western Hemisphere.

To dig up the truth about Stalinazi activities in Mexico is as simple as placer mining. A squirt of questions and the facts emerge. Honest Mexicans hate the Nazis and the Stalinists and detest what they are doing because, fundamentally, they are not anti-American. The Mexicans talk freely, produce documentary evidence and point out where agents and spies play and work.

With the balance of power threatened by the totalitarian war against Britain and France, the situation already created by the dictators' agents on this continent has become one of immediate concern to the United States. Should the balance tip definitely in favor of the totalitarian states with victory over the Allies, the threat to us becomes more than merely political and economic.

At the absurd worst, America faces armed invasion from the south anywhere along the unguarded, unfortified, loosely policed 1,700 miles of winding frontier. At the plausible best, America is confronted with the likelihood of guerrilla raids. These would hold American troops on the southern frontier when Der Tag comes to the Western world, troops that might be needed elsewhere.

A Fifth-Column Paradise

In the event of American involvement in war, Mexico is a natural base for foreign spies, saboteurs, labor agitators and fifth columnists of every description. Remote Mexican ports are potential hiding places for submarines and mine layers. These could also be used for the unloading of arms and munitions for use against the United States or any Latin-American countries that might be allied to America.

Radio stations in Mexico could guide the activities of enemy submarines in the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Germans have one station already—in the Calle de Ave Maria convent. They are reputed to have others.

Only twenty-five years ago Germans attempted and partially succeeded in using Mexico as a base for operations against us. The presence in Mexican waters of the German munitions ship Ypiranga led to the American seizure of Vera Cruz. President Wilson was obliged to send General "Black Jack" Pershing into Mexico to subdue Pancho Villa. Spies and agents entering the United States from Mexico were responsible for the Black Tom explosion and numerous other acts of sabotage.

But then there wasn't an Adolf Hitler, nor a Stalin, nor an empire-hungry Mussolini, nor an expanding Japan. As you've seen by the papers, things have changed. Espionage and sabotage have become fine arts, and Germany and Russia their ablest practitioners. Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia are the two principal enemies south of the border, ably supported by the Japanese and the Fascists. The influence in Mexico of the latter two, however, is more difficult to prove. Either they are more subtle than their brethren or are more interested farther south, in Chile and Brazil.

Back in the good old days of collective security and an invincible British fleet, the American sense of security about the Mexican border was justifiable. We didn't have to worry, then, about Señor Arturo Dietrich, the press attaché to the German legation in Mexico City. His propaganda could never hurt us. But Arturo Dietrich is a dang[illegible]ous enemy now. Geneva is dead. Britannia may not much longer rule the seas. Joe Stalin has turned out to be a heel. Adolf Hitler may succeed in building that empire he blueprinted in Mein Kampf. Japan has survived the Chinese adventure and editorial left hooks have failed to knock Mussolini off his peasant pins. And Herr Dietrich, unchallenged, is mobilizing his fifth column in Old Mexico.

So widespread are German activities in Mexico that in addition to the Gestapo headquarters in Calle de Ave Maria, the staffs of the embassy and of Herr Dietrich occupy three other buildings. One is located in Calle de Viena 17. Another is in Calle de Cordoba 14 and the fourth is in Calle de Carranza 35. Calle de Viena 17 is propaganda center.

Propaganda That Works

From propaganda headquarters, Dietrich distributes, as official press attaché of the German legation with full diplomatic ranking, the German side of the news. He sells at a nominal fee, or it's gratis if the newspapers can't pay, a complete report of transocean, subsidiary service of DNB, the official Nazi news service.

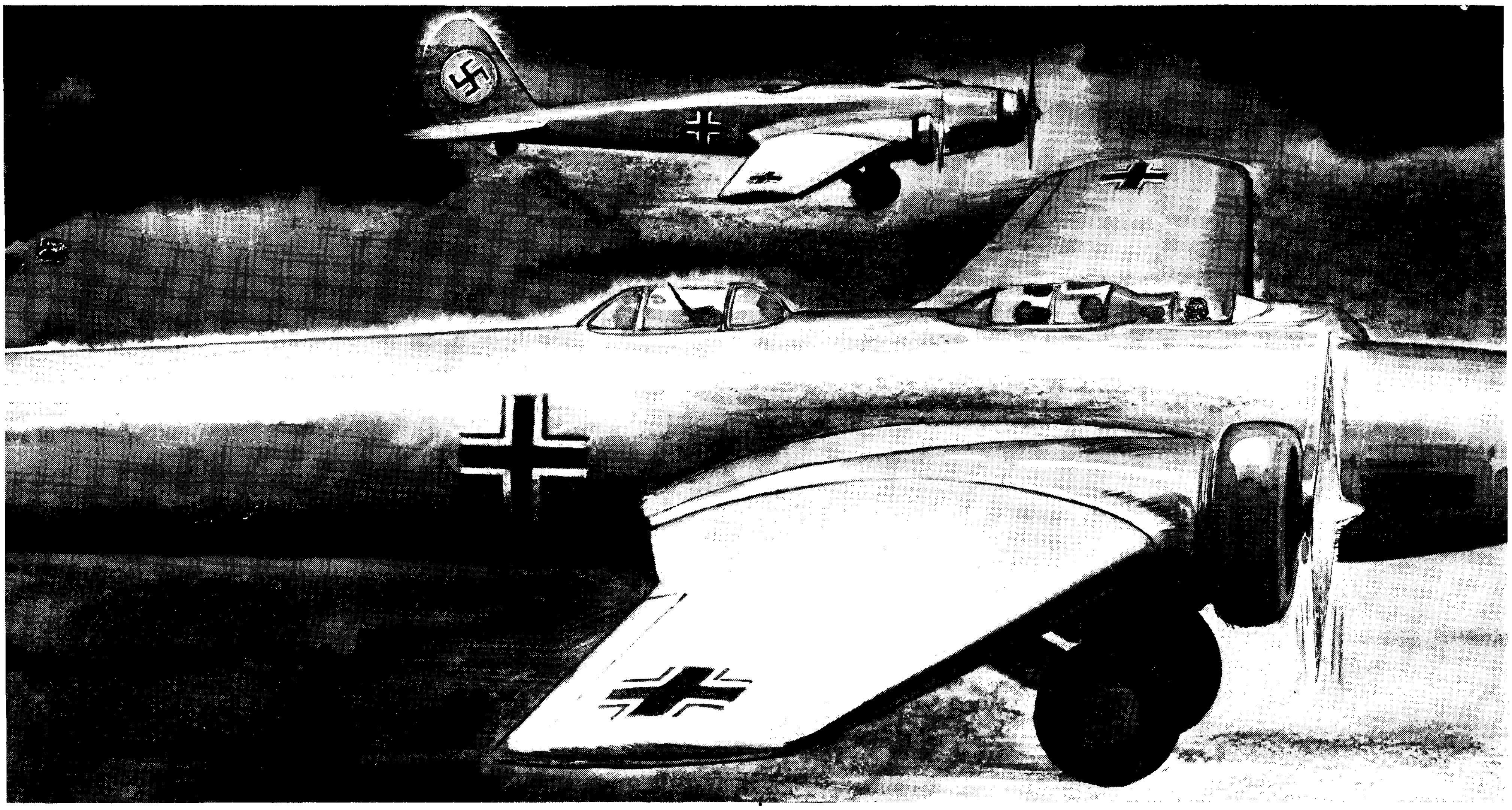
Masterpiece of propaganda is Dietrich's Timon, a new monthly magazine. Timon means "rudder." The editorial helmsman nominally is José Vasconcellos, former presidential candidate, Mexican lawyer, historian and anti-American. He gets his orders an[illegible] a monthly check for 4,000 pesos, equivalent to about 650 American dollars, from Dietrich.

The issue of May 25th contained an article signed by Wolfgang Frank, German propagandist, detailing the romantic self-sacrifice of the German U-boat commanders; two pages of beautifully drawn portraits of Hitler, Goebbels, members of the German high command and other Nazi notables, all of whom had exceptionally ethereal expressions; a series of drawings portraying the work and heroism of Nazi parachutists; cartoons lampooning France and England, and an editorial attack on the United States. Here's a sample: "The American continent has nothing to fear from a German victory. There is no immediate danger for the United States. . . . We have never seen democracy without imperialistic intrigue and plutocracy. In England, as in the United States. . . ."

Dietrich, as press attaché, has other functions. He is the pay-off man for the two-check boys within the Mexican government itself. It was Dietrich who bought from a recently jailed functionary in the passport division of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs twenty-five blank passports each month, for a period of months. The passports were filled in with photographs and spurious biographical data necessary to convert former Condor Legionnaires into Mexican citizens prior to their departure from Calle de Ave Maria for New York, Buenos Aires and Santiago.

Dietrich also has charge of the levies placed upon the German families to support the Nazi organization in Mexico. There were about 5,000 Nazi families here before th[illegible] war started. Recently there has been a perceptible increase in the number of Germans seen in Mexico City and other principal towns. These are all ostensibly "salesmen," but what they have to sell, with German industries devoted exclusively to war needs and German ships trapped by the blockade, nobody knows. It is assumed that they are here preparatory to launching a big German commercial drive after a Nazi victory. Meanwhile, these salesmen participate in party activities in Latin America.

Britain and France recalled male citizens of military age when *(Continued on page 53)*



Homecoming

By B. B. Fowler

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. STOOPS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE fact that he was on his way back there after more than twenty years brought memories flooding in on Albert.

In so many ways that period of his childhood stood out for him in clear, sharp contrast to the years that had preceded it. Deep down inside him the memory of those days was poignant and powerful. And now he was going back. The miles that slipped so swiftly past him were like the smooth passing of the years that bridged the gap between now and then.

Perhaps it was because he was so young at the time that the whole period had become so indelibly a part of his memories. He was only five then, in a world that had gone mad. He remembered waking up in the night crying with terror. There was a strange thunder in the air, a thunder that was low and ominous and never-ceasing. Later he was to know that it was the rumble of wheels and the rhythmic swing of marching feet on the cobbled streets. But in his childish ears it had been all terror.

His mother had come to his bedside at his wails. She had come in the darkness to bend over him and gradually his cries subsided. She had almost wiped out the terror of the night.

His father had come into the room, looking like a stranger. There was that in his father's manner that was akin to the terror outside. The hand that stroked Albert's brow had been very steady—too steady, as if it were made that way by a tremendous exertion.

He had fallen asleep in his mother's arms and she had put him back in his cot. Later he had wakened and the voices of his father and mother had murmured in his ears. They were talking in the next room. He had wakened enough to hear his father say, "It is the best thing. Albert will be safe there. He will get those things that he will not get here. He will have food there—and safety."

He had opened his eyes in the morning to see his mother bustling around the room, packing things in cases. As he ate breakfast she had talked to him. He was to leave her and go with Greta.

His mother had made it sound so exciting. He began to chatter excitedly about the journey that she made seem like a marvelous excursion.

THE memory of that journey was like that of the home he had left, blurred and indistinct now. He could never quite, in his own mind, get a clear picture of that home he had left. Like the journey, it was kaleidoscopic and fragmentary. Once in a while he remembered a bit: sunshine coming through the windows; the smell of cooking from the kitchen; the picture of his mother and father at the breakfast table. He remembered these bits as he remembered the snatches of the journey: a crowd of children like himself in the charge of nurses—children who filled the train with their shrill cries as they left parents at the railroad station.

After that there had been a boat, crowded with the same children. He could remember that crossing. He hadn't cried. That terror had been so deep and great that it made him breathless and cold inside.

There had been another train ride after that. He had slept through that in the arms of Greta.

He awoke in another world. There was a peace and contentment in the house that had enfolded him. He had found himself lying very still in his bed, listening for the grinding wheels and the rhythmic thunder of the marching feet. Instead, he could hear the lowing of cattle far off; the slow beat of mellow bells and the bleating of sheep. The sound of shrill voices brought him upright in his bed, the voices of children at play.

When Greta dressed him and took him down he met Per Albin and his red-cheeked, flaxen-haired wife, Helga. With the thunder of the wheels and the feet had gone the tense fear that had enveloped everyone.

In that low, wide kitchen there had been an abiding sense of bounty and serenity. He had found it hard to understand Helga's words. But the understanding and love with which the words were freighted warmed and soothed him.

Afterward he had gone out and joined the children. Just at first the mountains had overwhelmed him, towering up to the sharp blue of the sky. But even the mountains soon became comforting. They seemed to ring him in with a security that was strong and substantial.

But strongest of all the memories of those days was the recollection of a life that flowed like a placid river, rich and full and unperturbed; of the affectionate care surrounding him.

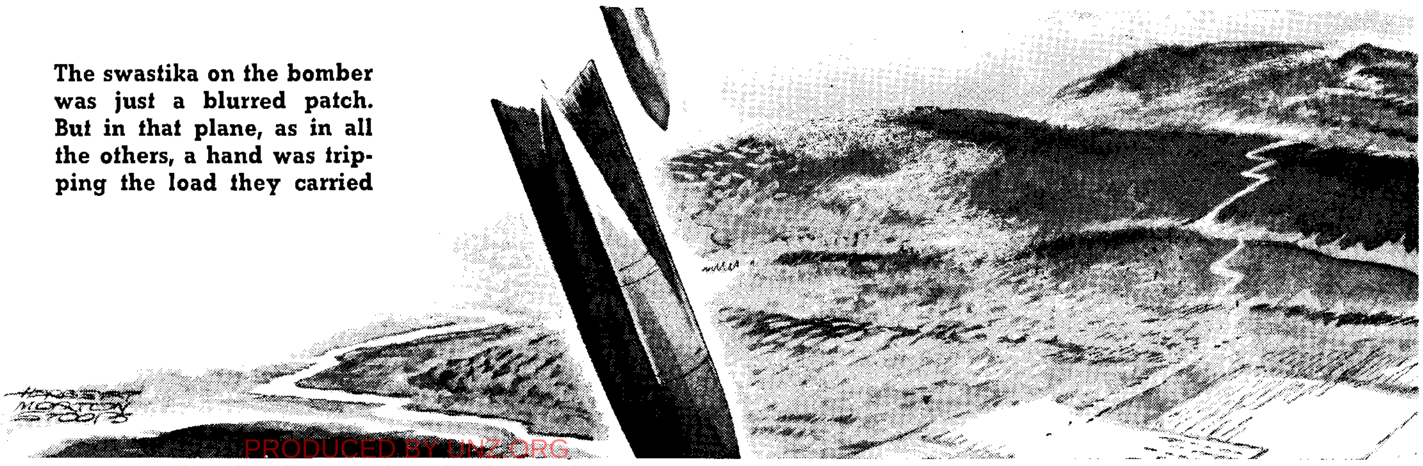
For five years it had been home—such a home as he neither remembered before nor had known since.

THE king would be there now. Albert could remember seeing him that other time. He remembered him as a tall, grave-eyed man who smiled like a father at the festival that celebrated his visit. That had been a day to remember. It was etched on Albert's memory in sharp, clear permanence.

Now the king was there again. But it would be different this time. Albert could feel an icy hand closing about his stomach as he approached.

He watched the earth flow in its great billows beneath him. That would be Elverum just ahead. He knew this land. And the king would be at Elverum. He glanced to either side. The swastika on the nearest bomber was just a blurred patch. But in that plane, as in all the others, a hand was tripping the load they carried for Elverum.

He looked down again. The King of Norway was at Elverum. Perhaps, even now, he was near gray, old Per Albin. For Per Albin was one of the substantial men of Elverum. He thought of that as he loosed his load of destruction.



The swastika on the bomber was just a blurred patch. But in that plane, as in all the others, a hand was tripping the load they carried

GROENHOFF

One of the two 16-inch guns at Fort Tilden that are the principal defense of New York harbor. These modern guns, supplied by the Navy, have a range of 25 miles, but no range finders have been developed that will make them effective at full range

Below, a 16-inch howitzer at Fort Story on Cape Henry. Four of these guns constitute the main defense of Chesapeake Bay, and hence of Baltimore and Washington, against naval invasion. Lack of long-distance range finders also handicaps these howitzers

Our Defenseless Coast

By General Johnson Hagood

For many years General Hagood has been regarded as the leading authority on coast defense in the United States. For the past twenty years he has been also intimately associated with the mobile army as commander of an infantry division, of several corps areas, and of three field armies. During the World War, under General Pershing, he drew the plans for organizing the services of supply, which handled all the men and material that America sent to France. In this article General Hagood confines his observations to our Atlantic Coast

IF THE Germans ever decide to come over to this country, they will have to come over in boats. And they must make their landings either in the United States, in Canada, or in Mexico.

The most natural and convenient place, of course, would be in the United States and it is with that problem that this article has to deal.

In order to make a landing in force they will have to have the use of a harbor, fully equipped with docks, wharfs, and unloading facilities. They must have railroads and highways, giving them access to the interior. They cannot just dump their tanks, their heavy artillery, their motor transportation and other such cargo upon beaches. Small parties, if unopposed, might make such landings and might go around and capture a harbor from the rear and that is something we must guard against. But the main thing, and that is the purpose of seacoast fortifications, is to keep them from coming in by the front.

The principal defense of the United States must be with the Navy. We are an insular nation, self-contained in every respect. We, on the other hand, can send our troops and supplies to any part of the country by motor truck and rail. Our fleet does not have to be dissipated for the protection of trade routes or colonies; nor does it have to provide convoys. It can therefore, and should be, entirely free to plow the high seas and to engage the enemy in full force wherever he may be found.

In order to do this, however, the Navy must be relieved of all responsibility for local defense. It must not even be required to defend its own navy yards. A traveling salesman cannot ply his trade and at the same time look after a sick wife at home. Moreover the Navy must, at all times, be assured of safe and convenient harbors where it can go in for supplies and for repair.

It is the duty of the Army to provide this protection for our Navy, and for our harbors of commercial and strategic importance. Any failure to do so is a betrayal of trust. It may come from ignorance or neglect in time of peace. But if war comes and finds it so, the final results may be as disastrous as the treachery of the officials at Oslo. It makes no difference to the enemy why the guns don't shoot, just so they don't shoot.

The Germans know all about our forts. Some years ago in preparing a lecture to be delivered before the Naval War College, I found that the best information upon the seacoast defenses of the United States available at our own Army War College was a translation from a German magazine. Prior to the World War the Germans had more general staff officers studying possible operations against the United States than we had on our entire general staff all put together.

If the Germans knew that they could not capture one of our harbors, they would not attempt an invasion of the United States. If they believed that they could, they might attempt to do so.

Our eastern coast may be roughly divided into three defensive areas: The New England area with its three principal harbors at Portland, Maine; Portsmouth, New Hampshire; and Boston, Massachusetts. The Middle Atlantic area, with its five great inland waters, Narragansett Bay, Long Island Sound, New York Bay, Delaware Bay, and Chesapeake Bay. The Southern area, containing a number of small harbors, naval installations at Charleston, South Carolina, and at Pensacola, Florida.

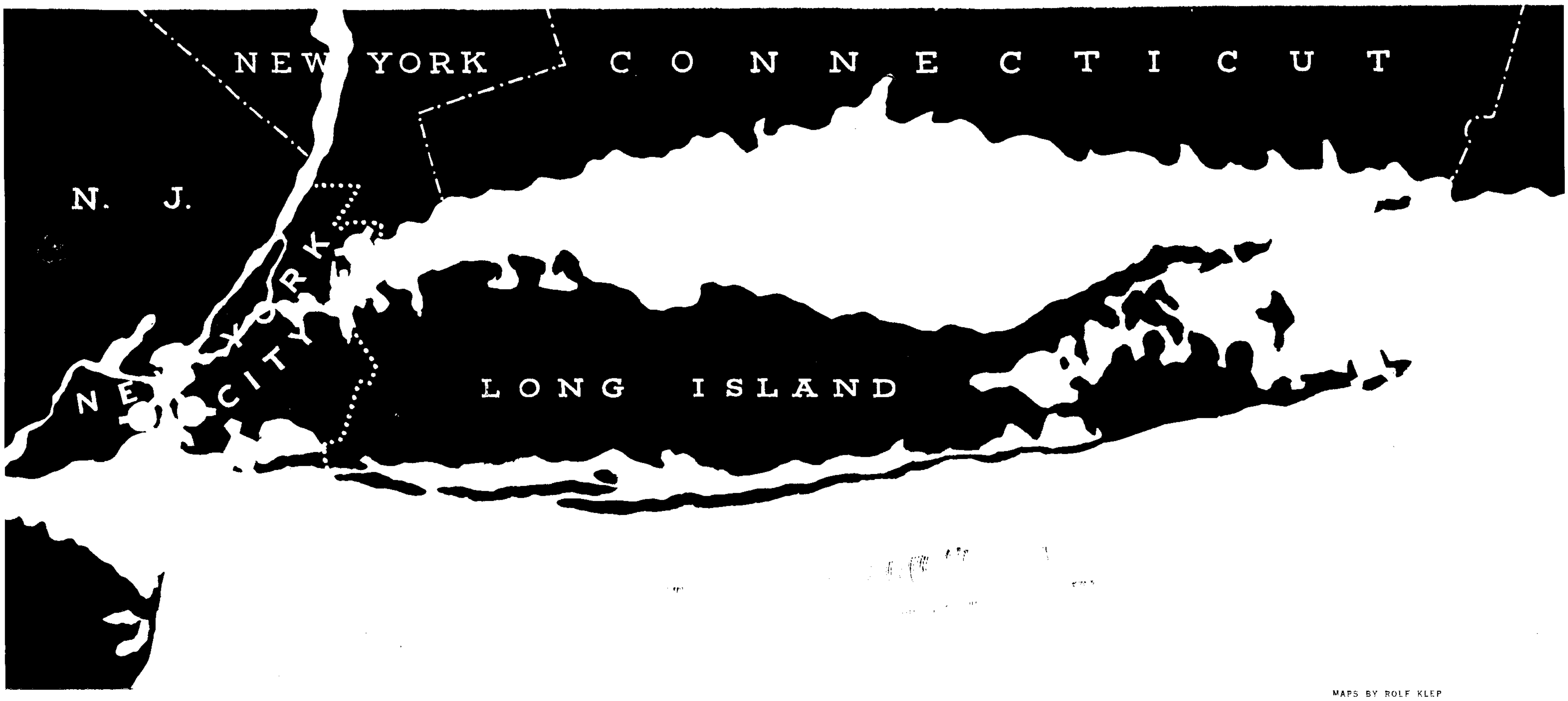
We're Not Strong Now

All our naval bases upon the Atlantic Coast, except the one at Guantánamo, are contained within these great natural strong points, which have been occupied and fortified in one way or another since before the Revolution. Many of them have seen fighting. At about the time of the Civil War, the forts defending these bases were considered to constitute one of the strongest systems of seacoast defense in the world, well able to cope with anything that could be brought against them. And the same again in 1915. But not now.

They are lacking in guns, mines, submarines, aircraft, in organization and in men. Twenty-five years ago, every important harbor closed to a hostile fleet upon twenty-four hours notice. Today it is a question whether they could be closed at the end of six months. Every other department of the Army and the Navy has gone forward. The coast defenses have gone back.

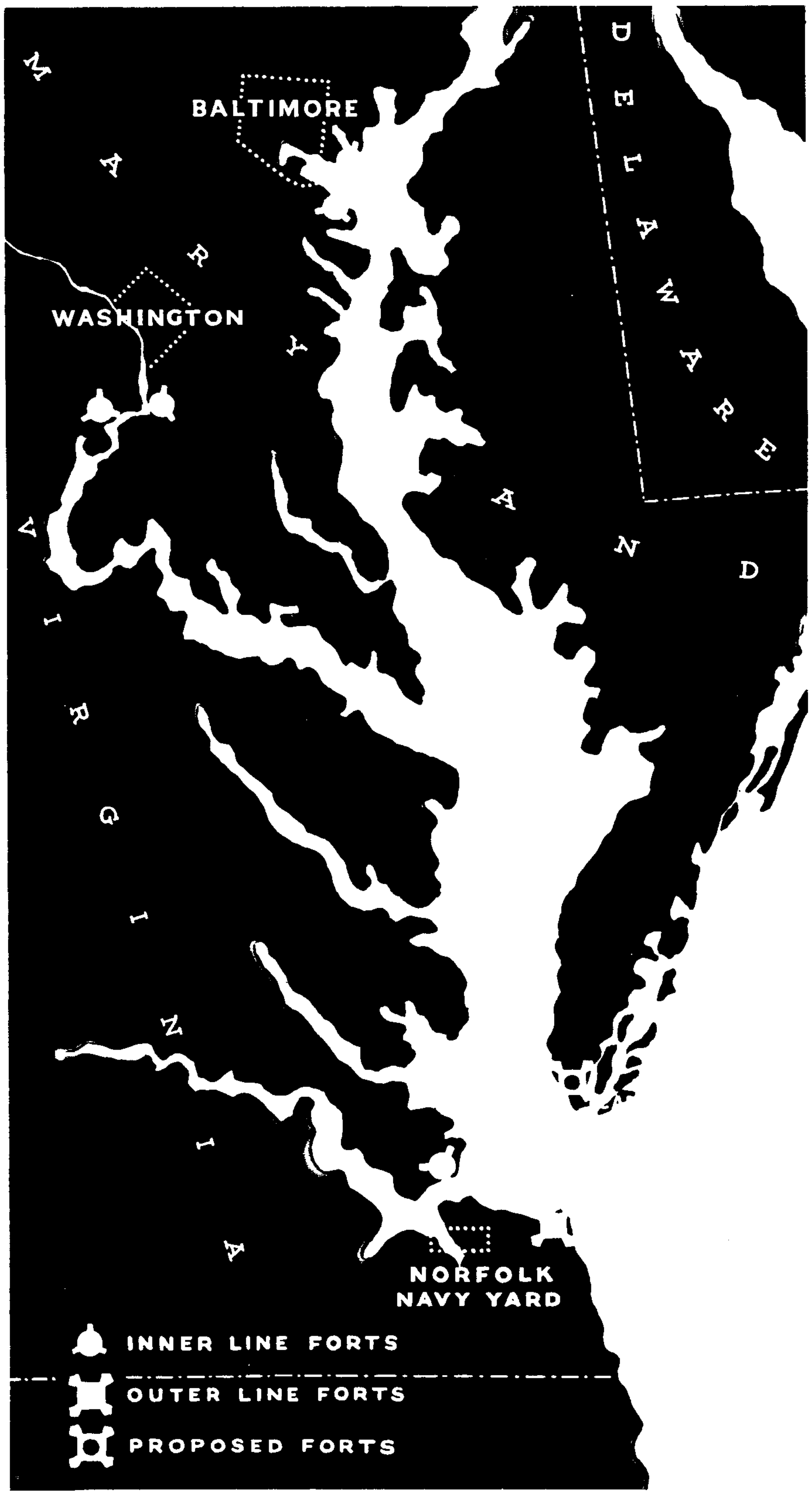
The present system of seacoast fortifications was laid out originally in 1886, by a board appointed by President Cleveland, and headed by Mr. Endicott, then Secretary of the Navy. Their plans were revised and brought up to date by another board appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt and headed by Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War (afterward President and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court).

The Endicott board actually had to start from scratch. We had no Navy to speak of, and we had no forts except those armed with the old muzzle-loading guns—many of cast iron—that had been



MAPS BY ROLF KLEP

Defenses of New York consist of forts across the eastern end of Long Island Sound, only one of which is partially garrisoned, and harbor and bay forts, of which only those guarding the outer entrance of New York Bay are manned



Chesapeake Bay—and Washington and Baltimore—depend on the forts shown at the left. Additional forts at Middleground Shoals and Cape Charles would greatly increase their effectiveness

left over from the Civil War. It planned for foundries and machine shops, for the construction of high-power, breech-loading steel rifles and for the making of armor plate. Under the impetus of this board, we developed smokeless powder, high-explosive shells and telescopic range finders. We became pioneers in the military use of electricity, of telephones and of gas engines. We fortified 27 of our principal harbors "because of their commercial and strategic importance." And in these harbors we constructed 57 separate forts.

These forts had reinforced concrete emplacements protected on the outside by thirty feet of earth. There were guns from five inches in caliber up to twelve, capable of shooting with great accuracy up to seven miles. There were range finders that could locate a target to within five yards of its true position, searchlights for locating the enemy at night, mines that were controlled from the shore, magazines for the protection of ammunition, and parapets behind which no man at the guns could be hit by a shell from a ship of that day.

When the World War came, the seacoast forts were stripped of their men and guns to go to France. It was expected that at the close of the war new methods would be developed and that an entirely new system of seacoast defense would be devised.

Caretakers Take Command

Instead of that we took to the woods. That is, instead of strengthening our forts in position, as all the rest of the world was doing, we drew back into the woods, or behind the hills with an impractical system of railroad and motorized artillery, with a twofold purpose. First, to hide from airplanes, and second, to effect an imaginary saving by shifting the guns about from one part of the country to another as the plans of the enemy were developed.

Thus, most of the fortifications were either abandoned or placed in the hands of caretakers. The barracks vacated by the demobilized artillery were turned over to the infantry, to be occupied by them until more suitable accommodations could be provided.

We can take as an example the defenses of New York. Formerly there was an outer line of forts across the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound, from the vicinity of Montauk Point to the Connecticut shore. One fort in this line is still partially garrisoned. The others are either in the hands of caretakers or have been abandoned.

And then there was an inner line at the western end of the Sound running from Fort Totten to Fort Schuyler and to David's Island. All the forts in this line have now been abandoned so far as any seacoast defense is concerned. There is an antiaircraft regiment at Fort Totten available for use on the defense or with the mobile army.

To the south, there was an outer line from Sandy Hook to the vicinity of Coney Island. The two forts on that line are now partially garrisoned. And then there was an inner line from Staten Island to Long Island in the vicinity of Brooklyn. The two forts there are now occupied by infantry.

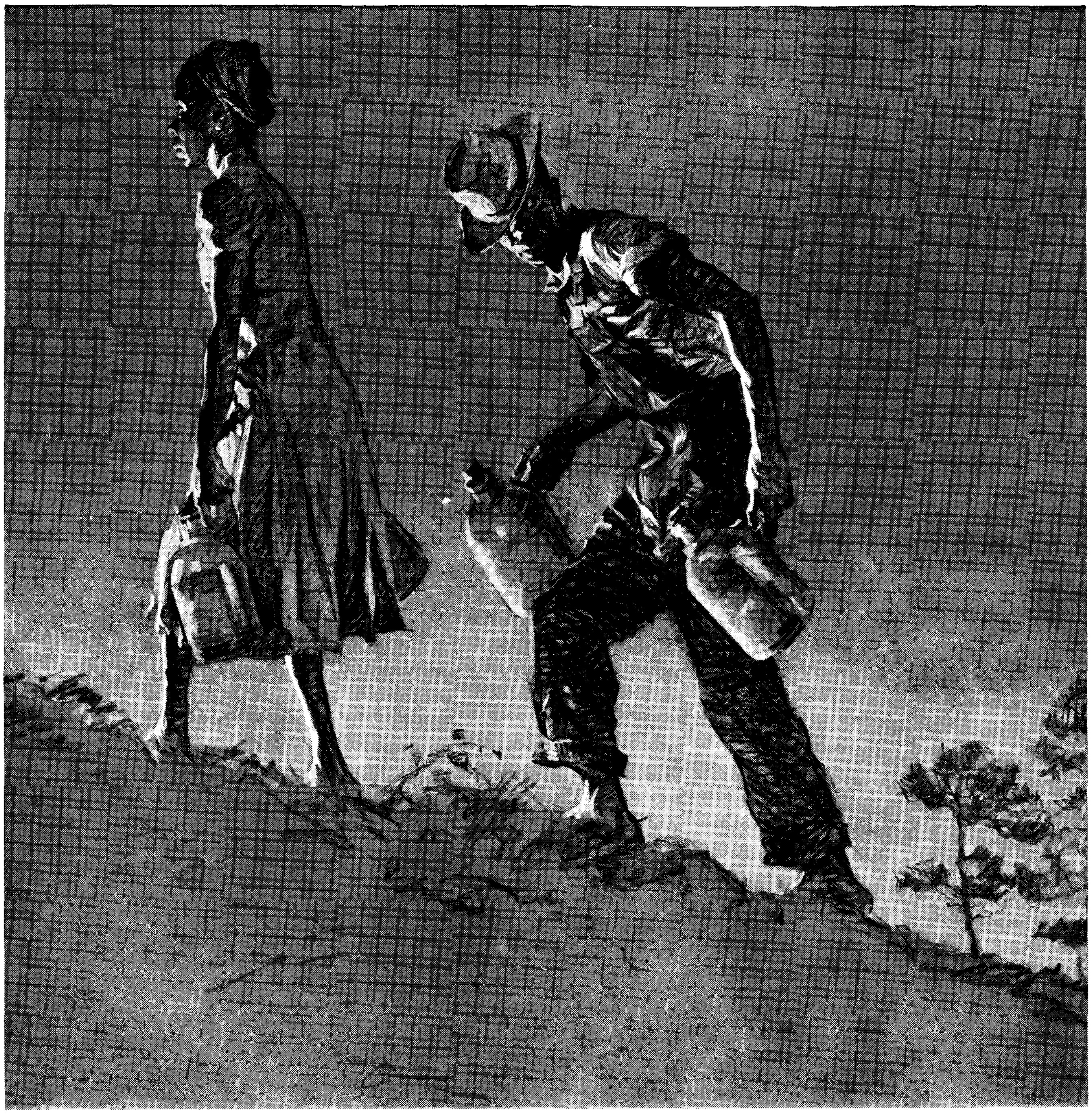
There was never a time when the necessity for "organization in depth" was so great. The strength of the great defensive lines of Europe lies in the fact that spent troops forcing their way through one line of forts find themselves confronted by another barrier and after that others and others.

The general situation throughout the Atlantic Coast is as follows:

We have a few modern guns, particularly some 14- and 16-inch guns we got from the Navy, that can shoot twenty-five miles. And we have a number of older guns that could still give a good account of themselves. But the Army has developed no new range-finding methods by which we can utilize the full value of the range. Even on the clearest nights we cannot locate a hostile vessel at a distance of more than seven miles, and in thick weather, even in the daytime, this is reduced to two or three. Smoke or artificial fog would produce the same effect.

The old guns are mounted on disappearing carriages, or otherwise, so that they are partially protected from the direct fire of ships, but not from the fire of airplanes. The new guns have no protection at all. They are located in some

(Continued on page 56)



About daylight, we see George and that gal legging it up the hill with a gallon jug in each hand

A Point of Law

By William Faulkner

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Luke thought one moonshiner to a family was enough. His son-in-law had other ideas. Dark business below Memphis

LUCAS pushed his chair back from the supper table and got up. He gave the sullen and watchful face of his daughter, Nat, a single grim-veiled look. "Gwine down the road," he said.

"Whar you gwine dis time er night?" his wife demanded. "Messin' around up yon in de bottom all last night; gittin' back just in time to hitch up and be in de field when de sun cotch you! You needs to be in bed if you gonter git done plantin' fo' Roth Edmonds—"

But then he was out of the house and did not need to hear her any longer, in the road now which ran pale and dim beneath the moonless sky of corn-planting time, between the fields where next month, when the whippoorwills began, he would plant his cotton, to the big gate from which the private road mounted among oaks to the crest where the bright lamps of his landlord's house gleamed.

He had nothing against George Wilkins personally. If George Wilkins had just stuck to farming, to working the land which he too share-cropped from Roth Edmonds, he, Lucas, would just as soon Nat were married to George as anybody else, sooner than most of the other buck niggers in that neighborhood. But he was not going to let George Wilkins or anybody else move into the country where he had lived for forty-five years and set up in competition with him in a business which he had established and nursed carefully and discreetly for almost twenty years, ever since he built his first still, secretly and at night since nobody needed to tell him what Roth Edmonds would do if he found out about it.

He wasn't afraid that George would cut into his established clientele, his old regular customers, with the sort of hog swill which George Wilkins had begun to manufacture three months ago and called whisky. But George Wilkins was a fool without discretion, who sooner or later would inevitably be caught, whereupon for the next ten years every bush on Roth Edmonds' place would have a deputy sheriff squatting behind it all night long. And he, Lucas, not only wasn't going to let his daughter become the wife of a fool, he didn't intend to have a fool living on the same place he lived on.

WHEN he reached the big house, he didn't mount the steps. Instead he stood on the ground, rapping on the edge of the veranda with his knuckles until Edmonds came to the door, peering into the darkness. "Who is it?" he said.

"Luke," Lucas said.

"Come in to the light," Edmonds said.

"I'll talk here," Lucas said.

Edmonds approached. Lucas was the older of the two; in fact, he had been on the place, living in the same house and working the same acres for twenty-five years when Carothers Edmonds' father died. Lucas was at least sixty; it was known that he had one daughter with grandchildren, and he was probably more solvent than Edmonds, since he owned nothing he had to pay taxes on and keep repaired and fenced and ditched and fertilized.

Yet now he became, not the Negro which he was, but nigger—not secret so much as impenetrable, not servile and not effacing, but standing motionless in the half-dark below the white man in an aura of timeless and impassive stupidity like a smell almost.

"GEORGE WILKINS is running a kettle in that gully behind the old west field," he said in a voice perfectly flat and uninflectioned. "If they wants the whisky too, tell um to look under his kitchen floor."

"What?" Edmonds said. He began to roar—a quick-tempered man at best: "Didn't I tell you niggers what I was going to do the first time I found a drop of white mule whisky on this place?"

"George Wilkins gonter hear you too," Lucas said. "You didn't need to told me. I been on this place forty-five years and you ain't never heard of me having no truck with no kind of whisky except that bottle of town whisky you and your paw always give me Christmas."

"I know it," Edmonds said. "You've got better sense, because you knew good and well what I would do if I ever caught you. And George Wilkins will wish by daylight . . ." Lucas stood, motionless, blinking a little, listening to the rapid clapping of the white man's angry heels and then to the prolonged and violent grinding of the telephone crank and Edmonds shouting into the instrument: "Yes! The sheriff! I don't care where he is! Find him!"

Lucas waited until he had finished. "I don't reckon you need me no more," he said.

"No," Edmonds said in the house. "Go on home to bed. I want your south creek piece all planted by tomorrow night. You doped around in it today like you hadn't been to bed in a week."

LUCAS returned home. He was tired. He had been up most of last night, first following Nat to see if she was going to meet George Wilkins after he had forbidden her to, then, in his secret place in the creek bottom, finishing his final run and dismantling his still and carrying it piece by piece still farther into the bottom and concealing it, reaching home only an hour before dawn.

His house was dark save for the faint glow among the ashes in the room where he and his wife slept—the fire which he had lit on the hearth when he moved into the house forty-five years ago and which had burned ever since. The room where his daughter slept was dark. He did not need to enter it to know it was empty. He had expected it to be. George Wilkins was entitled to one more evening of female companionship, because tomorrow he was going to take up residence for a long time where he would not have it.

When he got into bed his wife said, without even waking: "Whar you been? Wawkin' de roads all night wid de ground cryin' to git planted—" Then she stopped talking without waking either, and sometime later he waked.

It was after midnight; he lay beneath the quilt on the shuck mattress, not triumphant, not vindictive. It would be happening about now. He knew how they did it—the white sheriff and revenue officers and deputies creeping up through the bushes with a drawn pistol or two, surrounding the still and sniffing like hunting dogs at every stump and disfiguration of earth until every jug and keg was found and carried back to where the car waited; maybe they would even take a sup or two to ward off the night's chill, before returning to the still to squat there until George Wilkins walked innocently in.

Maybe it will be a lesson to George Wilkins about whose daughter to fool with next time, he thought.

Then his wife was leaning over the bed, shaking him and screaming. It was just after dawn. In his shirt and drawers he ran behind her, out onto the back porch. Sitting on the ground was George Wilkins' patched and battered still; on the porch itself was an assortment of fruit jars and stoneware jugs and a keg or so and one rusted five-gallon oilcan which, to Lucas' horrified and still sleep-dulled eyes, appeared capable of holding enough liquid to fill a ten-foot horse trough. He could even see it in the glass jars—a pale, colorless fluid in which still floated the shredded cornhusks which George Wilkins' tenth-hand still had not removed.

"Whar was Nat last night?" he cried, *shaking his wife by the* shoulder. "Whar was Nat, old woman?"

"She lef' right behind you!" his wife cried. "She followed you! Didn't you know it?"

"I knows it now," Luke said. "Git the ax!" he said. "Bust it! We ain't got time to git it away." But they didn't have time for that either. It was the sheriff himself, followed by a deputy, who came around the corner of the house.

"Dammit, Luke," the sheriff said, "I thought you had better sense than this."

"That ain't none of mine," Lucas said. "You knows it ain't. George Wilkins—"

"Never you mind about George Wilkins," the sheriff said. "I've got him too. He's out there in the car, with that girl of yours. Go get your pants on. We're going to town."

TWO hours later he was in the commissioner's office in the federal courthouse in Jefferson, inscrutable of face, blinking a little, listening to George Wilkins breathing hard beside him and to the voices of the white men:

"Confound it, Carothers," the commissioner said, "what kind of Senegambian Montague and Capulet business is this?"

"Ask them!" Edmonds said violently. "Wilkins and that girl of Luke's want to get married. Luke won't hear of it, for some reason—only I seem to be finding out now why. So last night Luke came to the house and told me Wilkins was running a still on my land because he knew damn' well what I would do because I have been telling every nigger on my place for years just what I would do the first time I caught one drop of that damn' wildcat whisky on my place—"

"And we got Mr. Roth's telephone message"—it was one of the deputies now—a plump, voluble man muddy about the lower legs and a little strained and weary in the face—"and we went out there and Mr. Roth told us where to look. But there ain't no still in the gully where he said, so we set down and thought about just where would we hide a still if we was one of Mr. Roth's niggers, and we went and looked there and sure enough after a while there it was, all took to pieces and hid careful and neat as you could want, in a brier brake in the creek bottom. Only it's getting toward daylight by that time, so we decide to come on back to George Wilkins' house and look under his kitchen floor like Mr. Roth said and then have a little talk with George.

"We get there about daybreak and what do we see but George and that gal legging it up the hill toward Luke's house with a gallon jug in each hand, only George busted the jugs on a root before we could catch them. Then Luke's wife starts to yelling in the house and we run around to the back and there is another still setting in Luke's back yard and about forty gallons of evidence stacked on his back porch like he was fixing to hold a auction sale, and Luke standing there in his drawers and shirttail hollering, 'Git the ax and bust it! Git the ax and bust it!' "

"But who do you charge?" the commissioner said. "You went out there to catch George, but all your evidence is against Luke."

"There was two stills," the deputy said. "And George and that gal both say Luke has been making and selling whisky right there in Mr. Roth's back yard for twenty years." Blinking, Lucas found Edmonds glaring at him, not in reproach and no longer in surprise, but in grim and furious outrage. Then, without even moving his eyes and with no change in his face he was no longer looking at Edmonds, but blinking quietly, listening to George Wilkins breathing hard beside him like one in profound slumber, and to the voices:

"But you can't make his own daughter testify against him."

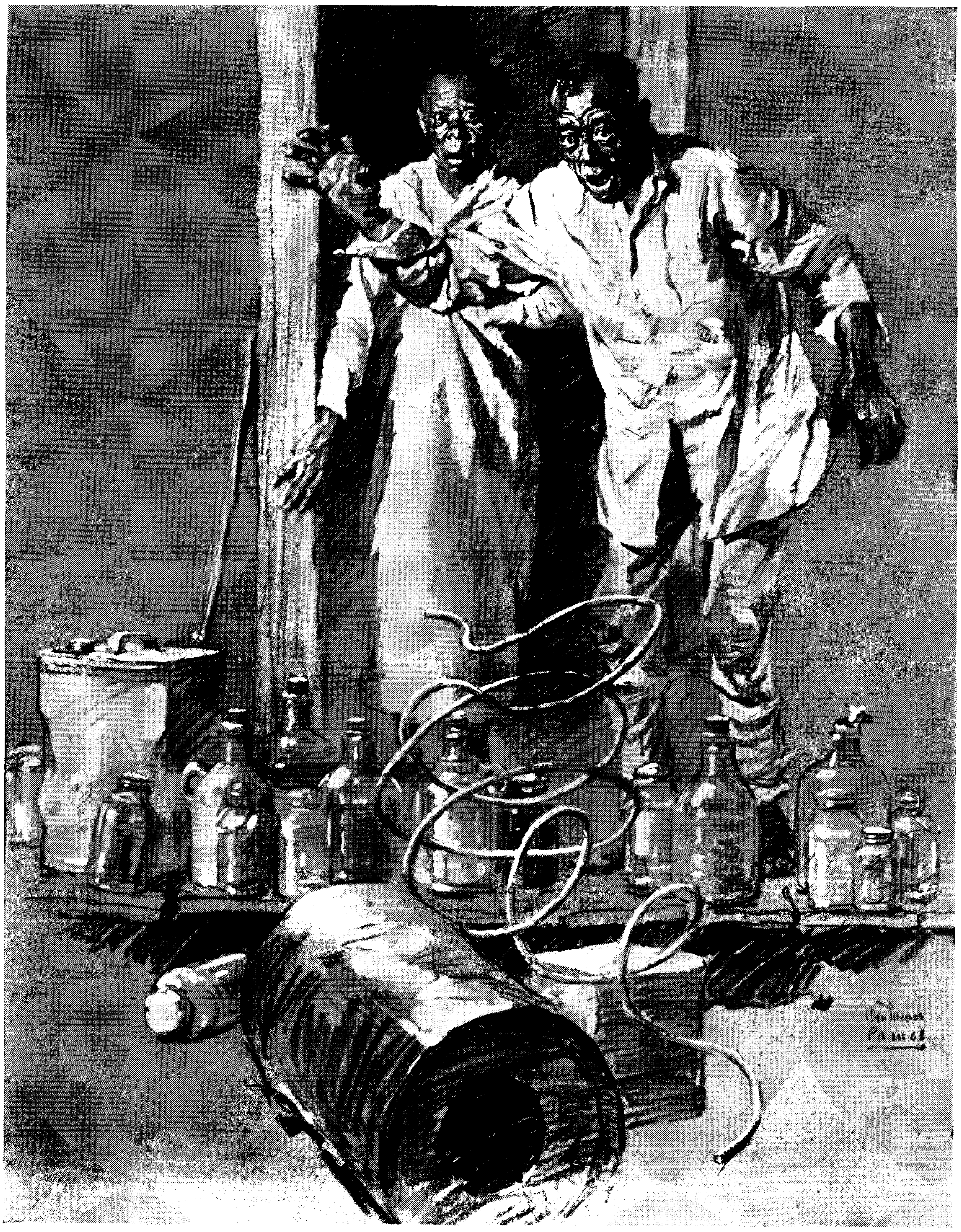
"George can though," the deputy said. "George ain't no kin to him. Not to mention being in a fix where George has got to think of something good to say and think of it quick."

"Let the court settle all that, Tom," the sheriff said. "I was up all last night and I haven't even had my breakfast yet. I've brought you a prisoner and thirty or forty gallons of evidence and two witnesses. Let's get done with this."

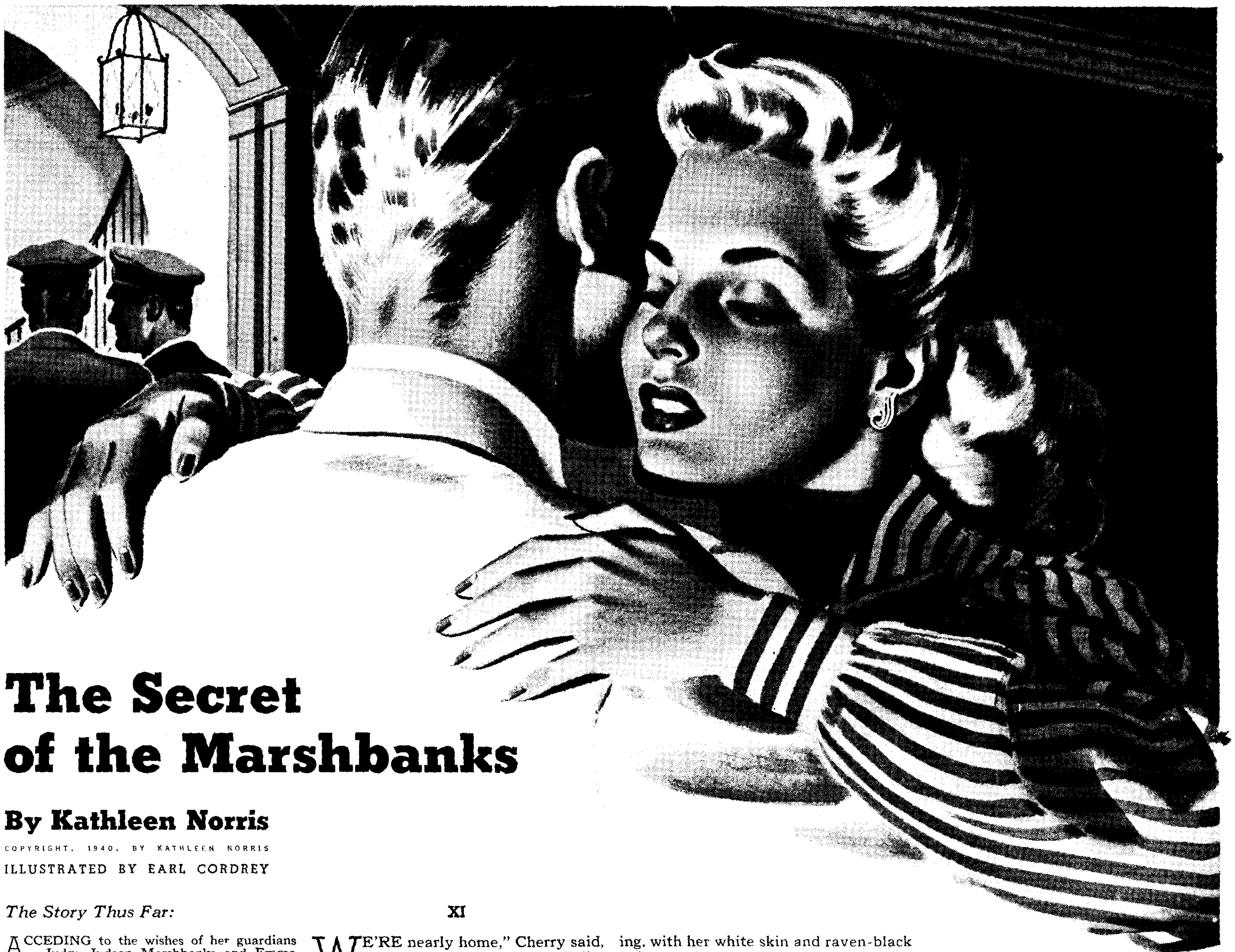
"I think you've brought two prisoners," the commissioner said. He began to write on the paper before him. Lucas watched the moving hand, blinking. "I'm going to commit them both. George can testify against Luke, if he wants to. And that girl can testify against George. She's no kin to him, too."

LUCAS could have paid both his and George's bonds without even altering the number of figures in his bank balance. After Edmonds had paid for the bonds, they returned to his car. George drove now, with Nat beside him in the front seat, huddled down into the corner of it. When the car stopped at the gate seventeen miles later, she sprang

(Continued on page 30)



"Git the ax!" Luke said. "Bust it! We ain't got time to git it away"



"Oh, Kelly," she half sobbed in his arms, her face against his, "if I could only go with you"

The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

ACCEDING to the wishes of her guardians—Judge Judson Marshbanks and Emma Haskell, both living in San Francisco—Charlotte ("Cherry") Rawlings becomes the secretary of Mrs. Porteous Porter, who has employed Emma as her housekeeper. She sees the judge often; and she meets the members of his household: his domineering old mother; Amy Marshbanks, debutante daughter of the judge's dead brother, Fred; and Fran, the judge's gay young second wife. . . .

Mrs. Porter dies. Then comes a series of shocks for Cherry, who, an orphan for years, knows little concerning her early history. Emma Haskell informs her that her mother (never married) had been Emma's sister, Charlotte; that her father had been the judge's brother, Fred—*Amy's father;* and that, shortly after Cherry and Amy were born, Cherry's mother had switched the two babies! *Cherry is really Amy Marshbanks!*

The judge (who had intended to tell Cherry the story upon her coming of age) corroborates the story. But, to protect Amy, his mother burns the papers that would prove it to be true. . . . Meanwhile, Cherry has become engaged to a young artist, Kelly Coates, who had (for a time) fancied himself in love with Judge Marshbanks' wife; and Amy has succumbed to the charms of an Italian count—Mario ("Gogo") Constantino. . . .

Still another shock—by far the greatest yet—awaits Cherry. Judge Marshbanks is murdered, shot to death in his library by someone who, it appears, leaves no clues. While the newspapers scream the tragic story, Amy and the count are married, secretly. . . . Investigating, the police find a packet of love letters—letters that Kelly Coates had sent to Fran a year before. Learning of this, Cherry (who adores Kelly) fears that something he had written might, misinterpreted, direct suspicion toward him. But, in the course of a long walk with her, Kelly reassures her. His letters, he feels sure, are quite harmless.

Before returning to the Marshbanks house, Cherry telephones. A policeman answers. He tells her that *Fran Marshbanks has confessed!* Knowing Fran for the shallow, foolish woman she is, Cherry and Kelly are not surprised. They take a cab for the Marshbanks home.

XI

WE'RE nearly home," Cherry said, "and you do promise me, Kelly, you promise me that you'll let me stand by you—you'll not put me out—you'll realize that the only thing in my life—the only happiness, will be to be near you, and to comfort you if I can?" Cherry pleaded, her eyes brimming again.

"Why, my darling, my darling," he said, "do you think it ever could be any other way? My life is your life now, Cherry; there's no corner of it that doesn't belong to you. Here we are!" he finished abruptly, as the cab drew up at the imposing Marshbanks doorway. "Now we'll try to see what all this is about."

He felt her cold fingers gripping his as they went up the steps; Martin, looking funereally grave, admitted them. Kelly, cheerfully advising Cherry, but in a rather lower tone than usual, to go straight upstairs, separated from her at the stairway. But she was too miserably fearful to leave him; she followed him to the library door and when he went in crept after him.

The room was as she had often seen it during these nightmare weeks—blue with cigar smoke, stifling from the great fire that burned all day, lamp-lighted, and with a fresh onslaught of rain charging the high windows whose dignified draperies were twisted and tied out of the way. There were four officers there now, instead of the usual one or two; Fran was there, too, sitting in a big armchair with her back to the windows, watching, silent, very pale, tragic-looking, with her white skin and raven-black hair.

"I had to tell them, Kelly," she said breathlessly, apologetically as Kelly came in. "I'm sorry. I thought for a while that we could hide it. But I had to tell."

"I think I wouldn't say too much, Mrs. Marshbanks," one of the men said temperately.

"Oh, I may as well talk!" Fran was beginning again scornfully, when another of the men went to stand beside her, and engaged her in a low-toned conversation.

"You go upstairs and get into dry things," Kelly said to Cherry. "No use your catching pneumonia."

She gave a frightened laugh, and one or two of the officers looked at her in a friendly fashion. Kelly sat down at the desk, and Cherry reluctantly went away. May, her old first friend, who had met her in Oakland just a little over a year ago and brought her for the first time to this house of many sorrows, was waiting for her in the hall and not only personally prepared and managed the hot bath but descended afterward to the kitchen for tea and toast.

"If you aren't in for flu, I'll miss my guess!" said May.

When she came upstairs with the tray, it was to ask Cherry if she would have her little midafternoon meal in Mrs. Marshbanks' room.

"Fran?" Cherry asked, eyes dilating.

"No, the old lady," May said. "She don't feel very good and she asked what was going on downstairs, and if you wasn't too tired would you come in and see her."

"Well, of course," Cherry said. Feeling achy and dull, she was not only vaguely flattered by the proposal, but she was glad of any company on this dreadful afternoon.

"Martin says they've got Mrs. Jud to the state when she's ready to say she did it," May said in an undertone, as they crossed the hall.

"*You* don't think she did!" It was an exclamation rather than a question.

"Of course she didn't," the maid said scornfully. "I was in her room until she went to bed that night, and she was as calm as a clock. She was reading a book she says was funny. There wasn't any reason for her going downstairs again that night."

"But then why on *earth*—!" Cherry began, her eyebrows eloquent. May merely pursed her lips in answer, shook her head as she opened the elder Mrs. Marshbanks' door.

Cherry found her grandmother restless and uneasy. But to Cherry's great relief she seemed disinclined to speak of the affairs of the moment. She

(Continued on page 58)

Check and Double Check

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

There's not much guesswork about medicine nowadays. Astonishing diagnostic devices make it possible to find out what's wrong before the damage is done

The bunny, not Walter Winchell, is the authority on blessed events

IF YOU'VE ever known any doctors of the old school you're almost sure at one time or another to have heard that famous old bromide: "Medicine is not a science but an art." The old boys were pretty fond of quoting that at you. It sounded well and it covered a multitude of guesswork. But ask any doctor of the more modern school about it and he's almost sure to tell you with a note of pride how very seldom he has any reason to hide behind those words today. Even the most modern of doctors will admit, of course, that gaining the patient's confidence and handling the psychological angle of his ailments will always be an art, and an art, at that, which they haven't been able to improve on much since the horse-and-buggy days. But when it comes to finding out what's wrong with your body, your modern doctor is a good deal more apt to turn to the scientific laboratory than to his own intuition, because the physicists and chemists and bacteriologists have evolved incredibly exact diagnostic tests for an amazing number of human ills.

Vitamins, for instance, seem like pretty intangible things, but the absence of them can cause very definite ills, so what did the scientists do but get to work to find a way of measuring them in your blood! They have already succeeded with at least one. A young doctor I know of, who was doing a little spare-time work on this business of measuring vitamins, had a patient with a sore tongue, a college student. Now a sore tongue doesn't sound very serious but it can be pretty annoying if it keeps on and on, so the boy had been to several doctors and had been told variously that it came from too much smoking, too much drinking and too hard brushing of his teeth. One doctor suggested it might be a precancerous condition. Well, our doctor couldn't make any better guess than the other men, but having his problem in mind he thought he'd take a sample of the boy's blood and see if that would tell him anything. And it did. It told him that the boy's eating house had been a bit too economical of oranges and grapefruit and green vegetables. The sore tongue was the beginning of scurvy, that disease you always associate with old-time sailing vessels, which they now know comes from a deficiency of vitamin C.

Every healthy person's blood, you see, contains a minute quantity of vitamin C, and minute is the word . . . one to two milligrams per hundred cubic centimeters, or about one four hundredth of an ounce to all the blood in your body. Just try to measure that amount. But scientists have and they know. So what our research-minded doctor had done was to take a sample of the boy's blood all apart chemically, by a tremendously complicated series of processes, until he got it to where he could measure that tiny trace of vitamin C and find it was even tinier than it should have been. And since deficiency of vitamin C causes scurvy, and a sore tongue is one of the first symptoms, there wasn't any guesswork when he told the boy that all he needed was more orange or lemon or grapefruit juice, but meanwhile to take these tablets of cevitamic acid—vitamin C in pure form, see?—and his sore tongue would be better in no time. And it was.

How much or how little vitamin C you have is probably one of the newest and most amazing things doctors can discover from your blood, but there are dozens of other chemical tests more frequently used and more important too. If a doctor suspects you may have diabetes he can find this out by testing your blood for too much sugar, and if you have, he can check the progress of his treatment by frequent blood tests to see that the sugar level doesn't get too high. If he suspects kidney disease he can check on that by testing for urea, which is normally excreted by the kidneys and shouldn't be in your blood except in very minute quantities. If your joints are swollen it may be gout or it may be the more ordinary kind of arthritis, which is a lot harder to cure. So your doctor can decide that chemically, too. If he finds too much uric acid in your blood you have gout and can begin the proper treatment right away.

Muscle contraction generates electricity, hence your doctor uses an electrocardiograph to learn all about your heart muscle

A chemical wrinkle that's probably as new as the vitamin C one, and maybe newer, is testing your blood to see if the medicine you're taking is doing its stuff. Doctors do this quite often now with that drug you've been hearing about called sulfanilamide. Sulfanilamide works wonders in a variety of infections, from blood poisoning caused by an ear infection to gonorrhea and childbed fever. But it's a very powerful drug and too much may do more harm than none at all, and some people will be affected by quite a lot less than others. So if a person is quite weak from a severe illness, for instance, which his doctor thinks sulfanilamide may cure, he will be given the medicine and then have samples of his blood taken and tested after every few doses until there is just the proper concentration of sulfanilamide present to damage the germs but not the patient.

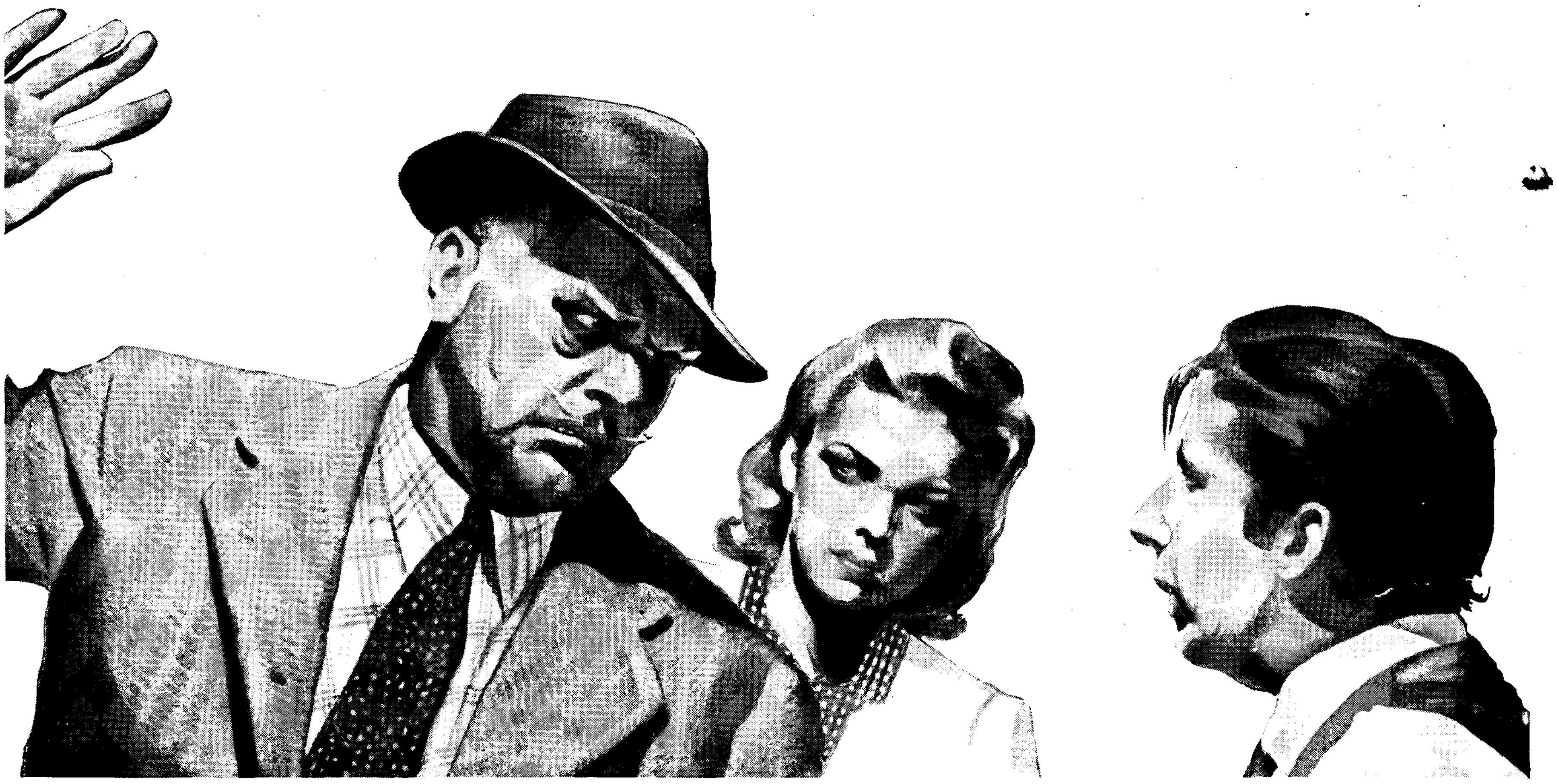
But perhaps what your doctor wants to detect in your blood is not too much or too little of a certain substance, but the presence of a germ.

But germs such as the bacteria that cause typhoid and paratyphoid fever can be found only if the laboratory encourages them to get to work and multiply. The way they do this is to take a sample of your blood and put it in a sterile flask with a serving of beef broth, which turns out to be one of the better germ foods. Then they leave the germs to feed for a few days, and by that time if any are there they'll have multiplied so fast that they stand right up under the microscope and shout for attention. And this system, which is known as culturing, works just as well with all your other body secretions and can diagnose for your doctor such diseases as pyelitis, which is inflammation of the mouth of the kidney, or meningitis, which is inflammation of the layers covering your brain and spinal cord, or even the various kinds of pneumonia.

But to go back to typhoid and paratyphoid fever for a moment, one of the strangest things about these diseases is that if you catch them early you usually find the germ right in the blood, but if the patient is sick a couple of weeks before you suspect what may be wrong, the germ isn't there any more and the blood culture will be sterile. But what will be in the blood instead are mysterious substances known as antibodies. Nobody has ever seen these antibodies, but bacteriologists know they are there.

What they do is take a sample of your blood and let it clot until all that's left liquid is a sort of straw-colored serum. Then from some medical hothouse they get a pure culture of the germs they suspect may be making you ill and mix them with the serum. If those germs aren't the ones that are doing the

(Continued on page 52)



While Natalie stood paralyzed with disgust, Sir Eric struck him again. She flung herself between them

Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Natalie French, whom he loves, marries Mark Gabriel, Caleb Thatcher leaves Wallisport, Massachusetts. A few years later he returns. Natalie's husband is dead. The war *in Europe is raging. And the Gabriel* Machine Tool Company—of which John Gabriel, Natalie's brother-in-law, is the head—is working night and day, filling orders from overseas.

Caleb soon learns that, because he had fought on the Loyalist side in Spain, the people of Wallisport—notably John Gabriel (who is engaged to Caleb's closest friend, Hope Shaler)—regard him as a dangerous radical. . . . Bert Hendricks, employed by a labor union, comes to Wallisport. In Spain, he and Caleb had fought side by side; so Caleb gives him a warm welcome. Then—when John Gabriel accuses Hendricks of burning one of his factory buildings—Caleb, aided by Hope, enables him to make his getaway. . . .

Meanwhile, Natalie has fallen in love with Greg Ashburn, a member of the British intelligence service. She alone knows that Ashburn is a spy. But, sympathizing with the British in this war, she keeps her secret; and she cooperates with him in his hazardous operations.

Caleb finds what appear to be plans for a war mechanism of some sort in his home—an obvious "plant." Suspecting that John Gabriel (who has made it clear that he dislikes him) is attempting to "frame" him, he goes to John's home and accuses him of trying to railroad him to prison. Only the timely arrival of Ashburn—who defends Caleb vigorously—averts a fist fight.

John, in a fury, insists that Hope drop Caleb. Hope refuses to do so, until Caleb surprises her by telling her that he loves her. Then, feeling sure that Caleb is simply trying to hurt John by stealing her from him, she tells Caleb that she will never see him again. But, that decision made, she is restless, unhappy. . . .

Late one evening, when she is alone in her room, Bert Hendricks climbs in her window. Astonished, she listens while he asks her to tell Caleb to meet him in Boston, at McCorison's bar, at one o'clock the following day. A few moments later—after Hendricks has left—Hope's Aunt Elinor (with whom she lives) asks her who the visitor was. Hope is nervous, overwrought. "It was the Angel Gabriel," she exclaims. "This is the end of the world!"

V

WHEN Hope telephoned asking him to meet her at the Common, Caleb could get no clue to what she wanted or to what, since last night, her feelings had become. If his own feelings had been confused last night, they simplified when, across a stretch of lawn glistening in the sun, he saw her sitting on a bench beside the Civil War monument. But in the composure of her face there was nothing that corresponded to his intensity, and her voice might have come across ice: "I wouldn't have put you to this trouble but I couldn't tell you over the phone. Bert got me out of bed at one-thirty this morning. He came to see you last night. He waited as long as he could. Then he woke me up. He told me to tell you he has got to see you today. He'll be in Boston at McCorison's bar, off Atlantic Avenue, from one o'clock this afternoon till you get there. He's absolutely got to see you. That's all."

Only a small part of his mind was free to note that astonishing news. On her face were the shadows of young leaves from an elm and the perfume of lilacs was everywhere. There must be love poems about a girl in a linen skirt, a silk blouse, a leather belt—and when, before this, had he ever been aware of women's clothes? But the quality of disdain in her face was a worse augury for him than any hostility could have been.

He said, "Hope!" But she stopped him: "No. You were as masterful as a movie last night, but that's the end of that. I'm not going to have anything more to do with you. It's just that Bert had to get me to tell you he's got to see you. So now I've told you."

He began to comprehend her message, and his first response was annoyance that Bert should have put her to a risk. "Why didn't the fool come to my place? He ought to have better sense—"

"He did," she said. "He waited there till he didn't dare wait any longer. Have you forgotten you weren't there? You were making me ever so happy at Persis Neck. I don't know whom you were making happy after that but he couldn't wait for you."

He had gone on to the far end of the Neck, trying to assimilate the revelation that he was in love with Hope Shaler—who had fallen in love with the man who considered him an enemy of society. . . . But if Bert had run this risk, then something of pressing importance must have happened.

"What does he want? Why did he take the chance of getting nabbed?"

"He didn't tell me. He just asked me to tell you he'd be waiting at McCorison's. You're supposed to know the place. From one o'clock on."

CLEARLY, it was an appeal in an emergency. Something urgent was going on, Bert was facing some extraordinary kind of trouble. There was nothing to suggest what it could be.

"I do know this," Hope said. "He came here to see you and there are a lot of people who would be glad to know about that. They would say that it proves everything they've believed about you. My life would be simpler if I could believe it."

A spray of white lilacs curved above her dark hair, and a shaft of light slanted through the elm behind her slender figure. What he ought to do was to seize her, here and now, disregarding her defenses as well as John Gabriel's rights.

"You can't believe it, can you?" he said calmly.

"No. But don't get the idea that it endears you to me. All these layers of suspicion are just nonsense, but not good, clean nonsense. None of it is my fault but you all manage to work it out so that I pay for it."

He saw that this was true—and that was what kept him motionless. At arm's length away, she was forbidden him by massive circumstances and piled-up misunderstandings that he was responsible for. . . . The recurring impulse must have shown in his face, for she forbade it with a swift, half-angry gesture.

"There's just one thing you said last night," she said slowly. Then, decisively, "No, let it go. We won't say anything more—it doesn't get us anywhere. We've already said things are over. So now they are."

Caleb said, "Then why were you glad when I kissed you?"

But that only turned her disdain against herself: "So many people kiss me! But you're not going to again. . . . You know where McCorison's is? You'll go there?"

"Of course."

"Then I've done Bert's little job. So goodby, Caleb. We won't be seeing each other."

The blue eyes did not soften in the least. Under that beige skirt, that green-and-white blouse, her body stirred with some emotion that had no kindness for him. She walked away across the shining grass, in the gold haze of morning light. Lilac bushes shut her away.

(*Continued on page* 40)

They'll say nice things behind your back ...when you serve Mayonnaise like this!

A skillful blend of choice ingredients including
KRAFT Mayonnaise
Kraft Cheese Company manufacturer Chicago, Ill. One quart

A superb blend of choice ingredients including Fresh Lemon Juice

Unhesitatingly, you can serve this finer mayonnaise to the most critical judges of good food. For Kraft makes it to an exacting standard of excellence . . . using only choice ingredients and making such frequent deliveries to dealers that you can get it *Kitchen-Fresh!*

Into Kraft Mayonnaise go fine oil, choice eggs, fragrant vinegar, imported spices . . . and, as the final crowning touch which means glorious delicacy of flavor—*fresh lemon juice!* Then a remarkable patented beater, exclusively Kraft's, whips this rich mayonnaise to velvet smoothness. *Do* try a jar soon; it's so very, *very* good!

COLORFUL TO LOOK AT, DELICIOUS TO EAT, are ripe red peeled chilled tomatoes with Deviled Eggs. Garnish with Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise put through pastry tube and serve additional mayonnaise in a bowl.

KRAFT
Mayonnaise

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CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

● *Actual color photograph showing one part of Luckies' famous "Toasting" process—which adds extra mellowness to the golden leaf.*

"...and that's how 'Toasting' works!"

YOU MAY BE as familiar with the phrase "It's Toasted" as you are with your own name. But do you know how "Toasting" gives you a better cigarette?

First, it uses higher heat treatments to take out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco...making Luckies easy on your throat.

Second, it uses the concentrated sunshine of ultra-violet rays to add extra mellowness to the fine tobaccos in Luckies.

No other cigarette gives you the Cream of the finest crops on record—plus the throat protection of "It's Toasted."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll see why with independent tobacco experts—buyers, warehousemen, auctioneers—
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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HAVE YOU TRIED A *LUCKY* LATELY?

Catcher Killer

Continued from page 14

Where, Leonard's public wondered aloud, had the guy been keeping himself? Why, with so many ham-bone throwers drawing fat pay in the majors, had a pitcher like Leonard been hiding his light?

"There's a catch in it," the first-base-line students muttered. "He'll turn out to be a fugitive from one of them Georgia chain gangs, or anyway a Yankee farmhand. He looks too good to be real."

As a mater of fact, Dutch was really a fugitive from Brooklyn, where he pitched in 1934 and 1935, being sold to the St. Louis Cardinals in June, 1936. They dumped him in Atlanta and Old Fox Griffith, always desperate for pitching, rescued him.

At the end of the 1938 season, Leonard had won twelve and lost fifteen games for Washington. At least eight of his losses were robberies. He was losing four- and five-hit games because the weak-hitting, fumble-fingered Senators were making four errors for every hit. Despite his miserable support, he still managed to lead the Washington pitchers in every worth-while department.

But last year not even his own teammates could stop the fat Belgian's upsurge. Four pitchers in the American League won twenty games or better. One was the Yankees' Red Ruffing. One was that spirited school child, Master Feller of the Indians. A third was Detroit's blatant Buck Newsom, and the fourth was Emil Leonard.

Dutch Does It the Hard Way

Folks are getting used to Ruffing's achievements. After all, he plays on a club that owns the best fielders and the timeliest hitters in the world, not to mention four straight world championships. Feller is a known quantity, and there does not seem to be much one can do about Brother Newsom. He even won twenty games for the Browns one year, which gives you an idea.

But Leonard, the elderly rookie, grabbed his spot in the golden circle with a sixth-place club behind him. It was the first time the Griffs had owned a 20-game winner since the lush days of 1933, when General Alvin Crowder and Earl Whitehill were throwing the Nats to a pennant.

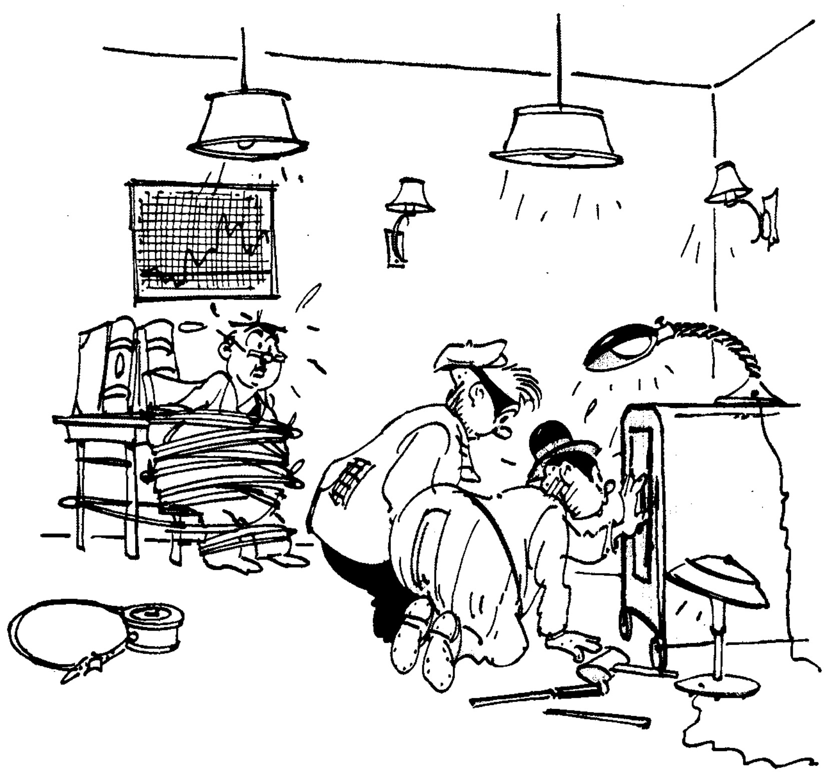
Dutch earned his spurs the tough way. He worked against the league's best. He beat the estimable Ruffing, and he licked Red's teammate, Oral Hildebrand. He beat Feller again. He whipped Tommy Bridges of Detroit and ancient Ted Lyons of the White Sox and Vernon Kennedy of the Browns. He also took Brother Newsom's measure.

At midseason, before any other pitcher had faced the Yankees twice, Leonard had hit the Bombers for four straight wins. If he lost his last three starts against the Yanks, it was because his treasonous teammates pried exactly two runs out of New York pitching in twenty-seven innings, and kicked the ball around like a flock of soccer players. With nineteen games in the sack, Leonard had to go to the post three times before his chums would allow him to win the vital twentieth. And he was pitching six- and seven-hit games while losing.

The story began in Auburn, a hard-bitten little coal-mining town in Illinois. Dutch finished high school and got a job in the mines with his old man, a Belgian emigrant who had broken his health in the shafts.

"Look, boy," the old man said. "There ain't nothin' here for a youngster. You'll never get anywhere if you bury yourself in the mines, like I did. Why don't you go to Chicago and get a job?"

Dutch slapped his extra shirt in a bag and hitchhiked to Chicago. Nobody formed a line to hand him a desk in a bank, and the cost of hamburger was high. Leonard graduated from the coal mines to a ditch-digging job, and picked up a stray buck every now and then by



"You don't need all these lights. How about helping us cut down on the overhead?"

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Dorne

Starlet: Just wait till I find that columnist! Listen to this, Steve: "Newest starlet, all looks and no 'oomph'... somebody should tell her about *pep appeal!*"

Steve: Now, now. It's only a newspaper man. But you *haven't* been feeling up to scratch lately. Bet all that dieting you youngsters do has cut into your *vitamins.* Come along with me, and we'll have a bite of lunch.

Kellogg's PEP

Steve: And one of the things this doctor orders, young lady, is that crisp and flaky cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP! Because it is extra rich in two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.
Starlet: Save the details, Steve! PEP is the most dee-*li*-cious cereal I ever tasted!

Starlet: Thanks a million, Steve, for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. And just watch me become the pep girl of 1940! I might even win an Oscar.
Steve: I'll be pulling for you!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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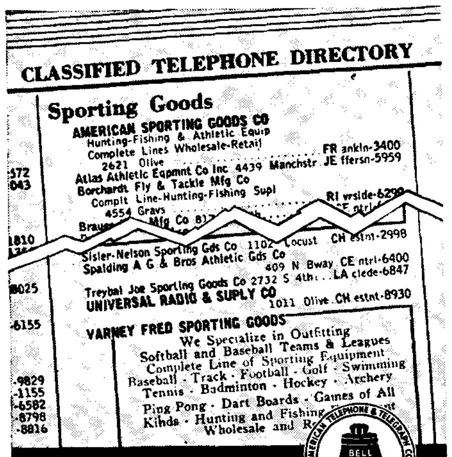
"Quick as a jack-rabbit I found that dealer"

The classified (*yellow*) pages of your telephone book tell you *instantly* who sells *that advertised* product or service you want. And it's the swift, sure way to find those special products you need...Sporting Goods, Camping Equipment, Luggage, Photographic Equipment, etc.



CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Sporting Goods
AMERICAN SPORTING GOODS CO
Hunting-Fishing & Athletic Equip
Complete Lines Wholesale-Retail
2621 Olive ..... FR ankln-3400
Atlas Athletic Eqpmnt Co Inc 4439 Manchstr JE ffersn-5959
Borchardt Fly & Tackle Mfg Co
Complt Line-Hunting-Fishing Supl
4554 Gravs ..... RI vrside-6299
Sisler-Nelson Sporting Gds Co 1102 Locust CH estnt-2998
Spalding A G & Bros Athletic Gds Co
409 N Bway CE ntrl-6400
Treybal Joe Sporting Goods Co 2732 S 4th LA clede-6847
UNIVERSAL RADIO & SUPLY CO
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We Specialize in Outfitting
Softball and Baseball Teams & Leagues
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Baseball · Track · Football · Golf · Swimming
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Ping Pong · Dart Boards · Games of All
Kinds · Hunting and Fishing
Wholesale and

Look it up in the Classified

pitching a little semipro ball on Sundays. A scout liked his looks, and in the summer of 1930 he threw away his pick to work for Mobile, in the Southern Association. Then began the doggonedest saga of tough breaks a ballplayer ever had.

An infected hand cut short his season with Mobile, and he pinched his stomach until next spring, when he went into the Three-Eye League with Decatur. One month with Decatur and an infected tooth downed him for the year.

In 1932 he won seven and lost two during the first three weeks, and then the cockeyed league blew higher than a kite. Came '33, and he got a job with York, Pennsylvania, in the old New York-Penn League. He did well there, and earned a trial with the Brooklyn Dodgers, which is a horrible fate for any young man.

His first year up he won fourteen and dropped eleven for the low-caste Flatbushers, a very nice beginning for a youngster just busting into the big time. He got married to the little girl around the block, just on prospects.

And then the doghouse engulfed him.

Hard-Luck Champion, Too

"For some reason I wasn't a starter any more," explains Leonard. "It's the knuckler, see? Catchers, as a general proposition, don't like to call for it. The ball is always taking off on a funny hop, and it means a mess of passed balls and now and then a busted finger. Catchers don't like to look bad any more than the next feller. They won't call for the knuckler, and consequently the boys start belting me around. I don't kid myself that the knuckler isn't my specialty. My quick ball is just so-so, and the curve is okay, but nothing to rave about. If I don't pitch the knuckler I get hit, and after I get hit for a spell, I'm not a starting pitcher any more."

Anyhow, Dutch only won two and lost nine in 1935. And then he played out altogether with the Dodgers. He pitched the first game of a June double-header in 1936, with a telegram tucked in his pocket. The telegram said that his father had just died. He lost, 3-2.

"We go into the ninth," Leonard says. "And it's 3-2 against us. We get the bases full and none out, and we still can't score a run. After that I figured my luck, if I ever had any, was out the window for good."

The next day the Dodgers sold him to the St. Louis Cardinals for $10,000. He never got a chance to hang his hat in St. Loo. The Cards turned right around and shipped him to Atlanta. He still doesn't know why.

Working in the Southern Association, the fat boy won thirteen and lost two from July first to September. Then he slid into second base on a hit and run and knocked his collarbone galley-west. By the time it healed the season was spent. Just as he was rounding into shape again, appendicitis kicked him in the stomach.

They carved him up that winter, and he began to believe that he was due for a break. He got it. Kidney stones knocked him out of the line-up for two months the following summer. But he managed to win fifteen while losing eight, and Washington's Mr. Griffith plucked him from the draft lists. Griffith figured, and rightfully so, that Leonard had exhausted all the possibilities in the medical books.

A sentence to the Senators, a chronic second-division outfit, is ordinarily regarded as something only slightly better than a jolt in the state pen. Only two spots in the American League are considered worse—St. Louis and Philadelphia. But Leonard snapped at the chance to get back in the majors, and in his case it's working out beautifully.

In winning his twenty games last year, Leonard accounted, roughly, for a third of his team's total victories. Behind any of the first five teams in the league, he would have taken at least twenty-four wins. As it was, he lost only eight, for all his punchless comrades insist on going hitless when the Dutchman lumbers out on the hill.

The size of Leonard's feat is brought sharply home when one considers that, crediting each team with eight working pitchers, there are sixty-four hurlers in each league, and that only four managed to win twenty or more games in the American outfit. Over in Cousin Ford Frick's inferior outfit, only four more—Messrs. Bucky Walters, Curt Davis, Luke Hamlin and Paul Derringer—hung up the required number. It is rather easy to believe that, given the hitting of the Yankees, Detroit or Cleveland, and a little elementary fielding every so often, Leonard would have been the best pitcher in either loop last year.

Leonard's specialty is unique. He throws a knuckler, but it differs greatly from the accepted style. The ball is not gripped with the knuckles, but with the tips of his first two fingers. The pitch is a straight push from the shoulders, and involves no effort. He never rubs his fingers raw, and his control is exceptional. Dutch cuts loose his peculiar pitch about every third ball, and always with men on base. It is a money pitch, for as Mr. Ferrell remarked a few paragraphs back, how can they hit it if he can't hold it?

Boss Griffith, and his faithful top-kicker, Mr. Harris, the graying boy wonder, have given Leonard the green light on his flutterball.

"Throw the consarned thing," says Griffith. "Throw it every pitch, if you want to. And when you use up the present crop of catchers, I will go out and grab you some more victims."

So far, Mr. Griffith has been held painfully to his promise. A steady stream of catchers has been winding in and out of Griffith Stadium since the Dutchman came up out of the South. All are under strict orders to call for the knuckler, and never a week passes but some luckless backstop goes to sick bay with a handful of scrambled fingers.

"I feel like a guy in a revolving door," moans Ferrell, licking his wounds. "If I ever get around to playing six days in a row again I don't know how I'll stand it."

When Dutch came to Washington from Atlanta it was estimated that he was making the fine fat sum of $2,500, which is not heavy money as ballplayers reckon wages. His 1938 record earned him a tilt of a couple thousand, and when he won his twentieth game Grandpa Griffith wrote him a check for an extra thousand, as a bonus.

This year, when Auburn's Number One citizen waddles out on the hill, each step will be worth about $500. Mr. Griffith is not known as a fast man with a check book, but twenty-game pitchers make $15,000 a year, even on such an economical outfit as the Senators.

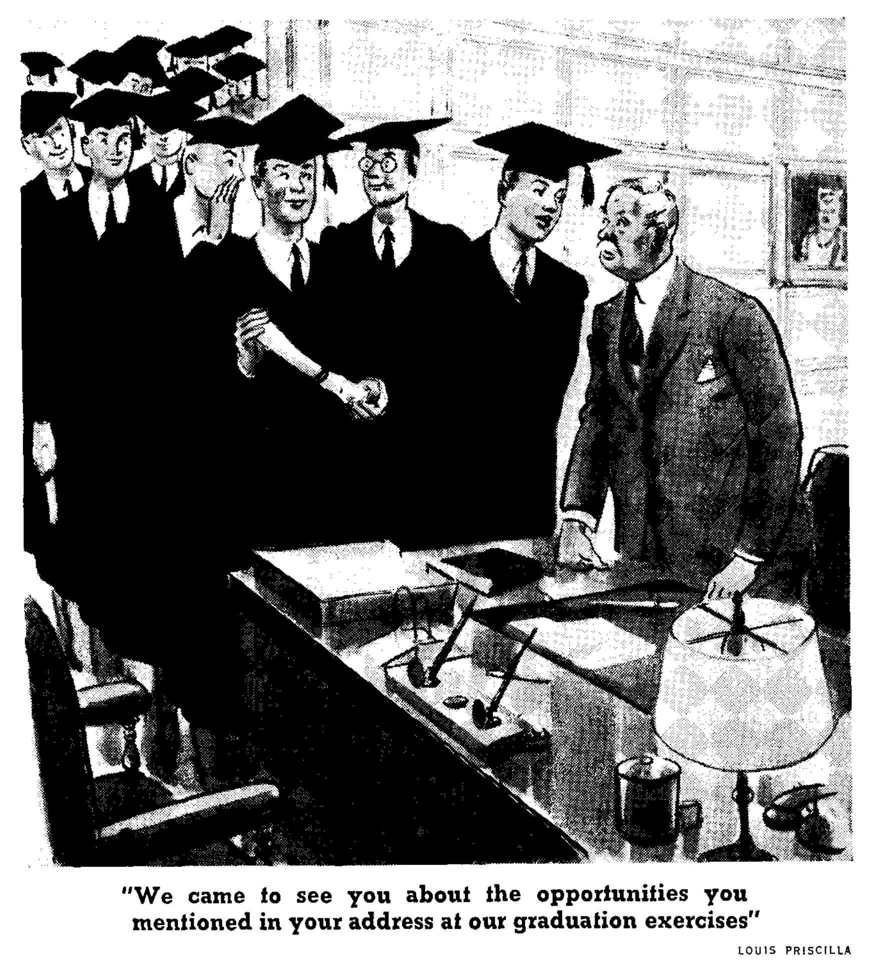
From Now on It's Easy

Meanwhile, Leonard is buying a home in Auburn, where the citizens think he is quite a fellow. Dutch has supplanted the Yankees' Mr. Ruffing, who lives a short shot away as the sector's popular choice for Congress.

Speaking of Ruffing, he doesn't know it, but he was the omen that signified the end of Leonard's lean days. It was a gray, nasty afternoon last summer. Leonard and Ruffing locked horns for twelve innings, with the score hooked at one-all. Dutch came up in his half of the twelfth, dumped a neat bunt in Rufus' lap and beat it out. Somebody sacrificed him to third, and a few moments later Leonard scored to snap the tie and win the game.

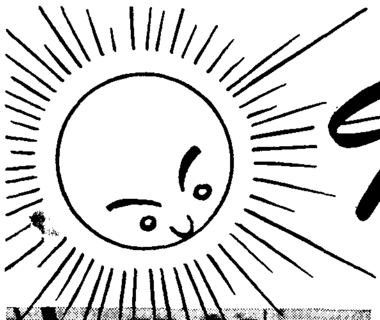
"That," says Dutch, "was the tip-off. Where I come from, this Ruffing is big stuff. When I beat the big redhead my troubles are bound to be over. I'll win my twenty games, and I'll do it again next year. From now on, everything is peaches."

He's right. Every day is Christmas now for Dutch Leonard, the big right-hander who throws a ball that wiggles its ears when it rides past the batter.



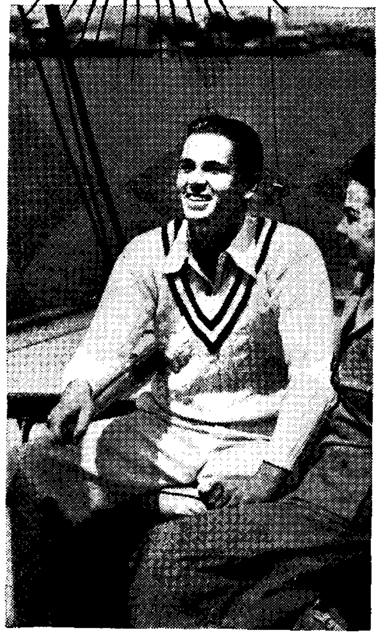
"We came to see you about the opportunities you mentioned in your address at our graduation exercises"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

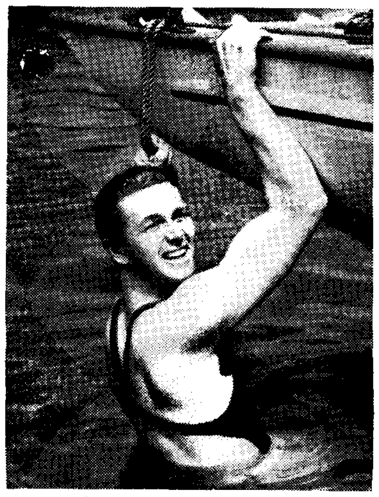


Hot Sun—Soaking Water

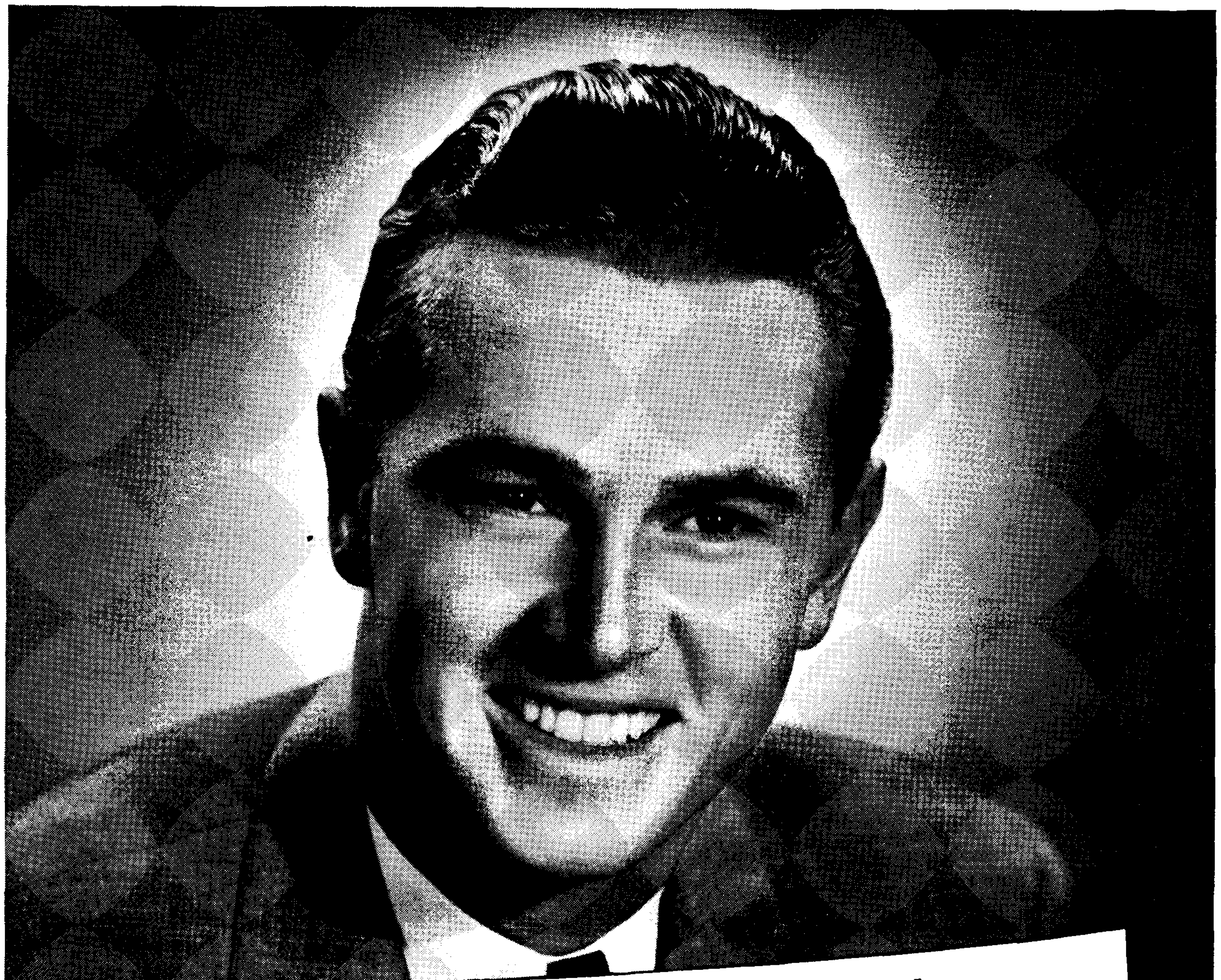
are a double danger to your Hair!



Scorching sun parches your hair —makes it dry and lifeless.



Water increases harm, and washes away the remaining scalp oils.



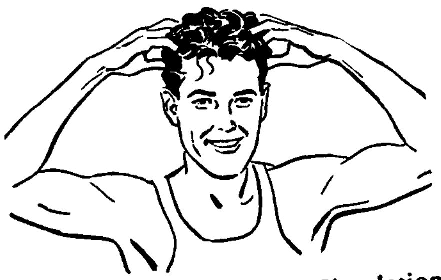
IT'S WONDERFUL to get out in the sun—to enjoy its healthful rays! But every second that summer sun beats down on your head it is drying your hair—making it brittle, lifeless. Yes, and the drenching water washes away needed scalp oils—increases the damage!

Be smart! Protect your hair with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". Massage Vitalis briskly onto your scalp. Feel the pleasant tingle as circulation awakens. Your tight, dry scalp becomes more supple. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils and give your hair a rich lustre! See how easy it combs—and there's no objectionable "patent-leather" look!

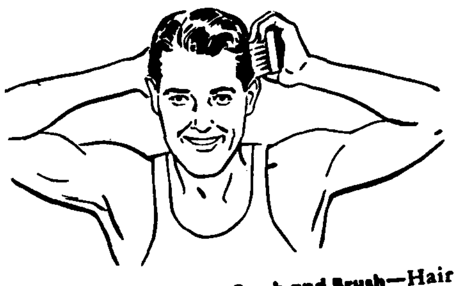
Moreover—Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps prevent excessive falling hair . . . helps you keep the hair you have.

Get a bottle of Vitalis today! Protect your hair with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout".

Protect Your Hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"



1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

VITALIS SEALTUBE

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop genuine Vitalis comes only in the sanitary, individual Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

FOLLOW THIS STAR TO GOLFING SUCCESS

There is one *Star* in golf that constantly improves—in quality—in appearance—in power—in accuracy.

That *Star* is the TRUE TEMPER Golf Shaft—used by the winners of every major tournament for five straight years. Among others, for example—

The National Woman's Championship
The North and South Woman's Championship
The Woman's Western Championship
The Woman's Southern Championship

all were won by players using TRUE TEMPER Shafted Clubs.

Players who hitch their game to this star, will win because it is the strongest golf shaft made—the sweetest in action—tops in yardage and accuracy. Its "perfect as a circle" design gives the speediest swing in golf. All leading manufacturers use TRUE TEMPER for their better clubs. Your Pro will help you select the models best fitted to your game. See him about it soon. Descriptive booklet sent free on request. Write the Makers of TRUE TEMPER Products, Cleveland, Ohio.

TRUE TEMPER STEP DOWN
The Golf Shaft of Champions

Note—We make golf shafts only—no other golf equipment of any kind.

A Point of Law

Continued from page 21

out, still without looking at Lucas, and ran on up the road toward his house. They drove on to the stable, where George got out too. His hat was still raked above his right ear, but his sepia face was not full of teeth as it usually was. "Go on and get your mule," Edmonds said. Then he looked at Lucas. "What are you waiting on?"

"I thought you were fixing to say something," Lucas said. "So a man's kinfolks can't tell on him in court?"

"Never you mind about that," Edmonds said. "George ain't any kin to you and he can tell plenty. And if he should start to forget, Nat ain't any kin to George and she can tell plenty. You've waited too late. If George Wilkins and Nat tried to buy a wedding license now, they would probably hang you and George both. Besides, even if Judge Gowan don't, I'm going to take both of you to the penitentiary myself as soon as you have laid by. Now you get on down to your south creek field. Don't you come out until you have finished planting it. If dark catches you, I'll send somebody down with a lantern."

He was done in the south creek piece before dark. He was back at the stable, his mule watered and rubbed down and stalled and fed and the gear hanging on its peg beside the stall door, while George was still unharnessing. Then he was walking up the hill in the beginning of twilight, toward his house, not fast; he didn't even look back when he spoke: "George Wilkins."

"Sir," George said, behind him. Lucas neither slowed nor looked back. They went on, mounting the hill, until they reached the battered gate in the weathered fence enclosing his small dusty yard. Then Lucas stopped and looked back at George behind him, lean, foppish even in overalls, wasp-waisted, with no teeth visible now either in the face sober, not to say grave, beneath the rake of the ruined Panama hat.

"Just what was your idea?" Lucas said.

"I don't rightly know, sir," George said. "It uz mostly Nat's. We never aimed to get you in no trouble. She say maybe ifn we took and fotch dat kettle from whar you and Mister Roth told de shurf hit was and you would find hit settin' on yo' back porch, maybe when we offered to help you git shet of hit 'fo' de shurf got here, yo' mind might change about loanin' us de money to—I mean to leffin' us be married. . . ." Lucas looked at George. He didn't blink.

"Hah," he said. "There's more folks than just me in that trouble."

"Yes sir," George said. "Hit look like it. I hope it's gonter be a lesson to me."

"I hope so too," Lucas said. "When they get done sending you to Parchman, you'll have plenty of time to study it."

"Yes, sir," George said. "Especially wid you to help me."

"Hah," Lucas said again. He continued to stare at George; he raised his voice though only a little: a single word, peremptory and cold, still staring at George: "Nat."

THE girl came down the path, barefoot, in a clean, faded calico dress and a bright headrag. She had been crying.

"It wasn't me that told Mister Roth to telefoam for dem shurfs!" she said.

"My mind done changed," Lucas said. "I'm gonter let you and George Wilkins be married." She stared at him; he watched her gaze flick to George and return.

"It changed quick," she said. She watched him now. Then he knew she was not looking at him; her hand came up and touched for an instant the bright cotton handkerchief which bound her head. "Me, marry wid George and go to live in dat house whar de back porch is done already fell off of and whar I got to wawk a half er mile and back from de spring to fotch water? He ain't even got no stove!"

"My chimbley cooks good, and I can prop up de porch," George said.

"And I can get used to wawkin' a mile fer two lard buckets er water," she said.

She ceased, with no dying fall of her high, clear soprano voice, watching her father's face.

"A cookstove. And the back porch propped up. A well."

"A new back porch," she said. She might not have even spoken.

"The back porch fixed," he said. Then she was certainly not looking at him; again her hand rose, the lighter palm pale, the fingers limber and delicate, and touched the back of her headkerchief. Lucas moved. "George Wilkins," he said.

"Sir," George said.

"Come into the house," Lucas said.

THE day came at last. In their Sunday clothes he and Nat and George waited at the gate until the car came down the drive. "Morning, Nat," Edmonds said. "When did you get home?"

"I got back yistiddy, Mister Roth."

"You stayed in Jackson a good while."

"Yassuh. I lef de next day after you and pappy and Gawge went to town wid de shurfs."

"You and George go on a minute," Edmonds said. They went on. Lucas stood beside the car. This was the first time Edmonds had spoken to him since that day three weeks ago, as if it had taken that long for his rage to consume itself. Or die down rather, because it still smoldered.

"I suppose you know what's going to happen to you," Edmonds said. "When that lawyer gets through with Nat, and Nat gets through with George, and George gets through with you and Judge Gowan gets through with you both. You were on this place with my father for twenty-five years, until he died. You have been on it twenty years with me. Was that still and that whisky they found in your back yard yours?"

"You knows it wasn't," Lucas said.

"All right," Edmonds said. "Was that other still they found hidden in the bottom yours?"

They looked at each other. "I ain't being tried for that one," Lucas said.

"Was that still yours, Luke?" Edmonds said. They looked at each other. The face which Edmonds saw was absolutely blank, impenetrable.

"Does you want me to answer that?" Lucas said.

"No!" Edmonds said violently. "Get in the car!"

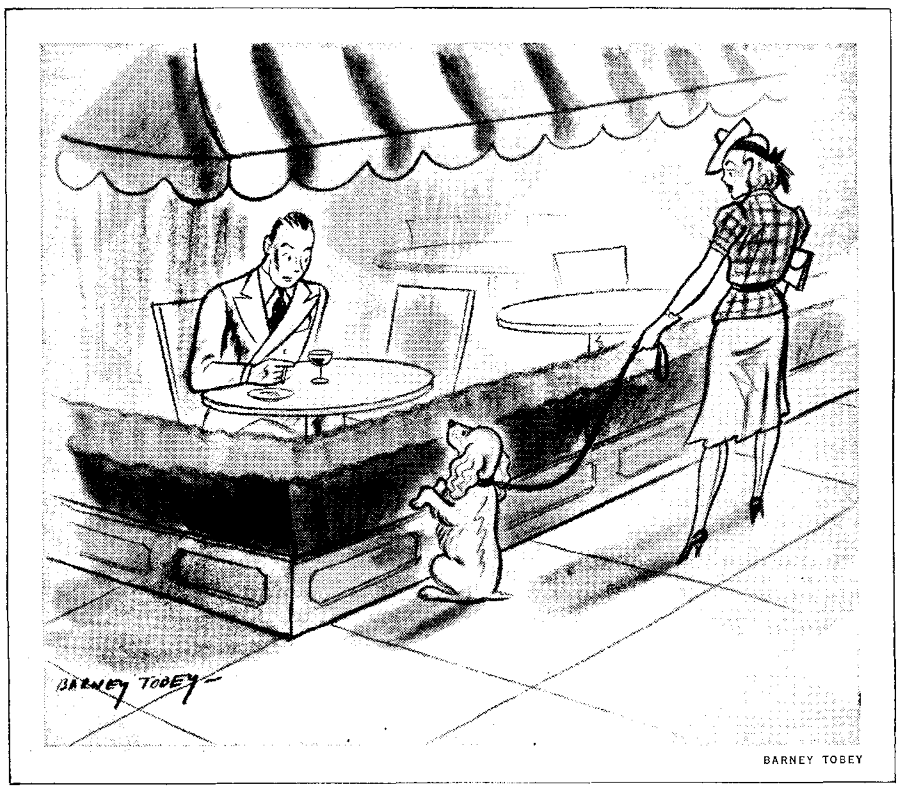
The square and the streets leading into it were crowded with cars and wagons. Following Edmonds, they crossed the crowded sidewalk before the entrance, in a lane of faces they knew—other tenants from their own farm and from the other farms along the creek, come the seventeen miles also in battered and limping trucks and sedans, without hope of getting into the courtroom itself but only to wait on the street and see them pass—and faces they knew only by hearsay: the rich white lawyers talking to one another around cigars, the proud and powerful of the earth.

Then they were in the marble foyer, where George began to walk gingerly on the hard heels of his Sunday shoes and where Edmonds, at a touch on his arm, looked back and saw in Lucas' extended hand the thick, folded, soiled document which, opening stiffly at the old hand-smudged folds, revealed among the blunt and forthright lettering above the signature and seal, the two names in the impersonal and legible script of whatever nameless clerk: *George Wilkins* and *Nathalie Beauchamp,* and dated in October of last year.

"Do you mean," Edmonds said, "that you have had this all the time? *You have had this all the time?*" But still the face he glared at was impenetrable, almost sleepy-looking.

"You hand it to Judge Gowan," Lucas said.

It didn't take very long. They sat in a small office, on the edge of a hard bench, decorous and in silence, their backs not touching the bench's back, while the deputy marshal chewed a toothpick and read a paper. They did not stop in the courtroom. They went on through it, between the empty



BARNEY TOBEY

JUST OFF THE PLANE FROM HAVANA—

OWL: Hello there, Dan . . . welcome back to Broadway!

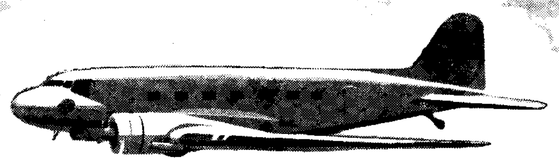
WALKER: It's good to get back—but I sure hated leaving Havana.

OWL: Say, how'd you find those Havana cigars—you ought to be right up on the taste of Havana tobacco?

WALKER: Well—I smoked plenty—Who doesn't, going to Havana?

OWL: Look, try this *New* White Owl. And give us the low-down on its flavor.

WALKER (*after several puffs*)*:* That's a real Havana flavor, all right . . . mild as the breeze along the Malecon!



DANTON WALKER discovers HAVANA on Broadway

DANTON WALKER, whose column, "Broadway," is a daily feature for millions of newspaper readers from coast to coast, recently returned from a vacation in Cuba. We interviewed him upon his arrival in New York . . . We asked him to try a *new* White Owl Cigar . . . to check whether or not it had a true Havana flavor. Note what he had to say.

THE *NEW* BLENDED-WITH-HAVANA WHITE OWL does have a rich Havana flavor—thousands of smokers will go along with Danton Walker on that. And the fact that you now can get this preferred cigar taste in a good 5¢ cigar accounts for the *new* White Owl sales record. Are you missing out on this cigar "find" of the year? Why not try this new cigar *today?*

NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!
WHITE OWL
WHITE OWL

Try a NEW WHITE OWL—*Today* 5¢

New White Owls are made in America—see how at New York World's Fair, 1940

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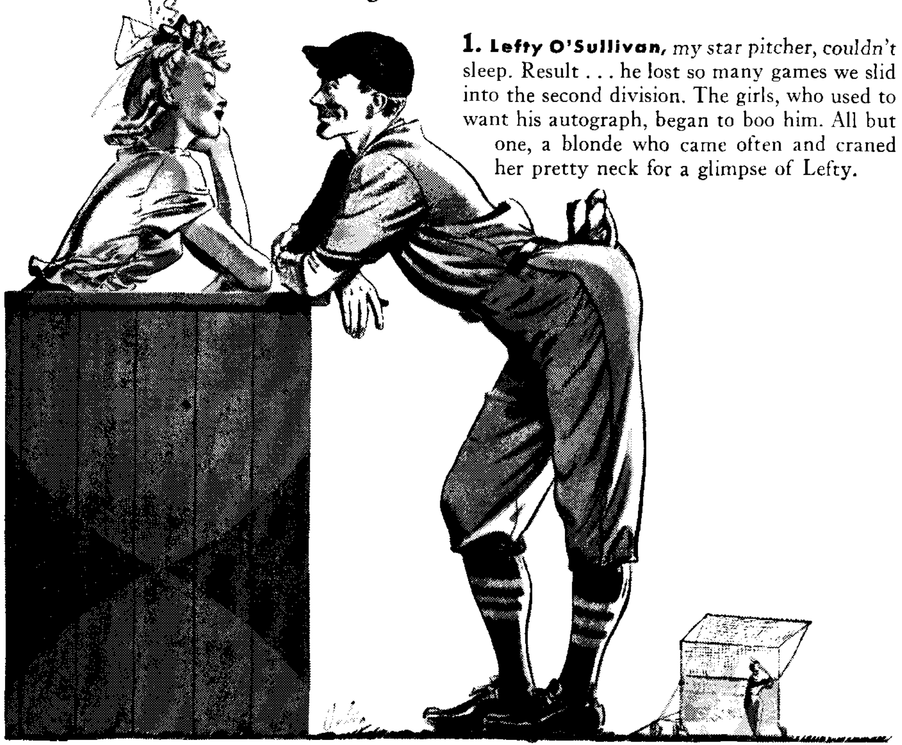
The Story of Lefty and the Blonde back of First Base



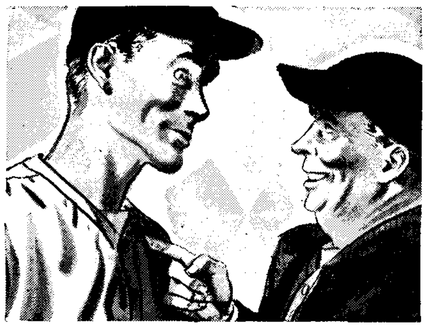
1. Lefty O'Sullivan, my star pitcher, couldn't sleep. Result . . . he lost so many games we slid into the second division. The girls, who used to want his autograph, began to boo him. All but one, a blonde who came often and craned her pretty neck for a glimpse of Lefty.

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

2. One day this blonde called me over to her box. "Do your men drink coffee?" she asked. "Sure, ordinarily," I replied, deciding she's a crackpot. "Although I made Lefty cut it out, because the caffein keeps him awake."

3. "You just think he cut it out," she stated. "I saw Lefty last night in a café! He drank two cups of coffee! Why don't you tell *him* to switch to Sanka Coffee . . . it's 97% caffein-free, and can't keep him awake!"

4. "Is that so?" I snorted. "Yes!" she replied. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says, 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'!"



5. "Thanks," said I. So I told Lefty to try it. Soon, he's winning ball games again. The whole team perked up at that, and by September we're back in the race. "Lucky you thought about Sanka!" said Lefty.

6. "Thank that blonde in the first-base box," I said. "It was *her* idea!" "Introduce me!" said Lefty. "Maybe I *need* a grandstand manager!" (You guessed it . . . she's Mrs. Lefty now. They were married the day we clinched the pennant!)

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benches and through another door, into another office, but larger and finer and quieter, where an angry-looking man waited whom Lucas knew only from hearsay—the United States Attorney, who had moved to Jefferson only after the administration changed eight years ago. But Edmonds was there, and behind the table sat a man whom Lucas did know, who used to come out in Old Zach Edmonds' time thirty and forty years ago and stay for weeks during the quail season, with Lucas to hold his horse for him to get down and shoot when the dogs pointed.

"Lucas Beauchamp?" the judge said. "With thirty gallons of whisky and a still sitting on his back porch in open daylight? Nonsense."

"Then there you are," the angry man said, flinging out his hands. "I didn't know anything about this either until Edmonds—" But the judge was not listening to the angry man. He was looking at Nat.

"Come here, girl," he said. Nat moved forward a step or two and stopped. Lucas could see her trembling. She looked small, thin as a lath, young; she was his youngest and last child—seventeen, born in his wife's old age and, it sometimes seemed to him, in his too. She was too young to be married and face all the troubles that married people had to get through in order to become old and find out for themselves the taste and savor of peace. Just a stove and a new back porch and a well were not enough. "You're Luke's girl?" the judge said.

"Yassuh," Nat said. "I'm name Nat. Nat Wilkins, Gawge Wilkins' wife. Dar de paper fer hit in yo' hand."

"I see it is," the judge said. "It's dated last October."

"Yes sir, Judge," George said. "We been had it since I sold my cotton last year. We uz married den, only she won't come to live in my house unto Mister Luke—I mean to I gots a stove and de porch fixed and a well dug."

"Have you got that now?"

"Yes sir, Judge," George said. "I'm just 'fo' gettin' hit. Soon as I gits around to de hammerin' and de diggin'."

"I see," the judge said. "Henry," he said to the marshal, "have you got that whisky where you can pour it out?"

"Yes, Judge."

"And both those stills where you can chop them up, destroy them good?"

"Yes, Judge."

"Then clear my office. Get them out of here. Get that jimber-jawed clown out of here at least."

"George Wilkins," Lucas murmured, "he's talking about you."

"Yes, sir," George said. "Hit sound like he is."

BUT before the next three weeks were up, he had begun to get impatient, probably because he now had so little to do. His land was all planted now, after a good season, the seeds of cotton and corn sprouting almost in the planter's wheel-print between the brief, gusty rains and the rich flood of the northing sun. One day's work a week would keep them grassed, so all he had to do now, after slopping his hogs and chopping a little cooking wood, was to lean on the fence in the morning's cool and watch them grow.

But at last in the third week he stood just inside his kitchen door and saw George Wilkins enter the lot in the dusk and go into the stable and emerge presently leading his, Lucas', fat middle-aged mare and put her in the spring wagon and drive out of the lot and on. So the next morning he went no farther than his first field and stood in the bright dew looking at his cotton until his wife began to shout at him from the house.

Nat was sitting in a chair beside the hearth where the fire had burned for forty-five years, bent forward, her long hands hanging limp between her knees, her face swollen and puffed again from crying. "Yawl and your Gawge Wilkins!" his wife said when Lucas entered. "Gawn and tell him."

"He ain't started on de well," Nat said. "He ain't even propped up de back porch. Wid all dat money you give him, he ain't even started. And I axed him and he just say he ain't got around to it yet, and I wait and I axed him again and he just say he ain't got around to it yet. Unto I told him at last that ifn he don't git started like he promised, my mind gonter change about what all I seed dat night dem shurfs come out here and so last night he say he gwine up de road a piece and do I wants to come home and stay because he mought not git back unto late and I say I can bar de door because I thought he was going to fix about starting on de well.

"And when I seed him catch pappy's mare and de wagon, I knowed dat uz whar he uz gwine. And it ain't to almost daylight when he got back and he ain't only ain't got *nothin'* to fix no porch and dig no well, he had done spent de money. And I told him what I was gonter do and I was waitin' soon as Mister Roth got up and I told Mister Roth my mind done change about what I seed dat night and Mister Roth start to cussin' and say I done waited too long because I'm Gawge's wife now and de court won't listen and for me to come and tell you and Gawge both to be offen his place by sundown."

"Dar now," his wife said. "Dar's your Gawge Wilkins!" But Lucas was already moving toward the door. "Whar you gwine?" she said. "Whar we gonter move to now?"

"You wait to start worrying about where we gonter move to when Roth Edmonds starts to worrying about why *we ain't gone*," Lucas said.

THE sun was well up now. It was going to be hot today; it was going to make cotton and corn both before the sun went down. When he reached George's house, George stood quietly out from beyond the corner of it. Lucas crossed the grassless and sun-glared yard. "Where is it?" he said.

"I hid it in de gully whar mine use to be," George said. "If dem shurfs ain't find nothing de first time, dey might think hit ain't no use to look again."

"You fool," Lucas said. "Don't you know a week ain't gonter pass from now to the next election without one of them looking in that gully just because Roth Edmonds told them there was a still in it once? When they catch you this time, you ain't gonter have no witness you done already been married to since last fall."

"Dey ain't gonter catch me," George said. "I'm gonter run dis one de way you tells me. I done had my lesson."

"You better had," Lucas said. "You take that wagon soon as dark falls and get that thing outen there. I'll show you where to put it. Hah," he said. "And I reckon this one looks about like that other one that was in that gully, too."

"No, sir," George said. "This is a good one. The worm in hit is almost new. That's how come I couldn't git him down no more on the price he axed. That porch and well money lacked two dollars of being enough, but I just made that up myself. But it ain't worryin' about gittin' caught that bothers me. What I can't keep from studyin' about is what we gonter tell Nat about that back porch and that well."

"What *we* is?" Lucas said.

"What I is then," George said. Lucas looked at him for a moment.

"George Wilkins," he said.

"Sir," George said.

"I don't give no man advice about his wife," Lucas said.

Dogs' Lives

Continued from page 15

open, hollering at them, only you couldn't hear a word because of the barking. And then he stuck a whistle in his mouth and blew fit to bust a gut. It was just like magic.

The dogs shed off me and Luke like fleas in a hot room and made for Torpey. Some of them put their paws against his legs, and others run up their backs and onto his shoulders, and before you could wink twice there was a pyramid of little white dogs, all the way from the top one balanced on the derby to the bottom layer with their forepaws on Torpey's legs like they was holding him. And they was all grinning and wagging their tails, and Torpey grinning in the middle, and looking like he'd have wagged a tail too if he'd had one.

Luke Armisted was standing there with his jaw sagged, half stunned with admiration, and he looked at the dogs and then at me, and said, "Now ain't that something!"

I thought so too, but I hated to think just what. I shook my head and said, "Mr. Torpey, I'm sorry, but when you said dogs in the cabin, I thought you meant *a* dog. This here is just about a dozen dogs too many."

He said, "Mr. Stillwell, I can promise you that your wife nor nobody else won't even know they're here. They're the best-trained dogs in the world."

But I shook my head again. The girl Jane whistled and snapped her fingers, and all the little dogs got very quiet and hopped one by one into the back of the car. Then the girl said, "All right, Father."

But Ambrose Torpey wasn't listening to her. He stood there for a moment, holding his derby hat in his hands and staring at it, and then he looked up at me, and the expression on his face made me really sorry. He said:

"Mr. Stillwell, as man to man, I ain't got two bucks for a cabin. But I'm asking you for a break. If you'll let me lay up here tonight, I can go into the next town in the morning and set up my pitch and take in enough to pay for the cabin." He looked hard at me, and there was tears in his eyes, really tears. He said, "If I don't get a chance to lay up till Dingo's better, he'll die, and then maybe the whole act'll go to pieces."

I said, "Who's Dingo?"

He said, "He's my top tog, and he's sick."

He reached over and opened the front door of the car, and sure enough there was one more little white dog, lying there in the front seat with his head in the girl's lap. He looked around when he heard Torpey's voice, and tried to wag his tail, but you could see he was too sick to make much of it.

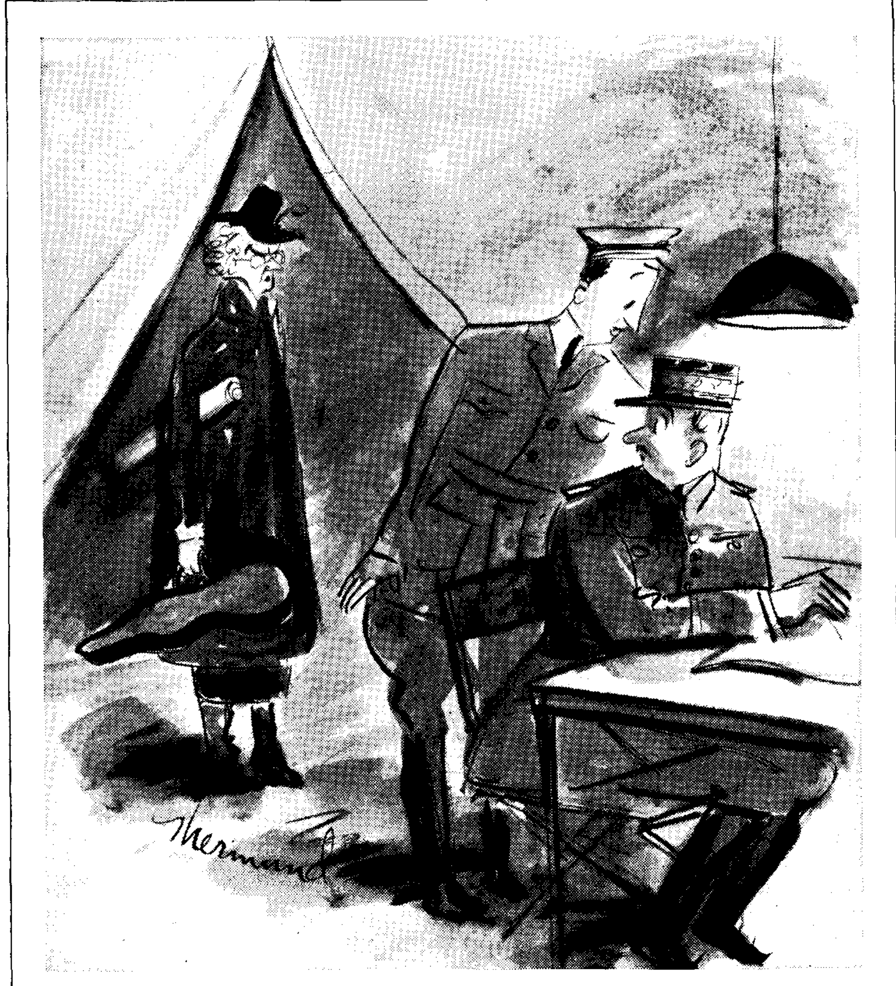
Torpey said, "Without him to follow, the really tough tricks just ain't worth nothing, Mr. Stillwell," he said. "I just got to lay up and let that dog get well."

I SORT of wavered, but it was Luke that really done it. He's such a damned farmer about animals. He said to me in an undertone, "Bert, we can't turn no poor sick dog off like that."

I thought it was all very well for him to talk that way, but it was me that would have to explain to Clara. And I backed off a bit and said so to him. He said, "Bert, that's an awful good act. I never seen such smart little dogs. If I had two bucks, I'd sure gamble they could make it back tomorrow."

I said, "But you ain't got two bucks, and neither have I without I ask Clara for it."

He thought a minute, and then he said, "Maybe Mis' Stillwell won't count up the cash tonight. Couldn't you maybe bor-



"She says she was sent here to entertain the troops"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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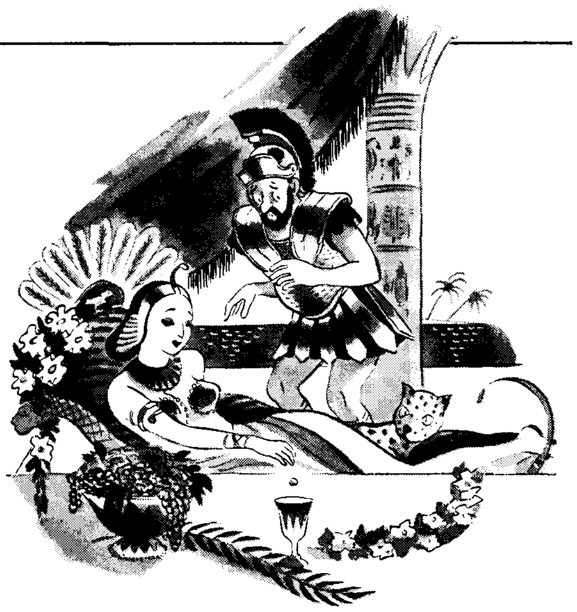
HOW TO Celebrate A Great Occasion



WILL CUPPY EXPLORES A MERE 2500 YEARS OF HISTORY AND GIVES YOU THE BENEFIT OF HIS DISCOVERIES[1]

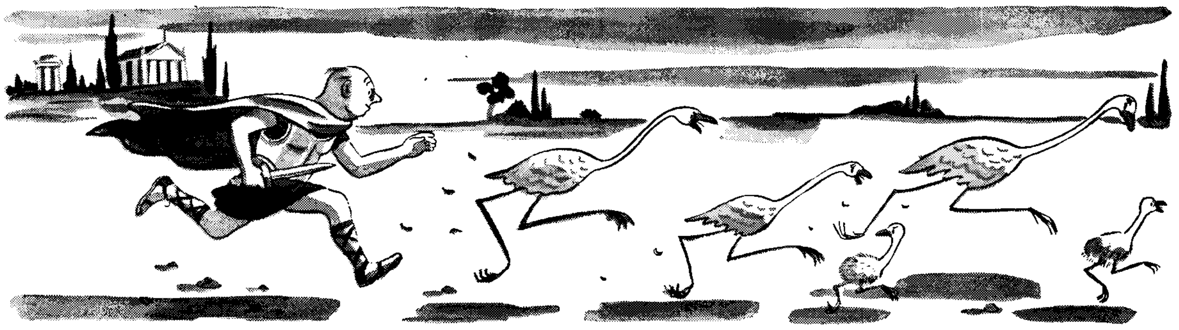
Illustrated by CHARLES ADDAMS

MAN is the only animal that celebrates. You never saw a horse handing out cigars to the other horses to polish off a great occasion. Or if you did, it was a most unusual horse.

But man knows a big moment when he sees one, and he does something about it—often in ways that seem a bit odd at first glance.

Look how Cleopatra behaved when she met Mark Antony at Tarsus in 41 B. C. and started all that talk. She dissolved a pearl worth somewhere around $375,000 in vinegar and drank it, so they say.[2] The trouble with that sort of thing is that it costs you $375,000 besides the vinegar—and you finally run out of pearls. Most of us couldn't afford it.[3]

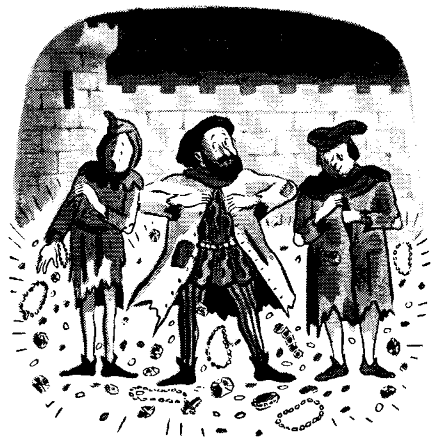
Or take the Emperor Vitellius, who entered Rome in triumph A. D. 69, after defeating one Otho. What did *he* do to celebrate his good fortune? He just ate and ate, mostly flamingo tongues. He once had 1500 of them served in a single dish and was ready for more the next meal. Those were dark days for flamingos.



Milo of Crotona carried a four-year-old bull on his shoulders the length of the stadium at the Olympic Games back in the sixth century B. C., establishing a world's record for the event and sending his name down the ages.[4] Do you know how he broke training? Well, he killed the poor bull, cooked it, and *ate* it—which strikes me as no way to treat a pal. I suppose it seemed like a good idea at the time.

A much more elegant feast was thought up by Messer Marco Polo, his father, and his uncle to mark their return to Venice in 1295 after years of absence in far Cathay. At the proper moment the three appeared in their ragged garments, slit the seams, and released streams of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and such, thus proving to all concerned, including some snooty cousins, that they were genuine Polos and relatives worth having. Some comeback, I'd call it.[5]

Which brings us to that grand old American, Benjamin Franklin, and how he celebrated certain advances in science in the year 1750. He decided to kill the Christmas turkey by means of the latest thing, electricity, and proceeded to do so for the edification of a circle of friends.[6] In all the excitement, Dr. Franklin forgot to let go of something and the current missed the bird completely, giving our hero one of the shocks of his life. The joke, it seems was not on the turkey.



Marco brings home the jewels

By the way, I wonder what Shakespear did when he finished one of his little piece —say "Hamlet". *There* was something t celebrate! Aren't there tales of the Mer maid Tavern, where he and Ben Jonso and those fellows hung out when the knocked off work? (No, I am not comparing Shakespeare with any minor autho of today. I'm just wondering.)

As for me, when I finish this article,

---

[1] *Mr. Cuppy is the author of "How To Be a Hermit" and "How To Tell Your Friends From the Apes," so he* must *be an expert on such matters.*

[2] *Some historians hold that it is impossible to dissolve a pearl of that size in a cup of vinegar, but none of them seems to have tried it.*

[3] *Later, back in Alexandria, Mark and Cleo went in for less expensive larks. They would disguise themselves in old clothes, pound on doors after nightfall, and then run. That's more like the real thing.*

[4] *He had lugged the animal around every day since it was a tiny calf, so he never noticed how hefty it was growing—a smart trick!*

[5] *I've always wanted to throw a party like that, but I'm afraid wouldn't work out. I don't shed diamonds.*

[6] *Speaking of Dr. Franklin and his kite, isn't it strange that le than 200 years ago people didn't know that lightning was ele tricity? Seems as though* anybody *ought to know that!*

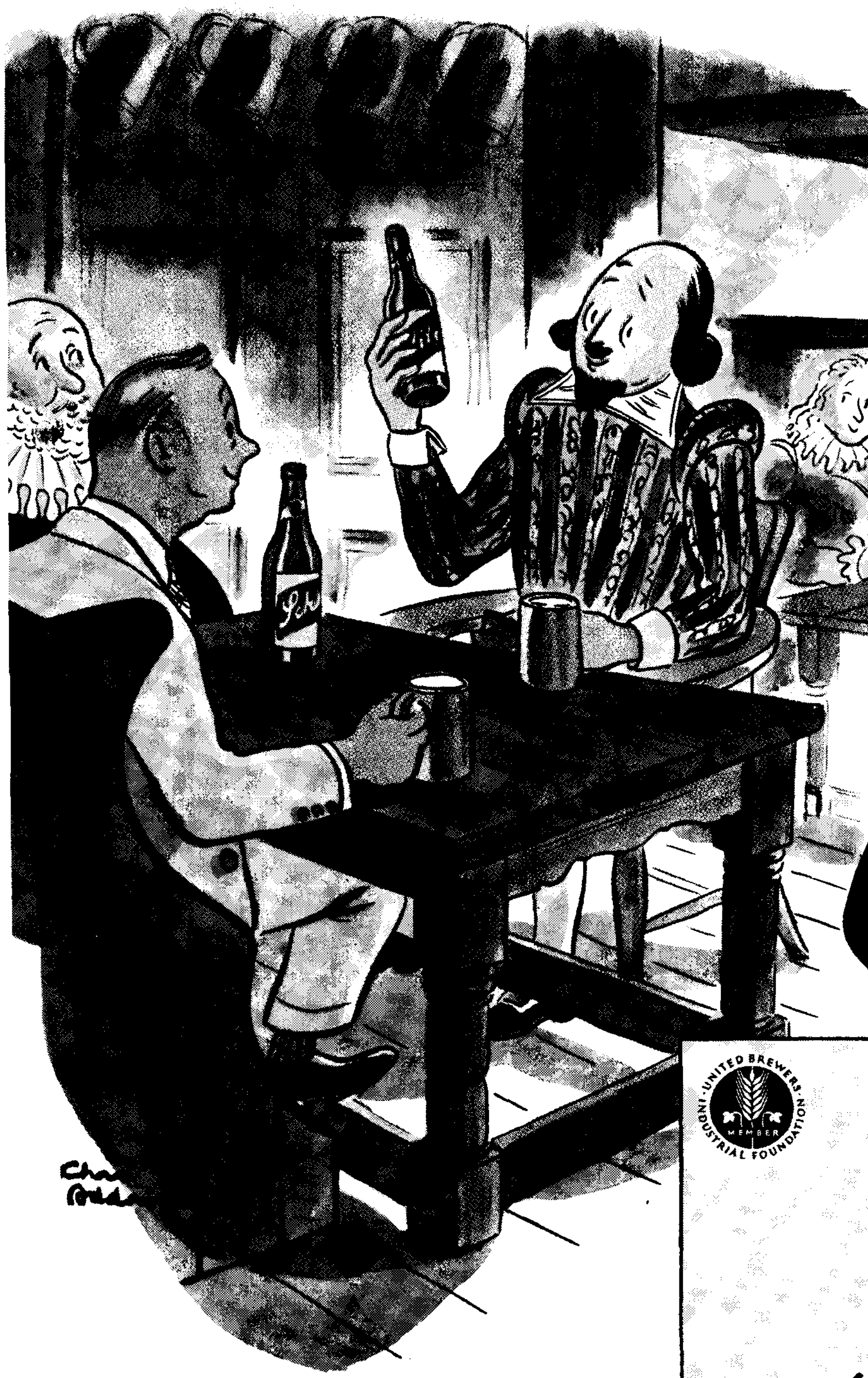
am going straight to the kitchen. And gently lift the cap from a cool, brown bottle of Schlitz A. D. 1940. And drink it. If I had Will Shakespeare here with me now, I'd be glad to pour him a frosty beaker.

Shocking to Dr. Franklin

Or, if it could be arranged, I'd like to whiz back through time to the Mermaid and do the honors there with the Beer for Great Occasions. I'd like to ask Will what he thought of Schlitz, after his experience with that harsh Elizabethan brew, and I'm pretty sure what his answer would be. It would be pure poetry.

I might explain to the Bard how the superior science of our day has played its part in making Schlitz the delight it certainly is. There's a special Schlitz process that takes air out of the bottle a moment before the beer pours in, so that this noble beverage retains its original freshness and glorious flavor right up to the moment you drink it. Oh, boy!

And while I was about it, I'd also ask Mr. Shakespeare whether or not Hamlet was really mad. Personally, I don't think he was.



William Shakespeare and the author celebrate a Great Occasion by splitting a couple of aristocratic bottles of Schlitz.

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For Great Occasions

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The Pippin from
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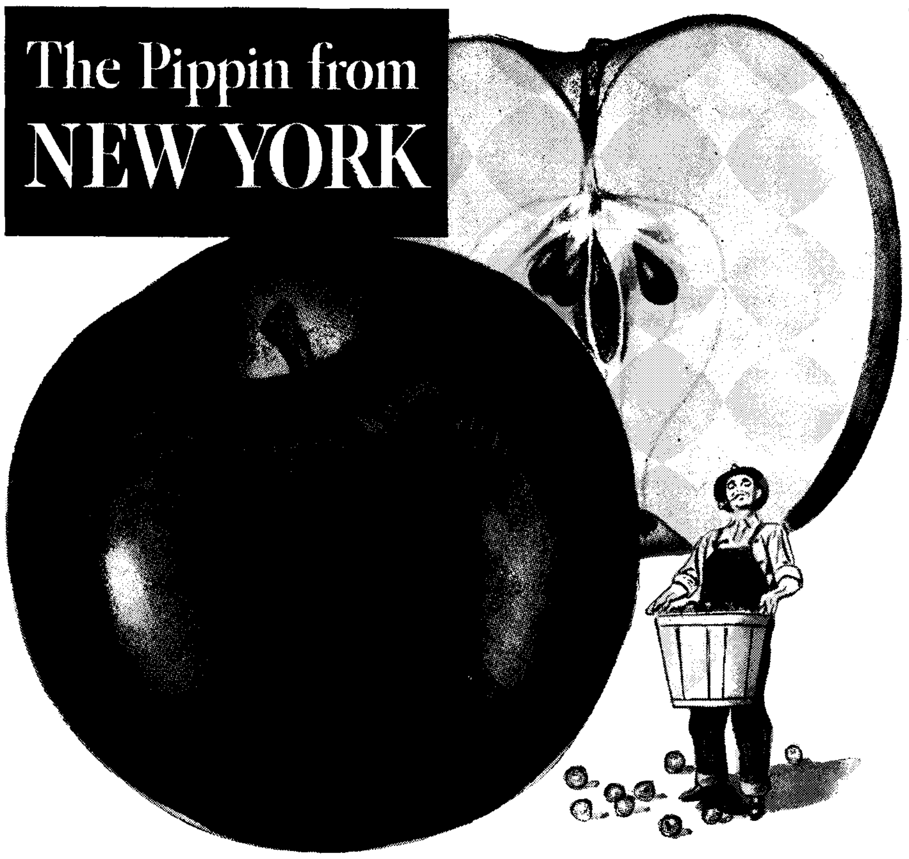
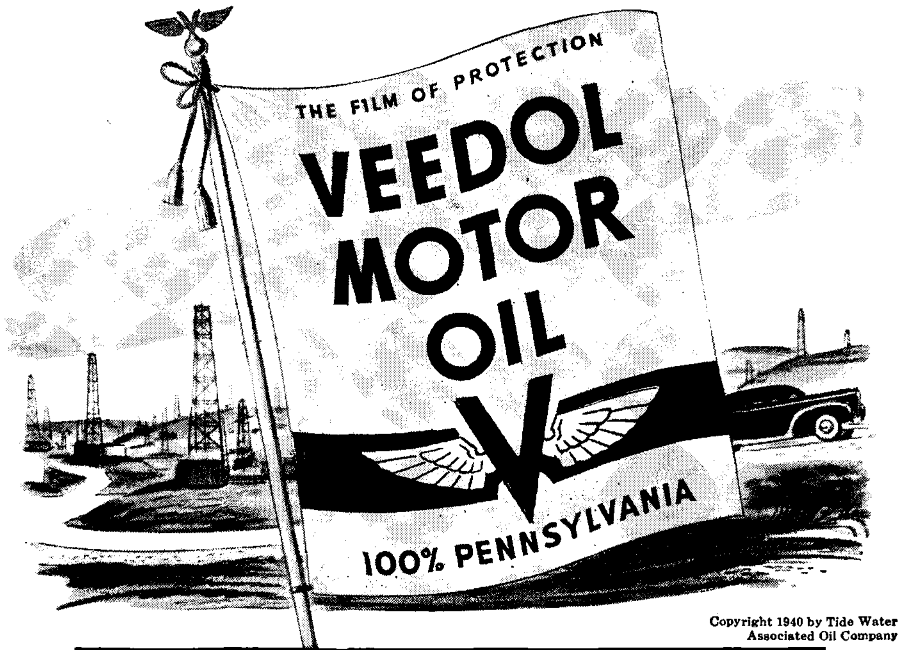


The Pippin from
PENNSYLVANIA



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row two out of the cash register, and make out like you was paying it in?"

I just looked at him. He was right about Clara maybe not counting up, because she hates to figure even worse than I do, and sometimes skips even three or four days hand running. But it was an awful chance to take. I looked at the girl, with the sick dog in her lap, and at Ambrose Torpey standing there and I wavered. I said, "Mr. Torpey, can you *promise* to keep them dogs quiet?"

His face lit up all over, and he said, "Mr. Stillwell, I can. They're the best-trained dogs in the world."

I said, "Well, you train 'em to get under the beds in Number Eleven and stay there. Because if my wife Clara finds out I've taken in thirteen dogs on credit, we'll all of us be a sight sicker than Dingo."

HE BACKED the car over to Eleven, and opened the door of the cabin, and blew twice on his whistle, and all the little dogs piled out of the car and into the cabin like a six-second blizzard. And when I looked in after 'em, there wasn't a sign of a dog anywhere. It was uncanny. The girl Jane got out of the car with Dingo in her arms, and she stopped by me and said, "You're awfully kind. I do want to thank you."

Well, I thought we hadn't hardly come to the woods yet, let alone begun to get out of 'em, but I said, "That's all right, ma'am. I've known what it's like to be up against it."

She give me a sort of a look, and said, "But not with my father and thirteen dogs," and went on into the cabin. And I seen a car coming over the rise from Lastrap that might've been Clara, and I skinned up to the house to get that two bucks out of the cash drawer.

It was Clara, all right, and she was loaded down with bundles. I carried one load in, and when I came out again she'd seen the car down by Number Eleven, and said who was it. I said it was customers, and Clara said, "Well, thank God for small mercies. If business don't pick up pretty soon, I don't know where we'll be."

And there never was a one like Clara for guessing when something was up, even if she didn't know the what or why of it. Because she sort of peered down to the cabin, and said, "They laid up mighty soon. What took 'em off the road so early?"

It plain startled me to have her asking questions so soon, and I spoke first and thought afterwards. I said, "I guess they stopped because the dog's sick."

I must've looked funny after I said it, because Clara looked hard at me, and said, "They must think it a pretty important kind of dog."

Well, I always figured that once you put your foot in, you might as well get wet all over. And anyway, the more I told now, the less I'd have to account for later. I said, "It is important. It's a kind of pet trick dog, and they use it in an act."

"Oh," Clara said. "Circus people."

I said, "Clara, they ain't that kind. They're all right. And anyway, their money's as good as the next, ain't it?"

Clara said, "I reckon it is. If you can get it."

Well, I fished out the two bucks I'd just taken from the cash drawer, and Clara took it and went into the house. I tagged along after with another armful of bundles, and I held my breath when she opened the cash drawer, but she just stuck the money in and went out to the car again.

We got all the stuff into the house, and Clara went to work unwrapping the sheets and towels and things, and putting them away. I went out on the porch and sat down on the steps to rest a little, and in just about a minute the girl from Number Eleven come around the corner of the house. She said, "Mr. Stillwell, could I get some paper and stamps for a letter?"

I said, "Why, sure," and went in to get it for her. She sat down at one of the tables on the porch to write, and I went back to the steps and tried to figure if there wasn't some way I could get hold of two bucks before night. I heard the girl's pen scratching, and I looked up, and there was a sort of mad expression on her face, and she was fairly digging at the paper. I said, "That pen don't sound so good. I could maybe get you another one."

She didn't stop writing. She just said, "Thanks. It'll do for what I want of it."

I went back to my figuring, but didn't get anywhere, and in a minute I heard a sound that wasn't the pen scratching, and I'll be darned if it wasn't a sob, and the girl doing it. She lifted her head, and I looked away quick, but I was certainly sorry for whoever was getting that letter, because when a girl like that looks mad one minute and cries the next it means trouble for someone. She finished in a minute, and come down the steps with the letter in her hand, and said, "Mr. Stillwell, is there any way I can mail this?"

I said, "Why, yes, ma'am. There's a westbound carrier goes by about eleven. If I put it in the box, he'll get it."

She hesitated a moment, like she wasn't quite sure she could trust me with it, and then she handed it over and said: "*Please* be sure to mail it, Mr. Stillwell."

She marched off, and I looked after her, and then at the letter. It was addressed to a "Mr. William Weldon, Tribune Building, Las Palmas, Cal." And at least I knew who it was I was sorry for, because if I ever did hear a pen scratching out a man's marching orders, it was the one that had just been in the hand of Miss Jane Torpey.

Luke come up to the house for supper, and I asked him how was the sick dog. He said, "Better. We fixed up a drench for him. I wouldn't be surprised if he was all right by morning."

I said, "It won't be any too soon."

JUST that minute Clara come in, and she hadn't any more than set foot in the room when we heard this noise. It was sort of muffled, but there was no mistaking it. Dogs. The full chorus of Mr. Ambrose Torpey's little barking dogs. Clara stopped and looked toward the window. I was taking a drink of beer, and that fixed things, because I just plain choked. I like to died. Luke banged me on the back, and Clara got in a few licks, and just when I was getting my breath and saying praises inside for having got past that one, it really come down on us.

And what a racket! It was the dogs, all right, and they wasn't in the cabin any more. They was in the clear, and coming right for us. I give Luke a look and jumped for the window, and he jumped too, and all Clara could do was ramp around behind and holler what was it.

There was a light on in front of the house, and the first thing I seen was a big buck rabbit. And right in back of him was the Torpey pack, giving tongue and making the gravel fly. And Torpey was right in back of them, making almost as good time as the dogs, because at least he wasn't wasting his breath barking. Then in a second it was all gone like a nightmare. The yips died away up the canyon behind the house.

Me and Luke went back to the table and sat down. Clara said, "What was that?"

I said, "Dogs after a rabbit."

Clara said, "Whose dogs?"

I said, "How should I know? Just a bunch of strays."

Clara looked at me, and then at Luke, and then she said, "Humph!" and begun to pick up the dishes, and I sort of signaled Luke to stay with her and keep her distracted, and slipped out. I rammed around in the dark, and in a minute or so there there was a pattering noise, and heavy breathing. The pattering was the dogs' feet, but the breathing was Mr. Ambrose Torpey. He seen me, and said, "Mr. Stillwell, I'm sorry. But I didn't figure on no rabbits."

I said, "Well, for Pete's sake put camphor on their noses, or whatever you do for dogs to take their minds off their natural instincts. It most ruined us."

He said, "Mr. Stillwell, it won't happen again. I promise."

HE PUFFED off into the dark, and the dogs with him. I started back for the house, and I happened to stick my hand in my pocket, and there was the letter the girl had given me, that I'd clean forgot about. So I headed down to the mailbox to leave it for the carrier, and I was just about to put it in the box, when a car come busting along the California side and pulled up beside me. There was a young fellow alone in the car, nice-looking, but sort of tired and cross. He said, "I'm looking for someone. An old screwball that's got a dog act, and his—"

"—daughter," I finished for him. I was only partly smart, because his car had a Las Palmas name tag between the front headlights. I said, "You'll find 'em in Number Eleven, Mr. Weldon."

He looked at me, and said, "What is this, a gag?"

I said, "It ain't no gag. I was just this minute going to mail a letter for you."

I give him the letter and he looked at it, and then stuck it in his pocket and got out of the car. He said, "Which is Eleven?"

I pointed it out to him, and he started for it, walking fast. I followed along behind him as far as the house, and it was there that he met the girl, just on the edge of the light from the porch. She must've been coming up to the house for something, but anyway she stopped dead in her tracks and said, "Oh, Bill! How——how did you—"

He said, "You're not hard to trail with that menagerie. Jane," he said, "you can't do this damn' silly thing again. You can't—"

Well, I could have told him that was the wrong way to go about it. Because Jane said, "Don't say can't to me, Bill Weldon. I told you once and I told you again, my father needs me to help him with his act, and I'm going to help him."

"Act!" he said. "What I want to know is, am I engaged to you, or to a lot of little flea-bitten white dogs that nobody would—"

She said, "They're not flea-bitten, and neither are you engaged to me."

That shook him. He said, "Jane, please listen to me. Please—"

But I knew he'd already ruined it, and anyway it wasn't no business of mine. I edged past them and went into the house. And right away I wished I hadn't, because Luke was sitting there in the front room with a sort of numb look on his face, and Clara was by the open cash drawer, figuring with a pencil and paper. She looked up at me, and said, "Bert Stillwell."

I didn't say anything, and she said, "I been over this three times, and there's two dollars short in the cash drawer."

I said, "Why, Clara, I don't know how that could be."

"Oh, don't you?" she said. "Not maybe those circus people? And your durned chuckleheaded, mushhearted—"

But I was saved for a second, because there was a tramping on the front steps. It was Mr. William Weldon, and I didn't need but one look at his face to tell that what had been a rift between him and Jane was now a bottomless chasm. He said, "I want some gas so I can leave."

I said, "Why, sure, Mr. Weldon. But why don't you stay here and give her a chance to sleep on it. Maybe—"

"In the first place," he said, "it's none of your damned business, and in the second place, the hell with it. Any girl that would turn me down to go touring around with thirteen mangy dogs—"

But he never finished, because that was where Clara came in.

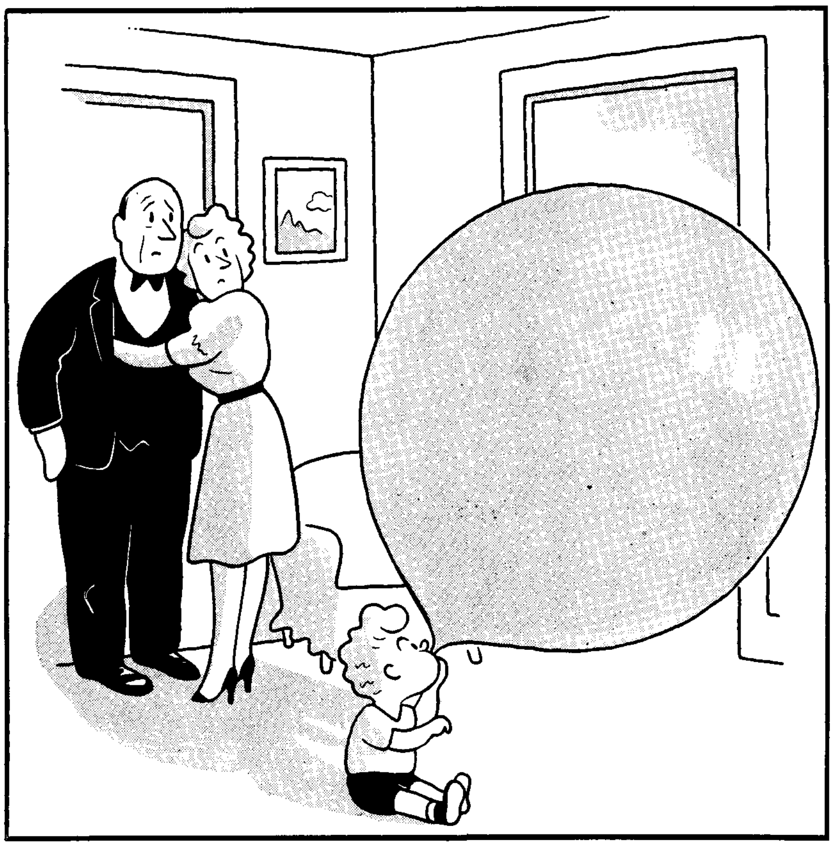
"Dogs!" she said. "*How* many dogs?"

"Thirteen," he said, too mad to think. "Thirteen mangy little—"

"A dog act!" Clara said. "In one of *my* cabins!"

I said, "Now, Clara—"

But she brushed me and Weldon out of the door like we was flies. And for all she's a big woman, when she gets mad enough, she really can travel. I said to



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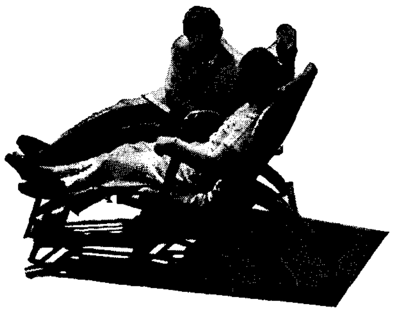

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Weldon, "Son, you've really done it now. We'd better move fast or there won't even be pieces."

But Clara was already up on the cabin porch before we could catch her. She banged once on the door, and then flung it open. In a way it served her right, just busting in like, but she just wasn't prepared for that much dog in such a high concentration. And for all she took 'em by surprise, the dogs sure rose to the occasion. They rose up all over her. They was certainly friendly little dogs, but Clara don't like dogs, especially when they jump on her. She flung her arms out and screamed. And the scream was in the exact tone and pitch of Torpey's whistle.

Well, you couldn't blame the dogs. They was trained to do it. They heard that calliope screech, and seen her arms go out, and they done their duty, and before you could say what for, there was a perfect pyramid of little white dogs standing up pleased as punch all over Clara. And the happiest one of all was the one on top of her head, with his feet all tangled up in her hair.

Clara didn't move. But she turned her eyes till they rested on me, and she said, "Bert Stillwell—"

I said, "Mr. Torpey. Please—"

He come out of his trance then. He blew his whistle, and the little dogs all jumped down. All but the one that jumped first and found his feet was caught in Clara's hair afterwards. She didn't move or speak till she was completely undogged, and then she give us all one awful and meaning look, and marched off to the house, still without speaking.

And when she left, there was a silence you could've cut up for paving blocks. I just looked at Ambrose Torpey, and he got the point. He said, "Mr. Stillwell, I guess you're right. Jane, dear, I think we'd better be moving."

But Jane was looking at the Weldon boy, and her eyes was almost as fiery as her hair. She said, "You did this. Deliberately. Just to get even."

He said, "Why, if you think for a minute I'd—"

And then he sort of choked, because of course, he had done it, even without meaning to. Jane picked up Dingo, who seemed to be feeling a lot sprier, and marched out with her eyes straight front, and Ambrose Torpey followed, with his flock skipping and yipping around him. Luke Armisted was out on the porch, and all of a sudden he called, "Bert, there's someone wants you."

I WENT out there, and sure enough there was a lantern coming down through the trees above the canyon, and someone hollering my name. In just about a minute they come up to us, and it was Ed Murrell, the sheriff from Lastrap, and a couple of his deputies. They looked worried and out of breath, and Ed said, "Bert, we got to have all the fellas you can round up for a posse."

I said, "Sure. Anything for a little excitement. Who's bust out of jail now?"

Ed said, "It ain't a jail break. It's Tom Caslon's kid. He's lost."

I knew that freckle-face little devil of Caslon's, all right, and I said, "Well, I suppose his parents want him back, but goodness knows what for. Luke, you skin up to the house and get some lanterns."

Young Weldon said, "Make it three lanterns."

So Luke went for the lanterns, and Ed Murrell explained that the Caslon kid had been out with a bunch of Boy Rangers, and somehow got overlooked in the roundup. He hauled a leather belt out of his pocket, and said, "We found this up the canyon about half a mile. It must be his. We sent to Phoenix for dogs, but they won't hardly get here before morning."

And at that Mr. Ambrose Torpey stepped forward and said, "Sir, if you want dogs to follow the trail, *mine* will do it."

He whistled, and all his little white dogs that had got into the car come piling out and gathered around him.

Torpey said, "Mr. Sheriff, bloodhounds is practically scent-deaf compared to these animals. Watch now."

He took the belt from Murrell, and held it down for the little dogs to sniff, and they gathered around and sort of compared notes, and then Torpey started off toward the canyon, and they went casting out ahead of him, yipping and sniffing and whining. I took one of the lanterns Luke had brought, and give one to young Weldon.

We spread out into the rough country above the canyon, and the arrangement was that whoever found the kid was to whoop three times. I'd fallen down three gulleys and was full of cactus when all of a sudden I heard Torpey's pack sound off. They went kiyodeling off into the distance, and I fell down another gulley and smashed my lantern, and then I heard somebody whoop three times. Only it wasn't Torpey's voice. It was young Weldon's.

I got back to the house, and Ed Murrell was there, and Clara and the Torpey girl, and Luke Armisted. And in just a minute in come young Weldon, and the Caslon kid with him. Jane Torpey took one look at the kid and one at Weldon, all scratched up and torn, and said, "Oh, Bill. You found him!"

He said, "You could call it that. I just fell into the same damned hole he did."

Someone called up the kid's mother to say he was all right, and then Torpey come in. He was all out of breath and he said, "They outrun me. But they'll circle back. Them dogs wouldn't never leave a trail once they was on it."

I looked at young Caslon, sitting up there on the kitchen table gnawing away at a hunk of pie, and I said, "Wait a minute now. This kid's got his belt on."

Well, he did, and when Torpey showed him the belt the dogs had taken the scent from, he just said, "Naw, it ain't mine," and went on eating. I took the belt from Torpey, and looked at it close. I seen it before, all right. I said, "Mr. Torpey, I hate to say it, but this here belonged to Frenchy Legree. He went through here a week ago, heading north to prospect. He must be clear into Nevada by this time."

Torpey said, "But, Mr. Stillwell, that's terrible. Them dogs won't rest till they catch up with him."

Clara said, "And I reckon he won't when they do."

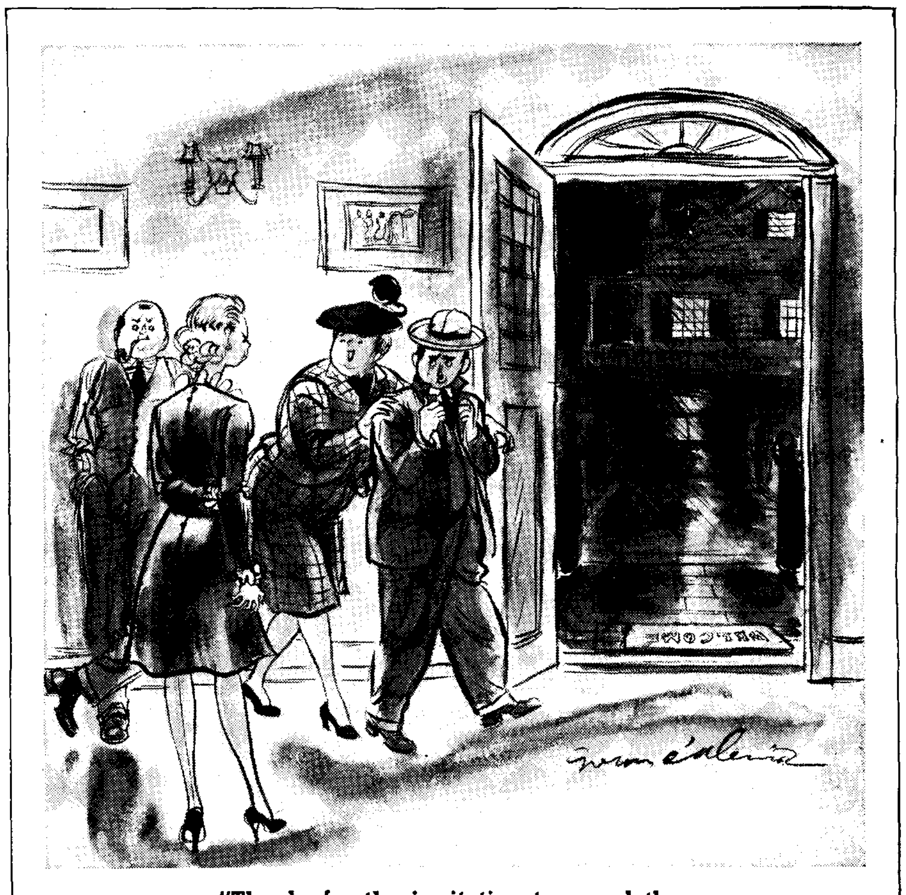
Bill Weldon seen his opening then, and took it. He said, "Mr. Torpey, it just isn't in the cards to get your act on the road this year. You better come back to Las Palmas for the wedding."

Jane Torpey started to say, "*What* wedding?" and then she changed her mind and just smiled. And between them, they persuaded Torpey. Only first he made me promise to write Frenchy Legree in Nevada to take care of the dogs till he could send for him, and I didn't see no point in telling him that Frenchy couldn't read no more than the dogs could.

THEY rushed him off before he could change his mind, and Ed Murrell took the Caslon kid back to his languishing parents. And me and Clara and Luke sat down in the kitchen to have a cup of tea and get over the excitement. Because Clara had got all loosened up over kissing the about-to-be bride, and wasn't mad any more. But we was all pretty tired, and the first thing I knew, Clara was sound asleep in her chair.

And then I heard a sort of scratching at the door, and it pushed open, and a little white dog come padding in, all footsore and burr-tangled and winded. And then another one, and another. And I figured they must've caught up with Frenchy Legree, and one sniff was enough to tell them he wasn't no lost Boy Ranger, and they'd come back for further instructions. They all gathered round Clara's chair and sat there with their tongues out and their eyes fixed on her with the unwinking stare of a smart dog that knows who hands out the rations.

I looked at Luke and he looked at me. And we got up as one man—the thoughtful kind that wouldn't for the world disturb a lady sleeping.



"Thanks for the invitation to spend the night, but it isn't raining that hard!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 24

Caleb drove home, thinking that one part of the maze was no longer mysterious. In the hostility between John Gabriel and him one element was wholly clear. John's fervor to suppress the enemy of law and order had the comfortable support of jealousy, and it was clear that Caleb's determination to assert the rights of the private citizen against the privileges of wealth had been in part a declaration that he was in love with Hope. There was now even less temptation to let John Gabriel have his stupid way. Yes, and there was less reason than ever for John Gabriel to forgo whatever weapon he might find at hand. . . .

HALF a mile past the place where the road turned off to Greg's, Natalie stopped her car and watched to see whether any car slowed down behind her or ahead. No. But when the highway was vacant for a mile each way, she turned down a lane and made for the back road. It was completely silly, no more than a reflex of guilt or secrecy, but she had had a dim fear that someone was following her. That was just one more absurdity of the coil she had wound herself in. But there was the millionth part of a possibility that one of the detectives whom John employed for so many purposes had taken it into his stupid head to watch her. Here was one more of the many perils she lived in.

Meeting Smurthwaite in Greg's drive, she saw something so lugubrious in his face that she stopped and asked him what was the matter. "It's Radnor, ma'am—he hasn't been home today," he said. His deference was impaired by an anxiety that restrained her from showing amusement, and she sat for a moment gravely assuring him that nothing could have happened to the dog, that even champions had moods of wanderlust. "He's taken to the woods—I'd like to myself. Think how a hunting dog must feel on a day like this. He'll be home for supper, Smurthwaite." She was touched by the gratitude in his dull face. There was the whimsical realization that her moral standing in Wallisport would never suffer at Smurthwaite's hands.

She had come in answer to Greg's telephone call, happy in the unusual meeting on a weekday. But his free afternoon could mean nothing—for he introduced a Mr. Hedger, a pink, stout Englishman with a scar on one cheek, who talked stiffly for a few minutes, then went away. Little jets of anger that were pure frustration spurted in her, and she recognized that the familiar shift had occurred again, that this had become one of the times when she hated Greg.

"I didn't realize it was a tea party you were inviting me to," she said.

She knew by heart the injured righteousness that began to show in his face. It increased her scorn, making her eager to hurt him. Yet even as she enjoyed that desire, she couldn't help seeing that he was tired and tense. He had grown seedier day by day. Well, the time had come when his distress could not move her—he owed her too great a debt of pain.

The gesture he made, of protest nicely tinged with regret, seemed to her present mood part of a fine art. Should she remark that he had missed a promising career on the screen? She was anticipating the flavor of that when he said, "Hedger is not his name. He's Sir Eric Bramwell."

Natalie put a liquid delight in her voice: "A baronet! Let me give a cocktail party for him."

"Damnation!" Anger flashed in his face long enough to delight her but he mastered it. "Sometimes it would be glorious to strangle you! . . . Natalie, nothing can make up for the grief I've caused you, and you're entitled to any satisfaction you can get from deviling me. But this is a bad time for it, a damned bad time. . . . Look, you never got that last set of changes for me."

"It hasn't come through yet," she said promptly.

It had come. She had made the usual copies of it and had seen it locked away in John's safe at home. It seemed an innocent document, just a few pages listing the machines that, abandoning everything else, the Gabriel mills would begin to manufacture the moment the signal should be given in Washington. Simple enough—but whoever saw it would be able, if he had such information as Greg unquestionably had, to work out from it large sections of the entire plan. . . . And she had made up her mind, taken her stand: this was where she was going no farther, Greg would not get it from her.

"It must have come," he said. "I know it has been sent out."

Had Sir Eric brought that word? "But it hasn't come."

Something that could be anxiety showed in him. "You're sure?"

"Absolutely."

"I thought you just hadn't got it for me yet." Sunlight from a window showed a man thinking hard, weighing possibilities he did not like. "Or has John Gabriel omitted showing it to you?" He gripped her arm. "Natalie, can he possibly suspect you? That would be worse than not getting the paper. Half of what I've accomplished here could be threatened. You've got to find out—at once."

"No." Scorn for both of them burned like acid. "John is capable of any kind of suspicion except the right one. You're his friend—and friends are loyal. I'm—well, it's enough that I'm a woman, for all women are innocent and virtuous and true. No, don't measure John by yourself or by me, either. People like us have no way of understanding him. What does honesty mean to either of us?"

HE HAD dropped her arm and was standing at the window that overlooked the slope down to Witchcraft. She thought, he's failed to get it from other sources, that is why the baronet is here, to make sure that he gets it from this source. And at that moment Greg turned from the window and brought the world down in fragments:

"Sir Eric has brought the stand-by signal. I'm to go home to England."

There it was, the knife falling that had hung above her ever since the war broke out.

She contrived to whisper, "When?"

His knuckles whitened. "There's a microscopic chance I won't have to go—yet. But there's a chance I'll be called before the week is out. I'm to be ready to close out and turn over to others. Ready to go to Canada and take ship. At any moment."

His arms went around her and she felt mutinous protest, a bitter sense that he was too skillful with her, played on her too well, behaved too conscientiously like a sturdy Britisher who was ashamed of his own emotion. That rebellion flickered out, Greg's own rebellion breaking into intolerably sweet words. Oh, try to believe that this was not the ending after all!

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They stood locked together in that ending till Greg said: "You must go. I'll see you tonight—if I can. I could choke him with my own hands if that could get us half an hour alone." She would not let her tears come free till she got away. "I'm sorry to leave in failure," he said. "Too bad. Not to have those revisions is something of a drubbing."

She said absently, "I'll get them."

For though you thought some choices final, you knew what a final choice was when at last you had to make it. She would yield to no further softness about her softness or about John's faith. All right, she was faithless and forsworn. Then be it.

Afternoon sunlight dazzled her, made prismatic by the tears she would not let flow. The world had broken up on spring's loveliest day . . . She dimly heard an angry voice. Rounding the house she almost ran into Sir Eric and Smurthwaite. Smurthwaite was standing at military attention, arms stiff at his side, eyes straight ahead. The baronet was cursing him in a parade-ground voice. Something about Radnor—something about taking time to look for a dog. An instant later Sir Eric struck him in the face. Smurthwaite staggered but made no move to defend himself. While Natalie stood paralyzed with disgust, Sir Eric struck him again. She flung herself between them, pulling Sir Eric's arm down with both her hands. "Are you a madman?" she cried. "Do you suppose I'll let you do that? Smurthwaite, get Mr. Ashburn at once! Or get a club—and use it. . . ."

FORTUNATELY John was too occupied with some disturbance of his own to notice that Hope was disturbed. Yesterday, which seemed a geological epoch ago, they had arranged to have lunch at the yacht club. John liked to eat there; above the sparkling water, gazing out to sea, he could forget the mills for an hour. And, of course, this was where they had fallen in love—that long-ago evening when nobody thought there could be trouble in the world. Better remember that evening. And listen to John's absent-minded talk. Probably he wasn't even seeing her—and on the whole that was a good idea. But anyway, she had made herself quite clear to Caleb! . . . Sure. But what about Bert?

It was a little after two when they left, turning away from the blue water under the golden haze.

John said, and saying it made clear what had been preying on him, "Bert Hendricks came back to town last night."

You bet he did! To Caleb's house. Then to my bedroom.

John slapped the wheel angrily. "The fools let him get away!" Oh, thank heaven! "One of my detectives saw him in an automobile. Instead of grabbing him, the fool went to get the police. Of course, no one ever got another glimpse of him. But we will."

After all her apprehension, she felt so calm that it was almost funny. If you could take the joke. Here was her fiancé telling her that Bert had come back, serenely ignorant that she had taken him into her bedroom and helped him to get away safely. That was pretty funny, but it was funnier still, if you could stand it, that she had done nothing sinister or even ill-intentioned. If you got far enough away from it—say as far as the moon—maybe you could get a good, rousing laugh out of it.

"So you're wrong and you have been all along," John said. "You've been the victim of your own innocence—you could not think badly of a man who had been attentive to you. There's only one reason why Hendricks would risk being seen here. He came to see Thatcher. He must have."

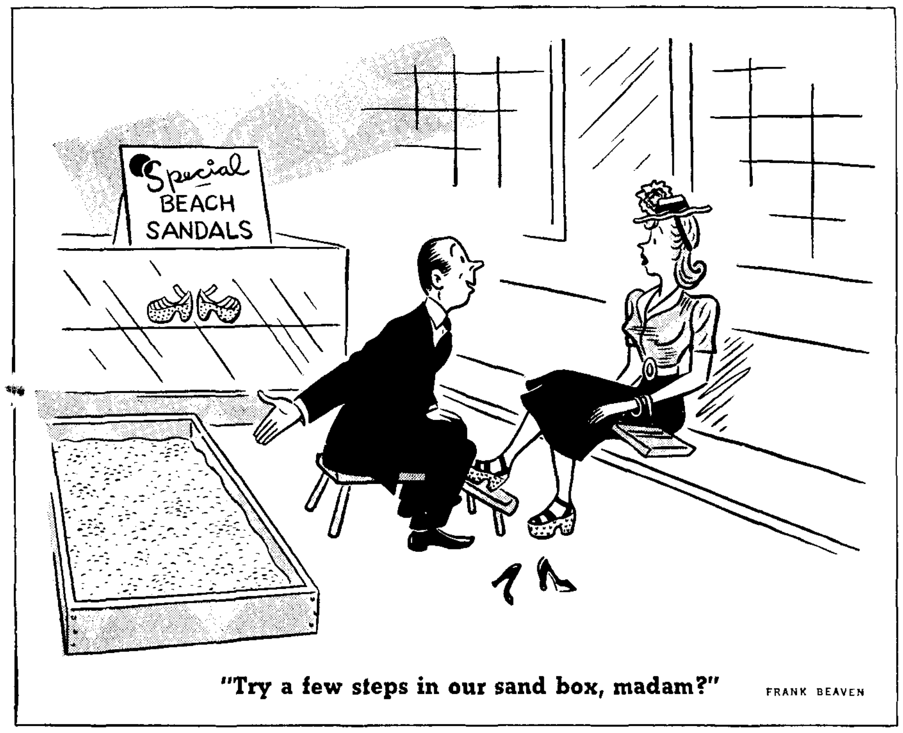
Exactly right: he had come to see Thatcher. Promptly she got mad at John, for no reason except that he was right. She ought to have been humble and penitent. But she was almost as angry as she had been at Caleb last night. "Better watch that, John," she said. "You get too jubilant whenever there's a chance to be poisonous about Caleb."

"You mean I've been weak-kneed about him. And for your sake." Always a careful man, John slowed the car before turning accusing eyes toward her. "If you had let me, I'd have had the truth out of him long ago. Yes, and he'd be where no one would ever have to worry about him again."

"You can disregard me any time you want to, John."

So they had got to the place where there was no longer any surprise in saying defiant things. Maybe John was hurt, but also his stubbornness had been inflamed. "You've repeatedly told me that he means nothing to you. I've taken you at your word. I've believed you."

"What he has come to mean is quarreling with you. So this is going to be the last of that. Last night I told you I wouldn't see him any more." Unfortunately she had also gone straight to him this morning. But from now on the



"Try a few steps in our sand box, madam?" FRANK BEAVEN

1 I'M DARED into riding a bicycle on my vacation, when I haven't been on one of the things since I was ten. Everything goes okay until I suddenly come to a hill. I zip down it—

2 SMASH! into a fruit stand! "Listen," I say to the owner, "let's talk terms over a TEN HIGH or two." We do, and he's so pleased at finding a whiskey with No Rough Edges at so little cost, that he calls it even!

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Bond Street is *too* different for *all* tastes. But *you* know tobacco. *Here* is "custom-blend" flavor and bite-free coolness.

In fairness to yourself—*open* a tin of Bond Street. Sniff the rare, aromatic tobacco. Light up a pipeful...smoke it around the house. *Even women* like the aroma!

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PIPE TOBACCO
15¢

Today—try a tin of
BOND STREET
Pipe Tobacco

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

promise held. "I won't. And now—don't ever talk to me about him again. Don't even mention him to me, John. Not if you care about seeing me any more."

At once John's temper flared: "Will you stop treating me like a boy who needs a spanking?"

"Will you stop treating me like a debutante?"

"Are you deliberately closing your eyes? Hendricks must have come to see Thatcher. What happened the last time he was in town? There was a fire at the mills—and it was meant to be much worse than it was. How do I know what they're cooking up now? I know there are worse things than fires."

There was still a chance to save a love affair, if they honestly tried, if they had the wisdom to forbear. She had to believe, against belief, that the muddle could be straightened out, the tangle of errors explained and the world put straight again—somehow. She sternly reminded herself that John had sense and reason on his side. From the evidence he had he could not believe otherwise than he did. She had nothing to support her knowledge that he was wrong. Nothing except that she knew he was wrong.

She made herself deliberate and, she hoped, impersonal: "You've never had much practice in assuming it was possible for you to be wrong, John. You've got to try hard—right now. You may be wrong about Caleb. You may be wrong about—Hendricks."

"And meanwhile the war goes on. And the world is full of enemies of you and me and our country. And the mills I'm responsible for can be attacked. And a known traitor has come secretly to see a suspected traitor. Why"—John exploded—"I've been assisting a criminal, not to call the FBI in before this! But no, I could handle it. No, I could save trouble and spare feelings. No, maybe you would feel sorry for the beggar. Well, I'll have them in before the day is over."

"Have you sent for them?"

"I didn't realize till this moment that I had the nerve to risk offending you. But I'm going to."

AT THIS moment Bert was talking with Caleb at a water-front bar about something so urgent that it had brought him back to Wallisport. Whatever that might be, here was something still more urgent. She remembered that there were others besides Bert—there was John, there was Caleb, there was herself—but what counted first was Bert. She said, "I suppose you've decided. Nothing will stop you."

"Do you want me to stop?"

They had reached the Common, where a few hours ago she had made it plain to Caleb that she was through with him for good. There was a train at 2:32, four minutes from now. She could get to Boston sooner if she took the train than if she went on to North Wallisport for her car. "I'll get out here," she said. Getting out, she stood looking at John. None of this could have been predicted, and here it was. Whatever happened, whoever won, she was pretty sure to lose.

"Maybe there's still a chance for us," she said, but John broke in:

"What does he mean to you?"

"I wonder. I wonder what you mean to me. Oh, that isn't true!" The cry was wrung from her. "I've never been in love before—I didn't know it was like this. But I know that I'm not ever going to try to stand any more. Do what you like, John. Call in your G-men on a silly errand, if you want to. But if you do, we won't be engaged any more."

She walked away. Half a minute after she reached the station the train came in, and she found a seat and could watch spring flowing by the window. Her defiance had been viciously unfair. Yes, but no more unfair than John was to Caleb and Bert. Unfair or not, it would gain time. He wouldn't call in his damned G-men today. Of course not—John Gabriel's fiancée was worth fully twenty-four hours. And at that he was wrong—for his fiancée was now going to tell his enemies what he had confided to her.

She didn't know why she was. Caleb was nothing to her, nothing but a man she had come to resent furiously. It must be Bert. Bert, the victim not only of injustice but of stupidity as well, Bert the indomitable, whose courage last night had wrung her heart.

A taxi took her through clotted traffic to a street of ship chandlers and employment agencies. She had never seen anything remotely like McCorison's bar and stood appalled, looking at it, before she dared to go in. Sailors, truckmen, laborers were at the long bar and beyond it were a lot of bare tables. Caleb got up from one and came to meet her, incredulous surprise in his face.

"For the love of heaven, Hope—"

"I had to find you. Bert was seen in Wallisport last night—"

"Have they got him? He hasn't come here."

"They hadn't got him up to noon, or John would have known. John is going to—well, I've got something to tell you."

They sat at the table where Caleb's glass of beer had grown flat. People stared at her, and no wonder—there were several other women here whom nobody would make any mistake about, and here was John Gabriel's fiancée too.

She told her story. The threat of the FBI did not frighten Caleb in the least, but he was seriously disturbed by Bert's having been seen in Wallisport. "But he must have got away safely. The cops would have notified John the minute they nabbed him. But why hasn't he come here? He risked jail to make this date—why hasn't he kept it?"

The various easy angers between her and Caleb had not showed themselves. Instead, in their mutual anxiety about Bert, this meeting, even its bizarre setting, seemed wholly natural. "What did he want of you?" she said. "Caleb, what could it be?"

"I don't know," he said simply. They were telling the truth now. "But the important thing is to decide how to find him."

She was uneasy. "You mustn't go back to Wallisport."

"Why not?"

"By now J. Edgar Hoover's men may be looking for you there." Had the edge of hysterics got into her laugh? "Remember, this isn't a funny dream. John may have put in his telephone call an hour ago."

"What of it? It's only in John's nightmares that they can find out anything about me that you yourself don't know—"

"John calls you an accessory after the fact—"

"What fact? Bert stayed in my house for a few hours. What of it?"

She shrugged that away. "What can they find out about Bert?"

"Just exactly what the Wallisport cops already know—just exactly nothing. John is too sore to realize that the FBI knows everything there is to know about Bert—"

"Maybe not that passport. . . . Yes, I know about it. He had me keep it. It was forged—anyway, it didn't have his right name on it."

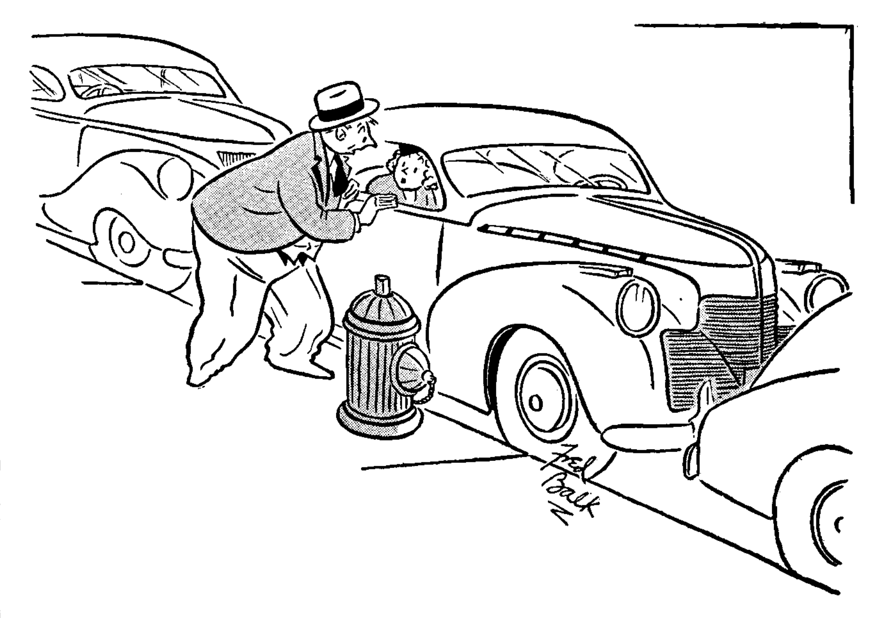
THAT was news to Caleb but it didn't bother him. "He's hidden it somewhere safe by now. And the FBI won't fall for a clumsy frame-up that has already misfired."

"Why doesn't he come?" she groaned.

They kept asking that question for two hours. The afternoon wore away in a nerve-eroding inaction, and they talked in occasional bursts of questions that didn't make sense and couldn't be answered. Sometimes the bar was noisy, sometimes it was as quiet as the drunks who slept at the tables. Caleb took the waiting easily but it went hard with Hope. The water-front saloon got stranger, she worried because she wasn't resenting Caleb, she grew steadily more anxious because she was anxious about Bert whom she hadn't known three months ago, she fretted because her love affair had been crisscrossed by misunderstanding and violence and by disloyalty no less, she felt certain that things could not go on like this, that some kind of crisis was approaching.

Why didn't he come? She partly smoked innumerable cigarettes and crushed them out, and Caleb bought more. An untasted glass of beer. Caleb said once, "You need something to eat," and got her a plate of spiced things from the free lunch, which she ate inattentively. And she constantly turned over in her mind the unbelievable sequence of unbelievable events.

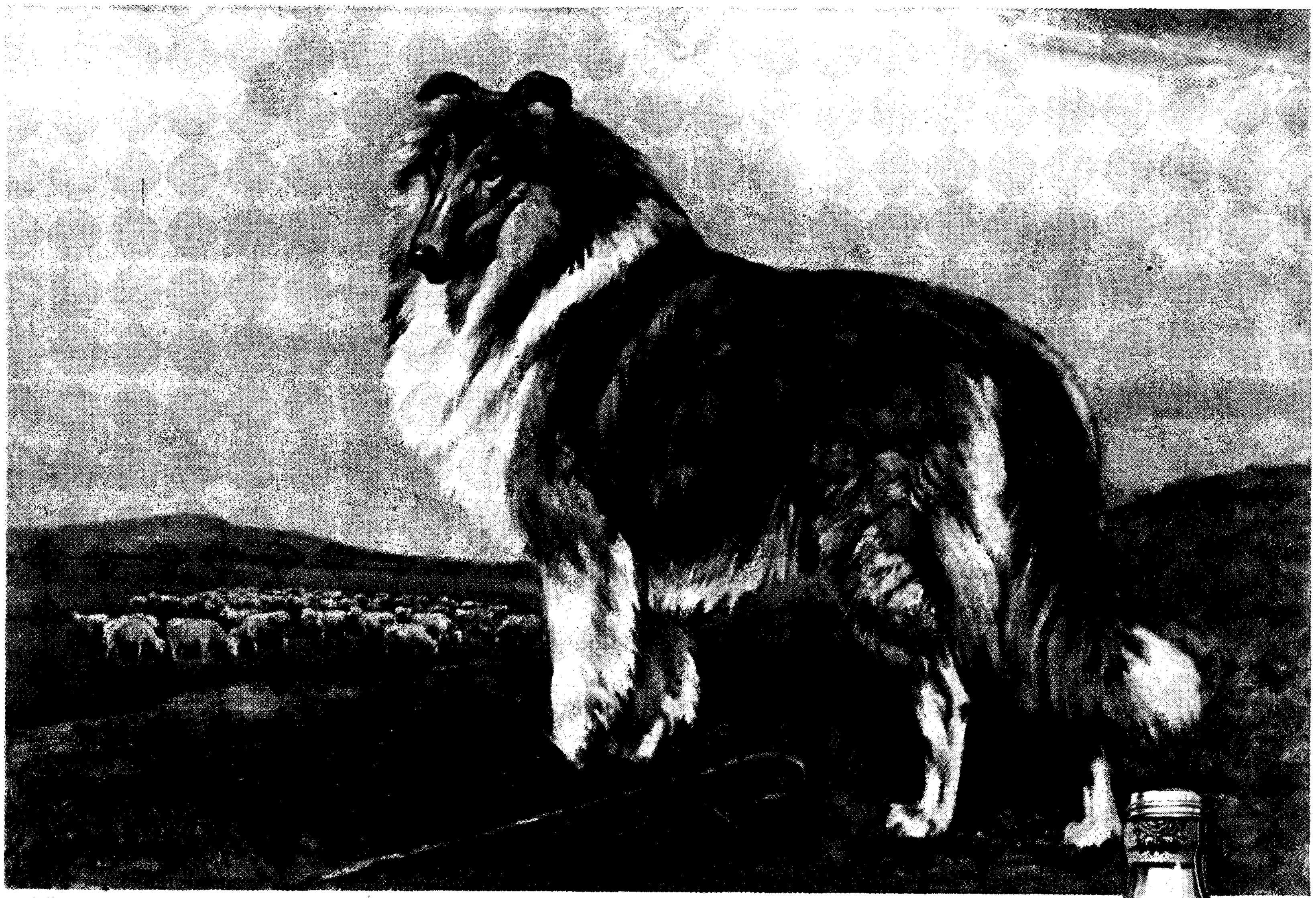
"I can't help it!" she exclaimed. "There's something terribly wrong. It isn't crazy for John to think that Bert set his damned fire—it's pretty logical. But it is crazy, it's absolutely mad, for him to think that you're mixed up in



"Now, if a cop comes around before I get back, look dumb and ask him to check the water!"

FRED BALK

LEARN ABOUT A COLLINS FROM A COLLIE



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The Collie's *inbred* devotion to his master and the sheep he herds is almost proverbial. Fleischmann's smooth-mixing qualities . . . to which 70 long years have been devoted . . . are likewise almost proverbial. Step by step, Fleischmann's has been developed for the American taste and American drinking customs. That's why this *first* American gin is called a *pedigreed* gin. For a cool Tom Collins this summer, take a tip from the Collie: *use Fleischmann's!*

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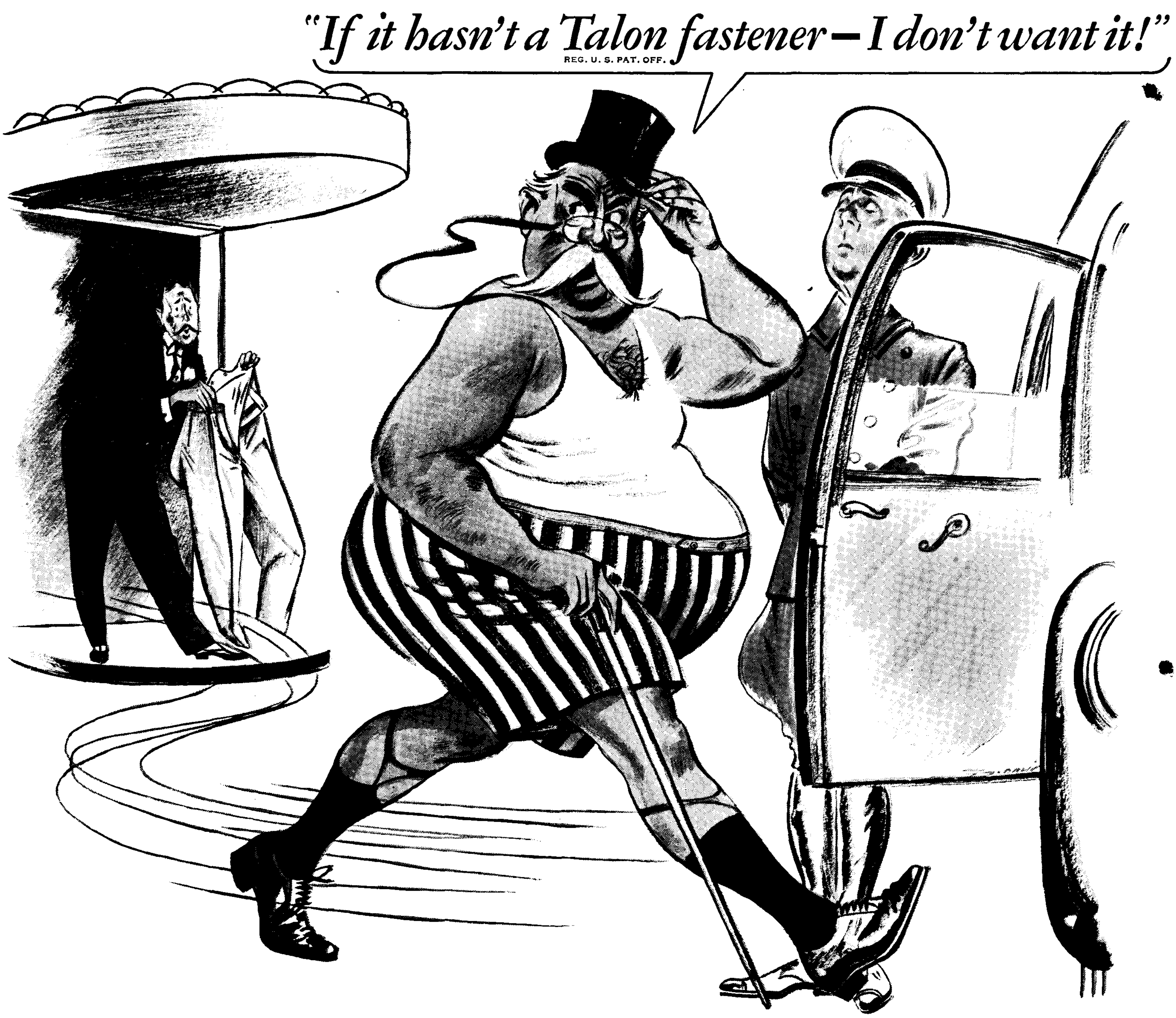
"If it hasn't a Talon fastener—I don't want it!"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

All the Judge knows is that he once had a slide fastener that slipped, hitched, jammed—did everything but work properly.

"And by the Great Horn Spoon," he says, "I'm going to get Talon—*T-a-l-o-n*—fasteners from now on . . . or know the reason why!"

* * *

A rare case? Not at all.

Read what happened when 43 leading stores questioned tens of thousands of men . . . No less than 80%* of these men say there are *bad* slide fasteners.

However, (and here's a valuable tip for you!) the vast majority know how to protect themselves. They want Talon slide fasteners—*exclusively.*

In fact, ‡ among the thousands with a preference, more than 70 men say they want "Talon" to every one man who names any other brand.

* * *

70 to 1. Obviously, there's just one reason for an overwhelming preference like this.

Experience!

Men have learned that it's *important* to watch out for unreliable slide fasteners . . . have learned that the trademark "Talon" means dependable service.

When *you* buy trousers, be *sure* to keep out of trouble. Profit by the experience of the majority—and make certain the slide fastener is marked "Talon."

**Based on number who answered question.*

Because it's the dependable slide fastener—men prefer "TALON" 70 to 1‡
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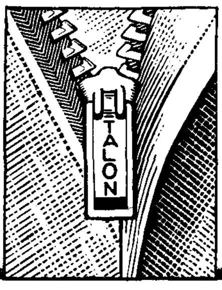
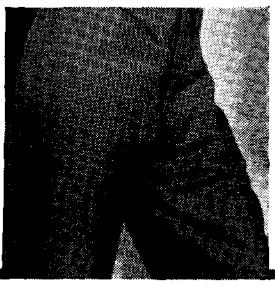


Play safe. Always make sure the slide fastener is marked "TALON".



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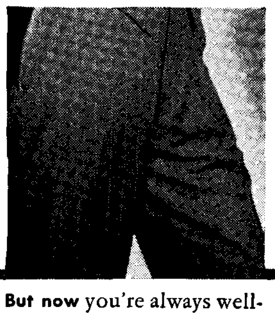

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it. And it's just as crazy for you to think that he tried to frame you into the penitentiary."

Caleb's gaze, which had a regular orbit from the front door to the clock above the bar, rested on her very skeptically. "By now you should be used to crazy ideas. Have you got some other explanation."

Only the certainty she had felt last night. "Something else must be happening. Something we don't know about and so don't understand. Something that somebody we don't know about is trying to do to you. Or maybe to Bert."

There was a rock-bottom disbelief in his face. "What?" he said.

There was absolutely nothing she could put her finger on. But such an explanation was the only way out of the mystery. Or, she wondered with a new doubt, had she just invented that because it would be more comfortable to believe?

FIVE minutes ago a man had brought a glass of beer from the bar to a neighboring table. He was looking narrowly at Caleb, a man dressed in working clothes, probably a mechanic. Now he stood up and came to their table.

"I know who you are," he told Caleb. "Seen you in Wallisport. Would you be looking for Hendricks? I am, anyways. He's been living at my home. Last night he borrowed my car. Said he'd be back in a few hours. He ain't come back."

Hope got scared. She saw several expressions succeed one another in Caleb's face—oh, of course, he suspected this man. He decided to take a chance: "He came to see me last night but I wasn't home. He left word for me to meet him here at one o'clock today. I've been here since one. He hasn't shown up."

"That way, huh?" the man said. "I wonder what happened."

Caleb stood up. "So do I. Five-twenty. It's time to find out what happened. What's your name?"

His name was George Tanner and he lived in Chelsea. Caleb wrote down his address and said he'd get in touch with him. Then he took Hope to his car and they were away in rush-hour traffic. Back to Wallisport. Her anxiety became acute, then abated. For at least they weren't just waiting, they were doing something about it. To do anything at all, even to risk the FBI, gave her release from tension. And the afternoon seemed to have dissolved away her resentment of Caleb. Her old feeling had come back, that she could depend on him. Deftly driving at high speed through thick traffic, heading toward heaven knew what trouble and mystery, he was at ease, even indifferent. He had not been frightened or stampeded, all along. He had been angry but nothing had scared him. Comfort came to her, and a vista opened backward through the past to other drives, to many times when they had been gay together.

They had had a good time together! At once John was in her mind, and the involved deceits she had practiced on him. "It isn't fair, it isn't my fault!" she said involuntarily. Caleb's glance questioned her. "What I hate most of all is how I've had to lie to John! If I could forgive you everything else, I couldn't forgive you that. And it isn't your fault, I know. It just happened. But it has done for me, Caleb, it really has."

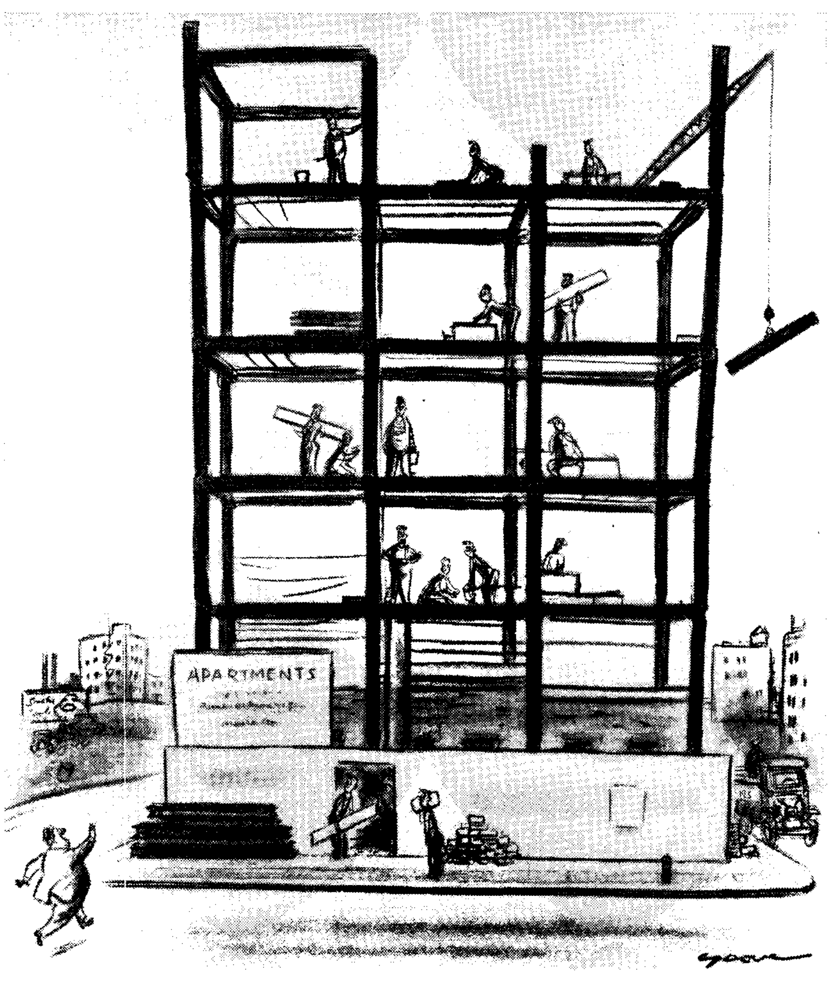
He said a strange thing: "Has it occurred to you that John is the kind of man women lie to naturally? It's fate, it's the nature of things, it's what has to happen. But I agree with you, it's tough now with two women lying to him."

"Two? Who else?"

"You don't suppose he knows that Natalie is living with Ashburn?"

"What!" Hope sat upright, staggered and incredulous.

Caleb stared at her. "You mean to say you didn't know? Good Lord! Well, I'm sorry I spoke. But I took it for granted you used your eyes."



"Stop work, boys—a foreign agent just bought it for scrap iron!"

LEONARD DOVE

Poor John! She had a brief pity for his solicitude about Natalie, for the innocent, impossible images of women he made for himself. It lapsed into pity for Natalie. In love with Greg Ashburn. And if that were not bad enough in itself, to be in love with a man who, everyone knew, might be called to the war at any moment. Dozens of things she had pondered now had a different meaning. Why, the arrogant Natalie was really tortured, was—

Caleb was off on a tangent: "Did it ever occur to you that Ashburn may not be the dumb dead pan people think he is?"

"I've never thought he was dumb. Just—unbearable. Just leprous. He isn't too dumb to find revolting ways of trying to cajole some new woman."

AN IRONICAL smile came to Caleb's lips. "Will you get the idea it's no crime to find you attractive?" The smile went away, leaving the wrinkles at the corners of his mouth deeper. "I see a dress that may be yours half a mile away, and my eyes blur! I think I hear your voice and my heart turns over! Am I supposed to forget that I've kissed you? How do I keep my hands off you?" His voice was ragged, against restraint. "I could grab you right now and I wouldn't let you go. I could stop this car and be kissing you, and that would be right, and it would be forever. I could stop this car and be kissing you, and nothing would ever be the same again—"

"Please! Please don't!" she said, in panic.

"I'm not going to—now. But I will when the time comes. Don't think I won't." He said that a good deal more quietly, then went on: "I was saying, ever since that night at Gabriel's I've had a notion about Ashburn. He was pretty damned bright, that night. You suddenly realize he's been pretty damned bright at other times. The what-what, oh-I-say Englishman falls away from him sometimes. Always, when there's a sudden need for brains. He stops being a silly-ass British bore with a suddenness you can't mistake."

"Maybe. All I know is, I don't want to be alone in any room with him. Not while I've still got knees."

"Here's my point." Caleb shrugged. "It would be pretty funny. But we're getting used to pretty funny things. When you think about it, isn't it pretty funny that a territorial officer of Ashburn's age should be left idle in the United States? I'm not given to seeing the phantoms you sensitive people see everywhere. But would a territorial captain be left here so peacefully if he weren't doing some good here?"

"What do you mean? Oh, you mean . . . but that would be—"

"Exactly. An intelligence agent. He has spent years at the business of gathering industrial statistics. Why isn't he an agent of the Allies we all love so dearly? If he is, I'll bet he's a good one. He thinks fast."

SHE never got a chance to give this startling idea the thought it was entitled to. For they had crossed the town line and suddenly Nate Jenkins on his motorcycle came up by the left fender of Caleb's car and motioned them to the curb. Instantly Hope's veins began to flow ice. Caleb stopped. Nate dismounted and came up.

"I've been looking for you," he told Caleb. "There's a call out for you. They want you at headquarters. I don't think they want to ask questions—just to tell you. You heard about a friend of yours? Hendricks? He's been found drowned."

"Drowned!"

"Yeah. About two hours ago. He was washed up on the beach a couple of miles south of Sachem Head."

(To be continued next week)

How not to be "BORED" at a picnic

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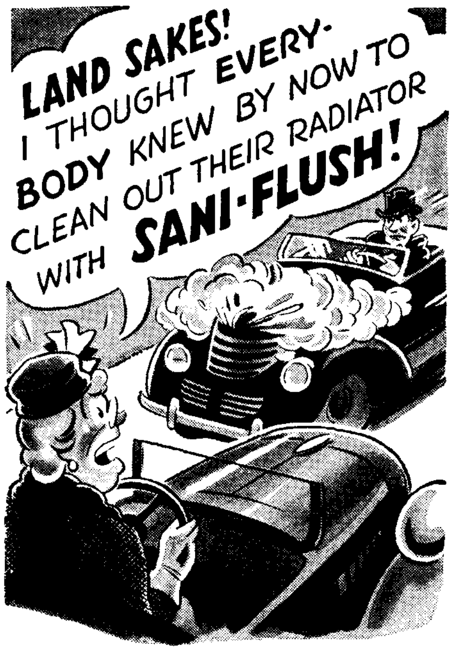
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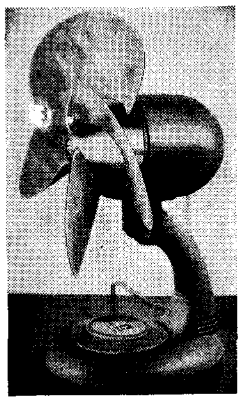

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El Comico

Continued from page 11

considering Chris for the part of the innkeeper, Chris told him frankly that people said he couldn't act.

"Who said so?" asked Mr. Ford, and regardless of opinion, Chris-Pin got the job and it turned out well and from it came the present contract with Mr. Zanuck, so you never can tell. It is just possible you don't have to be an actor if you look like Chris.

Chris-Pin lives with his wife and children and grandchildren in a large house, once a small house, in the center of the Mexican district in Los Angeles, at 1020 Effie Street, and for years his was the only telephone on the hill. The house started as a tiny affair on the top of Effie Street, and as time moved along, Chris added wings, porches, rooms, closets, halls, porticoes, and stories until at the present time he can take care of twenty-two relations and two total strangers. The strangers are hard to explain. They just moved in, a couple of elderly married folk, obviously down on their luck, probably passing by, and as they seemed to be quiet and retiring they are still there.

Marguerite Does the Worrying

Mr. Martin is married to Marguerite, who is his business manager, steers him through occasional shoals, does all the worrying and calls for him daily at the studio and takes him home. In his contract is a clause bestowing upon Marguerite the right to walk in and hang around any set whereon Chris is at work. He had this clause injected because at one time he was inclined to be nervous and the sight of his wife seemed to steady him. He is five feet, eight inches tall, weighs 235 pounds, has raven black hair and brown eyes. He has never had a bank account and never worried over that, especially the year they all folded. He now owns a huge motorcar, driven by Marguerite, as Chris has a temperamental ticker and cannot run upstairs or drive cars in Los Angeles, which is more wearing on a heart than running up the Empire State Building.

He admits having had too much to drink twice in his career, his wife being a frigid observer on both occasions. Once was when he worked for Charlie Chaplin and tangled with three bottles of Scotch, chased with gin. The other time, he was hosting a party of five hundred guests in his own house and Chris gave out somewhere in the third hundred.

He doesn't smoke cigars or cigarettes and thus saves money. Many thoughtful persons stop cigarettes to save money, but they can never actually see the money so saved and are discouraged. Chris can see it. When he stopped smoking, he purchased a gold ring, a large, heavy, spreading gold ring, and, after saving cigarette money a long time, he took the accrued cash and bought a diamond, which he imbedded in the ring. He continued this policy until today his ring is sprinkled and splattered up with diamonds, all bought with smoke money, and so every time he longs for a cigarette he looks down at his gleaming finger and breaks into a wide smile.

He is a strong man, although opposed to work of a laborious character, and in sparse times he has resorted to unconventional methods of making a living. He once tided over a dry spell by pulling automobiles around with his hair, a display of power that might strike some as hard work, even if the auto was on a slant.

His private gold mine is located at Cerro del Gato, Arizona, and is a tribute to his kindly spirit, for Chris once befriended an old geezer who was having a rugged time, and on his deathbed the man called in lawyers and bequeathed the mine to Chris. When he fell heir to the new Fox contract, it seemed to call for a party of reasonable proportions and as his birthday happened along simultaneously, it became the party of the Five Hundred Guests.

There was a mishap of a financial nature that might have worried some. Chris had his contract and worked five weeks, after which he idled a while. He assumed that when an actor is on contract, he draws his pay, working or not, but he forgot that his was the regular forty-week contract, meaning that in each year there will be twelve dry and payless weeks and the studio has the right to say which weeks.

Getting ready for this affair, he added a glassed-in porch to the house, ordered a boatload of wine and notified the five hundred, meantime staying away from the studio so his checks could accumulate in the cashier's office. This was where he slipped, as he was off the pay roll, and when Marguerite went over to collect they informed her of the quaint studio custom. It looked bad for the party, the carpenter and the wine man. However, the guests laughed it off and provided their own fodder, coming along with a multitude of chickens, pigs, turkeys and other small edible creatures. The wine dealer agreed to wait six months.

That was the largest party ever given on Effie Street. Outside of parties, Chris pays for the light and gas. He owns the house on Effie Street, every stick of wood in it, and at times has had dealings with a local moneylender who charges twelve per cent. He figured that if a person had money, he could buy land and that presently the land would rise in value and become a subdivision with electric lights, so he borrowed from the twelve-per-center and his friends spoke to him sadly, saying he was crazy to borrow money at twelve per cent. "Not me," Chris replied. "This guy is crazy. Anybody who will lend me money is nuts."

His best friends are Leo Carrillo and Warner Baxter and many's the time he has played in their pictures. He loves children and likes to ride horses and clean revolvers. He adores movie work and keeps staring at the studio and thinking of his work and telling himself it is all so easy and pays so much better than any other job a man could find.

Water for the Water Boy

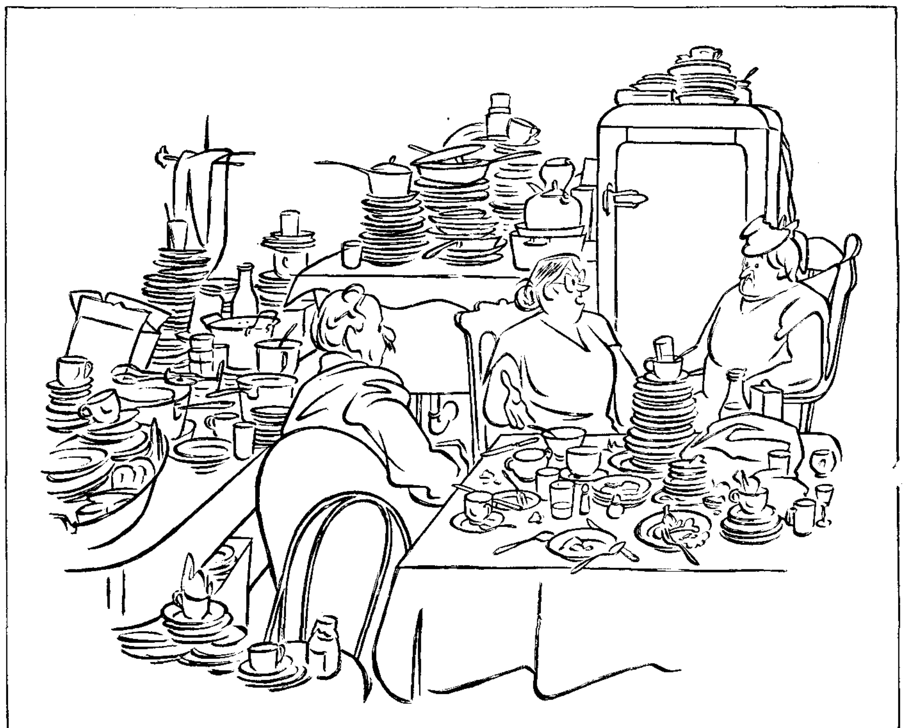
He was over in Tucson lately and met some old friends. This time, he was on another Cisco Kid and was assigned to a room at the Santa Rita Hotel—a large, sunny room, with soft rugs and a shining bathroom, a radio and all the diverse comforts of civilization. His bed was a four-poster with pink puffs and there he stretched, for it was when they were building the hotel that he quit being a water boy.

He rang for a bellhop and ordered a pitcher of water, and when it came he drank four glasses. The boy commented and Chris said: "When they built this place, I carried the water. And here's a tip. That's more than they paid me for carrying water twelve hours."

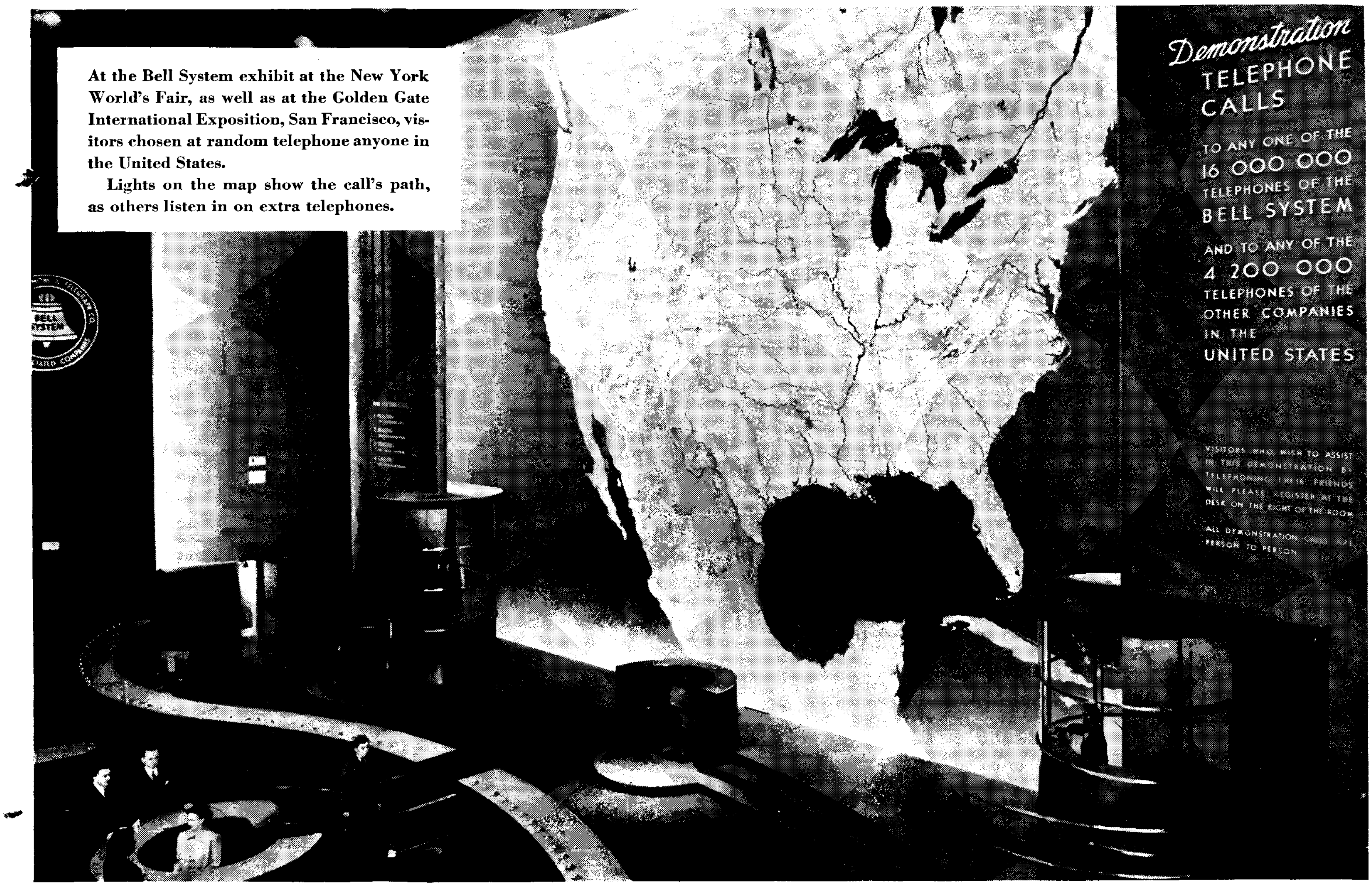
It was Charlie Chaplin who really started Chris up the financial ladder. He was working extra for the Chaplin outfit and definitely refused to work for the movies on Saturday. Those were the days he cut hair, making three dollars. The movie job paid a dollar and a half. Came Friday and Chris told them they needn't look for him next day, as he had a jag of haircutting coming up. "How much do you make barbering?" the head man inquired and Chris told him truthfully.

"All right, you're a three-dollar man from now on," he was told, and that ended his brief fling at haircutting.

No matter what the future may hold and no matter how much money he makes as a movie actor, they will still never get Chris-Pin Martin to abandon Effie Street and move to Hollywood. He has no desire to have a swimming pool, demand special license plates or wear camel's-hair coats. His friends have suggested moving to Bel-Air and hooking up with a butler, chauffeur and secretary, but Chris says no soap. He means to stay right where he is in Little Mexico, on top of the hill, maybe adding a new porch every spring.



"We do them all up at once—every Father's Day" GEO. PRICE


Demonstration
TELEPHONE
CALLS
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BELL SYSTEM
AND TO ANY OF THE
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TELEPHONES OF THE
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IN THE
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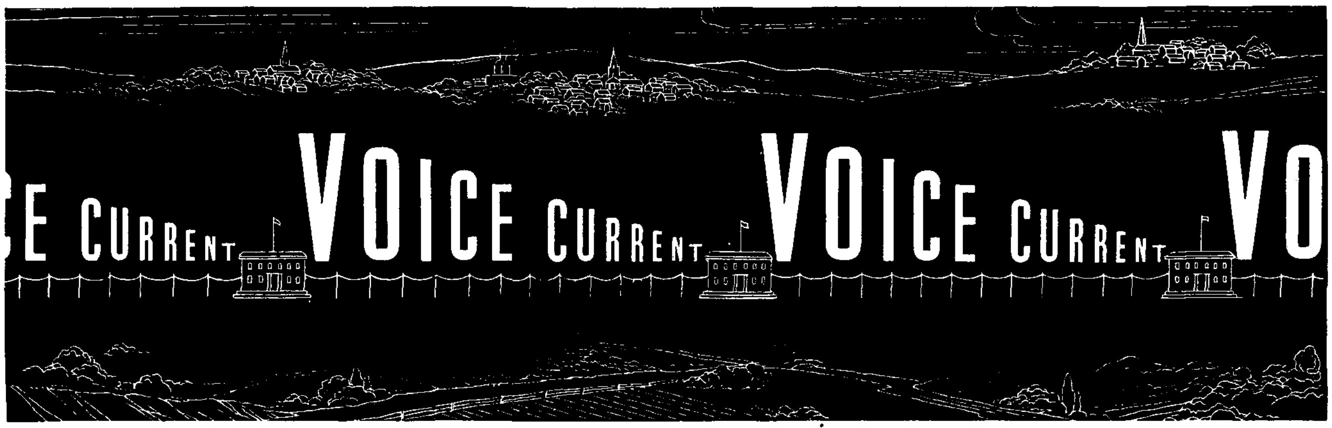
VISITORS WHO WISH TO ASSIST IN THIS DEMONSTRATION BY TELEPHONING THEIR FRIENDS WILL PLEASE REGISTER AT THE DESK ON THE RIGHT OF THE ROOM
ALL DEMONSTRATION CALLS ARE PERSON TO PERSON
BELL SYSTEM

At the Bell System exhibit at the New York World's Fair, as well as at the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco, visitors chosen at random telephone anyone in the United States.

Lights on the map show the call's path, as others listen in on extra telephones.

Maybe YOUR voice was amplified *a billion, billion, billion times...*


E CURRENT
VOICE
CURRENT
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VO

Were you one of the lucky ones? Then the volume of your voice was amplified millions, perhaps billions of times, depending on the distance you talked.

As the diagram shows, the voice fades, and again and again has to be given renewed power in order to reach its destination with all its original clarity and force.

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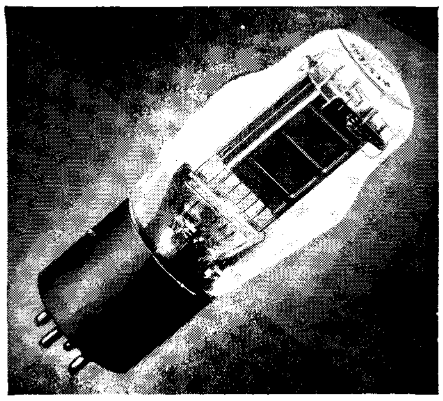

The heart of this amplifying system is the vacuum tube, and Western Electric pioneered in making these "Aladdin's lamps of communication." They have made possible long distance telephony, radio and indeed the whole range of modern communication—a striking example of the value to the public of the American way of doing things.

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Ten-Million-Dollar Order

Continued from page 12

you to do is this: Captain Reynolds and Leftenant French—and don't forget it's not '*Loo*tenant'—will be here for two days. They'll be down in the plant with you. Tell them anything they want to know about the factory system—except, of course, the U. S. government contracts. There's ten million dollars' worth of business in the bombers; and we'd like to have it. The only way we'll get it is if these men, through their own observation, are convinced we can handle it."

Skip stood up. "I understand perfectly, sir. I show them that Western is an efficiently run organization; and that we could build a hundred bombers, if we had them to build."

"Exactly," said the boss. "And there mustn't be any slip-ups."

"There won't be any!" said Skip. "I know my job, and I have a lot of *savoir faire*."

The boss choked on his cigarette. "You speak French?" he asked.

"Yes," said Skip. "My father always spoke it to me. He was a professor of ancient history. That's how I got named Hannibal Scipio Smith. . . . Say! Maybe I could help out again if some Frenchmen come around looking for bombers."

"Maybe," said the boss. Then: "By the way, don't talk these chaps' heads off."

"I'll try not to," said Skip, grinning. "Talking's one of my biggest faults, though . . ."

HE FOLLOWED the boss down a corridor to another private office with the sign, "R.A.F. COMMISSION," painted on the door. The boss opened it and went in. Skip followed.

Two youngish men in well-cut cheviot suits were seated at two desks. One was smoking a pipe. The eldest got up and shook hands with the boss. "G'morning," he said. "Been expectin' you."

"Good morning," said the boss. He took Skip's arm. "This is Mr. Hannibal Scipio Smith. I've borrowed him from our production department to show you around the plant. Captain Reynolds and Leftenant French, Smith."

"*Cap*tain Reynolds," said Skip, shaking hands in his best collegiate manner. "*Left*enant French," he said.

"Delighted!" said the military.

"You may find this rather dull," said Skip. "Oozing around the plant with me, I mean. It's pretty quiet down my way now we're into production on the Transport. Routine, what I mean."

The two Englishmen stared at each other and then at Skip. "Not at all!" said the captain. "Pleasure, I'm sure. Won't you sit down? . . ."

The boss left them; and for the next hour and a half, Skip sat in their office sweating blood. The Englishmen asked him questions—hundreds of them. They didn't go down into the plant until ten-thirty, and by that time Skip was limp as a doormat. . . .

"Those guys," he told Tony Marlin at lunch, "sure know their stuff."

THE transport assembly line behaved like a lamb all morning. It wasn't until just after noon that it started to fall apart. Meanwhile, Skip and the two Englishmen puttered around the plant, while Skip showed them how things worked.

By the time he brought them to transport assembly, he was convinced that they were pleased with what they'd seen. Skip showed them more—the neat line of torpedo-shaped fuselages hanging from the monorail; the movable workbenches of the installation crews and the orderly parts stock rooms that were his particular pride.

They stopped in front of a single-motored job that they hoped to sell the government.

"Now in *some* factories," he told Captain Reynolds, "they have trouble with lost parts. We *can't* possibly lose—"

At that precise juncture, Mel Husen, foreman of transport assembly, came up at a dead lope, and slid to a wild stop in front of him. "Look!" he demanded. "How in the blank-blank do you expect me to hang the stabilizer on Number 18 when we ain't got no attach fittings?"

Skip's mouth fell open. "No attach fittings?"

Husen spat. "No attach fittings."

"You're nuts," said Skip. "You've had thirty sets in Position Five stock room," he said. "I know, because I brought them in myself." He turned to Captain Reynolds. "Just one of those things," he stated. "Like to come along with me while I find them?"

"Delighted," said the captain. He looked dubious, and Skip thought about ten million dollars and the boss.

"That's what I told you about stock rooms," he managed to say grandly, as the Englishman followed him down the center aisle to Position Five, where eighteen's gleaming duralumin fuselage hung suspended from the monorail. "They have to be locked." He stopped at the stock-room window and pulled viciously on a gong that hung there. Little Kennie Squires, the stock clerk, poked his head out of the window. He looked harried.

"They were here day before yesterday," he said. "But they're not here now. I've been looking for them all morning."

It was true. Skip spent fifteen minutes prowling through the bins. He emerged dusty and empty-handed, still thinking about the ten million dollars.

To Leftenant French, he said, "This is most unusual, sir. It doesn't happen once in a hundred years."

"Ha!" snorted Mel Husen. "That's a good one! If your lousy production department *ever* had parts here when we needed them, I'd drop dead or something."

THE captain and the leftenant looked at each other.

"Kennie," said Skip hastily, "go down to Material and get a set of those castings. We'll work them up in the machine shop right away."

Kennie wet his lips. "There aren't any castings in stock," he said. "I already checked."

"Oh!" said Skip, looking at the captain.

"By the way," interjected Mel, "one set won't do us no good. We got to put the stabilizer on back up the line in Position Three from now on. The night super left a note for me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" asked Skip, scathingly. He started away up the line.

"Where you going?" asked Mel.

"Down to Position Three to get your danged parts," said Skip. To Captain Reynolds, he explained, "The night watchman has a key to the stock room. It drives me nuts. Last night, the second-shift super must have borrowed the key from the watchman, and had the parts shifted to the new position."

"Nuts?" asked the captain.

"It means crazy," explained Skip.

"And how did you know this?" inquired the leftenant.

Skip cocked a jaundiced eye at Mel. "The stock room is locked at night. So when Mel told me about the position change, I knew it was either a case of porch-climbing; or else some dim-witted foreman or superintendent did me dirt."

"Oh," said the captain. "Very fine deduction. Very. . . . But do you really have as much trouble with lost parts as this foreman chap says?"

"No," said Skip. "Mel's an old sourpuss. You don't want to pay any attention to him."

"Sourpuss?" inquired the leftenant.

Skip grinned. "It means the same thing as Scrooge. Christmas Carol, you know. 'Puss' means face."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" said the captain. "Clever. Ho! Ho! Ho!"

THINGS were really humming by two P.M. They ran out of special screws in Position No. 10. Skip got some from a store of extras he kept in a drawer in his desk; but when he took them to Mel, he found a stop-work order from Engineering on some radio floors. He spent an hour talking a harried project engineer into rushing through a rough change sketch to rework enough floors for current production. The Englishmen followed him with interest while he took care of the work order, and got a promise from subassembly that two of the floors would be refabricated to the change sketch by midnight.

Finally, when the three of them got back down on the assembly floor, they found the chief inspector, Scotty McDonald, and Ryerson, of the superintendent's office, grouped, with Mel Husen, around the bulbous nose end of Number 16. Skip, by now, was beginning to have almost continuous ten-million-dollar jitters.

When he saw the huddle around Number 16, he stopped dead and shot a quick look at the Englishmen. "Maybe you'd rather go back up to the office," he suggested hopefully.

The captain was staring at the cockpit enclosure. "Not at all," he said.

Skip sighed, and the three of them crossed the assembly floor. "What's the matter?" he asked McDonald.

"The cockpit enclosure won't fit," said the chief inspector.

"Let's have a look," said Skip.

They climbed the ladder to the working platform at the nose of the ship. Two assembly mechanics were trying to fit the cockpit enclosure. Skip watched them for a moment. Then he said to Mel Husen, "Why is it that you birds always do things backward?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mel.

"We sent you five of these enclosures that were built by hand. That was at the beginning of the contract, before we were tooled up. They were supposed to be used with the first five ships—the ones they left the fuselage extrusion unriveted on. You hand-fitted them—the first four, that is. Then you got lazy, and put one of the standard enclosures on the fifth ship. This one's the other hand-built job."

"Oh," said Mel. "So that's it. Must have been the night crew."

"Good old night crew," said Skip with scorn. "What would you do without them? . . . Get another enclosure down here, and try it. . . ." One of the standard enclosures was brought up on the platform and slipped into place. It fitted perfectly.

Ryerson said relievedly, "Well, that fixes that." He pointed to the hand-built enclosure. "Hang a rejection tag on it, will you, Scotty?"

The chief inspector pulled a "defective parts" tag out of his pocket and started to fill it in.

"You can't do that," said Skip.

"Why not?" said Ryerson.

"There's nothing wrong with the enclosure. It would have fitted on the fifth airplane."

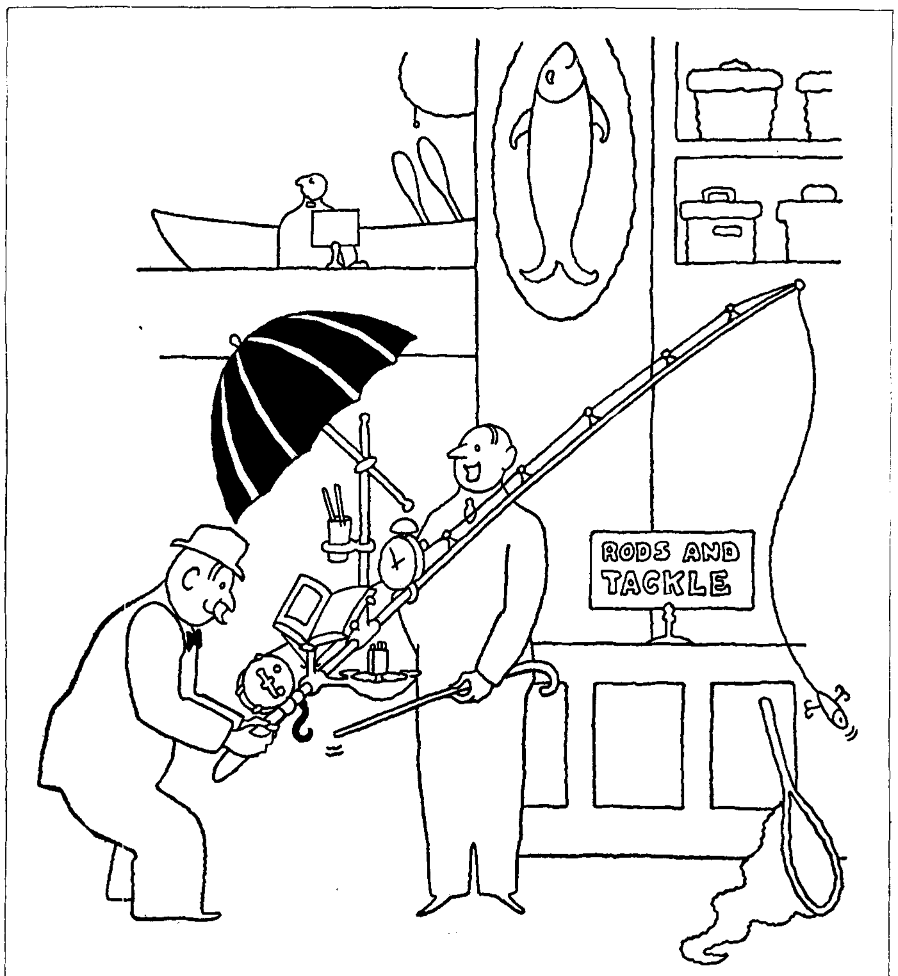
"So what?" said Ryerson.

"You can't reject it as a defective part. Unless"—Skip shot a look at Mel Husen—"*you* want to take the rap for throwing away five hundred dollars' worth of cockpit enclosure for faulty workmanship."

The chief inspector put the tag back in his pocket. "The kid's right," he said.

Mel Husen ran his hands through his hair. "Why did *you* have to horn in on this?" he asked.

"Two reasons," said Skip. "One: I



"The hook, of course, is for a portable radio" GARDNER REA

GRANDMA CALLED IT SINFUL

IN MY DAY we women couldn't do much about those bristles on the manly chin that scraped like sin. But nowadays any woman's a fool to put up with one of those human porcupines. Which reminds me, my dear, Margie has picked the most delightful young man—always so well groomed—he must shave twice a day—yet his skin's never the least bit irritated looking. It's what Margie calls a Barbasol Face.

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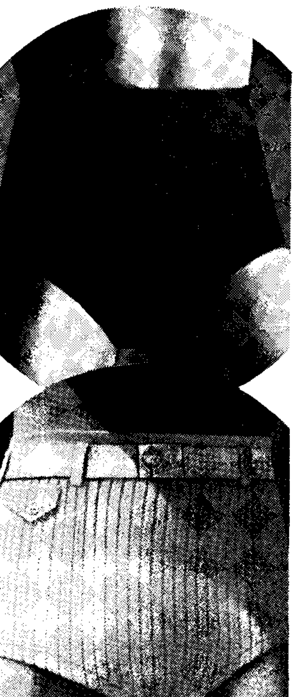

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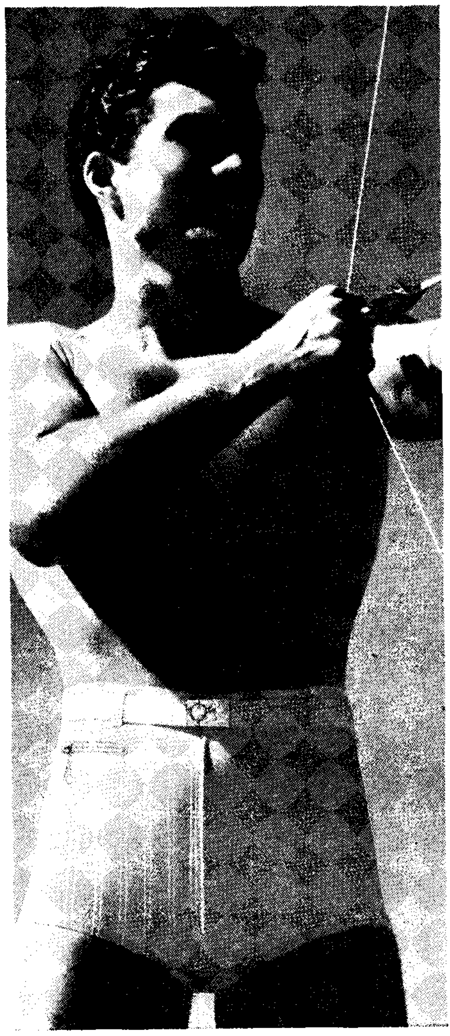

hate to see the company's money wasted. Two: I don't want to have to spend a couple of days chasing up another enclosure."

"But it still won't fit," said Mel.

"Sure, it will," said Skip. "Shove the thing in a heat-treat oven. Take it to two hundred degrees. That'll expand the metal and it'll slide in like a baby. The process of expanding and—"

"Just a moment," said Captain Reynolds. "Aren't these enclosures supposed to be interchangeable between ships?"

"Sure," said Ryerson. "From the fifth ship on. But the only reason for changing an enclosure is if it's messed up, and the one you'd buy to replace it would be tool-made."

AT THAT specific instant, disaster struck. . . . Little Kennie Squires came climbing up the ladder. His face held a look of positive anguish.

"Skip!" he cried. "The center section for Number 18 is gone!"

"Oh, I say, you know!" protested the captain. "A big thingummy like that! It isn't possible."

"Why, we saw at least a dozen of the things standing there in the aisle, this morning," said the leftenant.

"Sure," said Kennie. "But they're not for this model."

"Not for the transport?" said the captain. "Why, I thought—"

"What he means," explained Skip wearily, "is that the center sections we saw are for a second series of ships we're building for Standard Air Lines. Number 18 is for Translux. All the engine controls, fuel lines and electrical installations are different."

"Oh," said the captain. "But I still don't see where you could lose—"

"I don't either," said Skip. "Kennie, take every clerk in the division, and start at the far end of the plant. Look at the name plate on every damn' center wing you see. The serial on the one for Number 18 is 2118. If you don't find it, give me a ring in the parts order office. Stay here until you've finished."

Kennie vanished.

This, thought Skip, was the ball game. The whole ten million dollars of it. . . . He wondered suddenly what the boss would say to him when he found out about it. . . .

SKIP had no sooner gotten back to the production office than the phone rang.

"Smith," said the boss' voice. "What happened?"

"The transport assembly line fell apart, sir," said Skip.

"I understand from Reynolds that you lost a center section."

"Yes, sir."

"*Savoir faire,* and all, eh?"

Skip said nothing.

"We're not going to talk about this again," said the boss. "But for the record, you should know that you've lost Western enough business to give jobs to five thousand men for more than a year."

"Is the deal really off, sir?" asked Skip.

"Your two English friends are staying another day," said the boss. "I'm going to take charge of them tomorrow myself. But on the basis of past experience, I'd say that Western had about as much chance of building bombers for the Royal Air Force as you have of becoming king of England. Which," he added, dryly, "is most unlikely."

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," said Skip.

"Doubtless," said the boss. "If I were you, I'd make a point of finding that center section. . . ."

Tony Marlin came in as Skip hung up. Skip braced himself for the explosion, but Tony just grunted and sat down at his desk. His unlit cigar worked in the corner of his mouth. Skip cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry about today," he said.

"Forget it," snapped Tony.

"I've got five clerks on overtime tonight, to look for the center section."

"Okay," growled Tony.

WHILE Kennie and his gang scoured the factory that night, Skip went down to center-section assembly and pored over the carbons of the work orders. At first he had thought that through some oversight, the center section for Number 18 had never been built. But it had been. The canceled work order was there, with the inspector's stamp on it to show that it had been completed.

He went to the work-order department. For three hours he weeded the files, looking for a clue. You couldn't lose a center section. You just couldn't. But still the thing was lost. . . .

At eleven-thirty, Kennie came in to say that his gang had checked every center wing in the plant, and that none of them bore a twenty-one-hundred serial number.

"Okay," said Skip. "Go on home." For an hour longer, he stayed in parts order—looking at the little green slips that had been put out for the construction of Translux center sections. Eighteen of them—all cleared and completed—showed that the Translux center wings were in the bag. Another four "S" orders—three of them complete—indicated that the construction of four Translux replacement center wings was well under control. . . . For a moment, he thought of having the last of the four replacement wings rushed through for Number 18, but he gave up the idea. It would take a week to build it—and besides, you couldn't afford to lose twelve thousand bucks' worth of center wing, and still keep on being an employee of Western's production department.

At one A. M. he went home. He couldn't sleep. At four A. M. he gave up attempting to, and went back to the plant. . . .

AT NINE the following morning, Tony Marlin, the boss and the two Englishmen came down out of the front office, and went out onto the transport assembly floor. The line was running like a lamb, but the faces of the Britishers were unconvinced. Both the boss and Tony were doing their best; but it was obviously no soap.

It didn't help much when they rounded the corner of Position Five's stock room, and found Hannibal Scipio Smith comfortably asleep on a pile of bunk mattresses belonging to the Translux Airways.

"Ho!" said Captain Reynolds.

Hannibal Scipio Smith opened a sleepy eye. "Yes, sir?" Then he came bolt upright.

"Did you find the bally center section?" asked Leftenant French.

Skip grinned. "Sure," he said. "It was just a matter of knowing where to look. I'm pretty good at this work, sir."

"Skip!" snapped Tony. "Go up to the office. I'll see you in a few minutes."

"Well, all right," said Skip.

"Just a moment—" said Captain Reynolds. "Where *was* the blasted thing? Here in the plant, no doubt?"

"No, sir," said Skip. "Far from it. Now, I've always said that half of all production errors are—"

"Skip," said Tony again.

Skip turned on him aggrievedly. "Gee, I—" He caught the boss' eye, and subsided. . . . "What happened was this," he said to Captain Reynolds. "I couldn't sleep last night. I kept rolling around in my bed. All at once I remembered the *fourth* replacement center section on the Translux contract. The one they hadn't built yet. I came back here, and that durn' watchman let me into the shipping department with his key. Then I went through the shipping papers to

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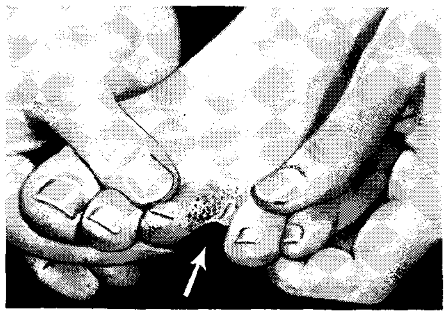

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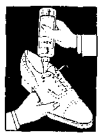

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Translux and found they'd already shipped four replacement center sections."

"Oh, I say," said the leftenant. "So that was it!"

"Sure," said Skip. "Those dumbheads in shipping kidnaped it right off the floor. I took a truck driver down to San Pedro, and we pulled the durn' thing off a steamboat. Two hundred and fifty dollars' worth," he added guiltily. Leaving the plant during working hours was an offense punishable by the royal order of the can.

"Who authorized the truck?" asked Tony grimly.

Skip gulped. "I did, sir. I didn't want to wake you up. I just signed everything 'Per Smith.' "

"Oh," said Tony.

"You had rather a rough day yesterday," interjected the captain. "Do things happen like that very often?"

Horrified, Skip looked at the boss. He moistened his lips. "Well," he said, "we have a little trouble sometimes. Sometimes—" he added, "we even have a lot of trouble. . . . A guy just has to try and keep ahead of it."

"I see," said Reynolds. Then, to the boss: "There's not much more we can do down here. Shall we go to your office? . . ."

SKIP spent a bad day. Now that the possibility of having to leave Western was really on him, he realized how much his job meant to him. And when, at three that afternoon, the phone rang and a secretary told him to come down to the boss' office, he had a sick, heavy feeling inside him.

He was surprised, therefore, when he reached the boss' office, to see the two Englishmen sitting in easy chairs beside the big desk. And also to see that the boss was smiling.

"Smith," said the boss, "how's your conscience?"

"Pretty guilty, sir," said Skip.

Captain Reynolds laughed. "No need for it, my boy."

"No," said the boss. "You appear to have some peculiarly valuable—though eccentric—qualities."

"Yes, sir," said Skip.

"If you had tried to conceal the—er—somewhat chaotic state of affairs at Western, these gentlemen tell me that they would not have signed a contract with me for a hundred bombing airplanes."

"Decidedly not," said the leftenant.

"They say they are aware that in every factory there are innumerable production problems."

"Quite!" said the captain. "Rummy game. Simply nuts!" he added triumphantly.

"And that production depends not on the elimination of these problems—but on the ability to overcome them."

"Quite!" said the captain.

The boss cleared his throat: "You have convinced these gentlemen that Western can meet its delivery dates. They have placed an order for the bombers. They have, however, indicated that they would like you to handle the production work on the contract. They feel that anyone as completely messed up as you were last night, who could still find time for a cat-nap at nine the following morning, will never be downed by any such trifle as building a hundred airplanes."

Skip, for once, was speechless. He stood dumbly, tears of relief in his eyes.

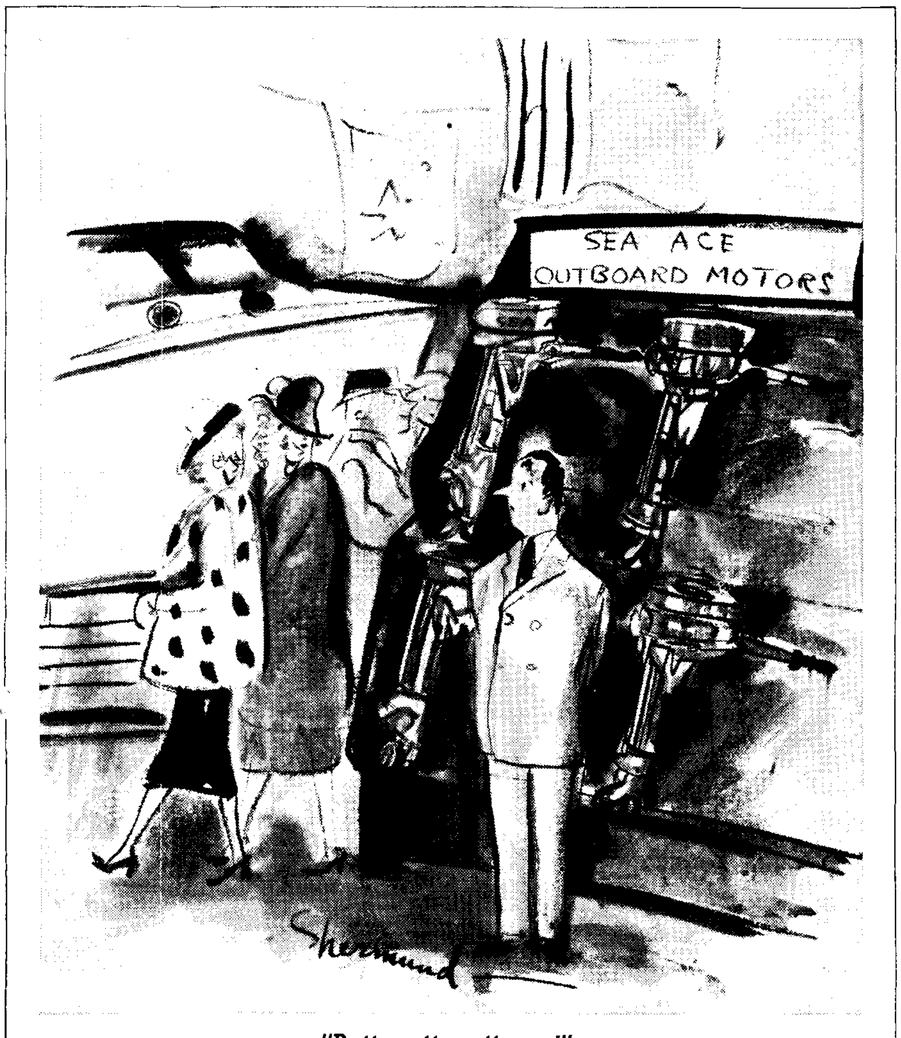
"Don't you think you should thank these gentlemen?" asked the boss. "What about this *savoir faire* you were telling me about yesterday?"

"Mustn't be an old sourpuss, you know," said the leftenant.

"Thank you both," said Skip. Suddenly he grinned. "Gee!" he said.

"What's the matter?" asked the boss.

Skip laughed. "I just can't wait to see the look on Tony Marlin's face when I tell him I'm going to be a contract production supervisor. He doesn't think I'm good enough, but I knew I had the stuff. Why, only yesterday morning, I told him—"



"Putt, putt, putt . . . !" BARBARA SHERMUND

"Every one know what *this* means?"

NEW CAR FINANCING
Not more than
$6.00
A YEAR PER HUNDRED DOLLARS BASED ON ORIGINAL UNPAID BALANCE PLUS INSURANCE

OUR GUARANTEE
When your new car is financed anywhere in the United States through any office offering Commercial Credit service, you will pay no more than you should and get everything that you pay for.

GUARANTEE . . . a big word for third-graders.

And a word that should mean a lot to you, if you intend to buy a new car on a monthly payment plan.

The Commercial Credit Plan is the one and only finance plan offering this guarantee to new-car buyers from coast to coast:

"No 'packs' or hidden charges in the financing cost; full value in insurance coverage for every dollar you pay."

Here is genuine protection for you. You know that you will not be overcharged for your new car financing. You know that the dealer who arranges Commercial Credit Plan financing for you is cooperating for your security.

Ask for the Commercial Credit Plan—the finance plan that's *guaranteed*. It is available through any new car dealer.

This table shows application of guaranteed new car or truck rate to various amounts, both as to finance charge and amount of monthly payments. Larger or smaller amounts, shorter or longer terms, take proportionate rates.

AMOUNT* TO BE FINANCED	FOR 12 MOS.		FOR 18 MOS.	
	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment	Finance Charge	Monthly Payment
$300	$18.00	$26.50	$27.00	$18.16
350	21.00	30.91	31.50	21.19
400	24.00	35.33	36.00	24.22
450	27.00	39.75	40.50	27.25
500	30.00	44.16	45.00	30.27
550	33.00	48.58	49.50	33.30
600	36.00	53.00	54.00	36.33

* NOTE: You take the cash delivered price of car plus insurance cost and documentary fee or tax, if any. (Your dealer will supply these figures) Then take off the amount of your down payment or trade-in allowance. The result is the *amount to be financed.*

COMMERCIAL CREDIT PLAN
THE PAY WAY THAT FITS YOUR PAY DAY

TUNE IN! *Hear latest news by Bob Trout over Columbia Network. See your local paper for time.*

Commercial Credit Company
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS MORE THAN $60,000,000

To know exactly what it would cost to finance any make of new car,
MAIL THIS COUPON!
★
NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

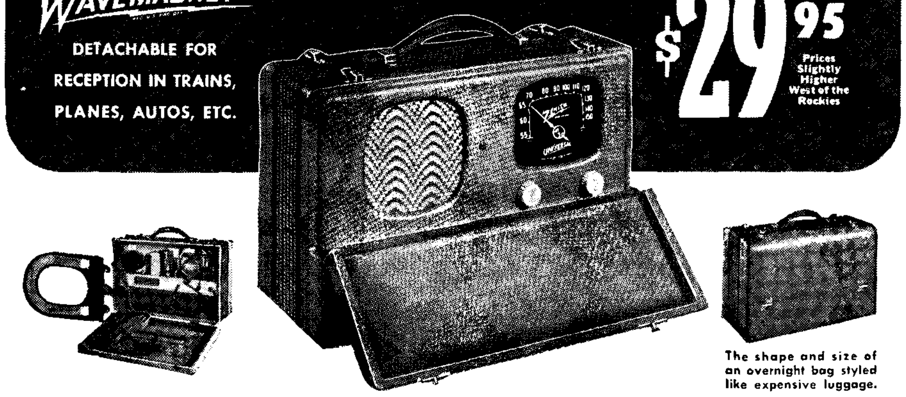
Commercial Credit Company, Baltimore, Md.
Send free copy of New Car Payment Chart
for (make)________(model)________
Name________
Street________
City________County________State________

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS!

WAVEMAGNET
DETACHABLE FOR
RECEPTION IN TRAINS,
PLANES, AUTOS, ETC.

U.S. PATENT NO. 2164251

$29.95 Prices Slightly Higher West of the Rockies



The shape and size of an overnight bag styled like expensive luggage.

The ONLY PORTABLE RADIO Guaranteed to Play Where Other Portables Fail . . . or Your Money Back

Engineers of the Zenith Radio Corporation *again* give you a most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet in a portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Under all ordinary circumstances it works without outside aerial . . . without outside wires or ground

LISTEN WHILE YOU TRAVEL . . . PLAY . . . OR WORK

Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception.* The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Detachable Wavemagnet, which is exclusive with Zenith.

Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

And that's not all! At home, in the office, in hotels, if you want to save your battery, plug into any light socket . . . 110 volt AC or DC. That will automatically disconnect your battery and save it for outdoors or travel.

Has storage space for earphones (extra equipment) for use at ball games, fights or enroute where you want privacy in reception *without* loudspeaker. Headphones are excellent, too, for the hard of hearing.

UNDER NO OTHER NAME BUT ZENITH . . .

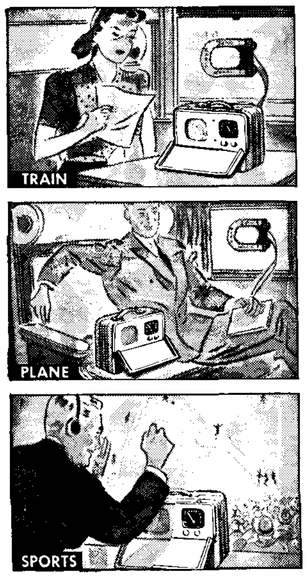
. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is, has,* and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet *detachable*—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

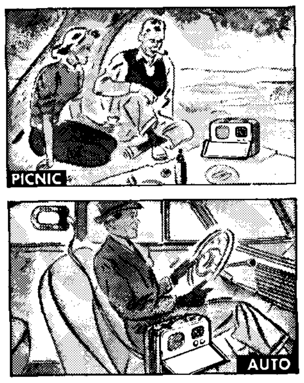
De Luxe Edition in genuine cowhide . . . priced slightly higher than regular airplane cloth cover.

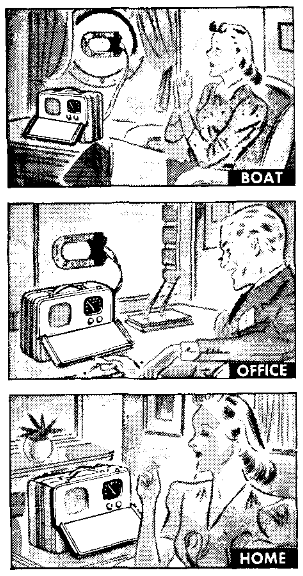
A NEW INVENTION

AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD
ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

IT'S DIFFERENT







Check and Double Check

Continued from page 23

damage inside you, they'll swim happily around in the serum. But if they are, the antibodies you've developed to fight those germs will immediately attack them and make them all clump helplessly together.

Another important detective process that involves a microscope is known as biopsy and is chiefly valuable in the diagnosis of cancer. Biopsy officially means diagnostic examination of tissue taken from a living person, but what it means practically is snipping off a little piece of a growth that is suspected of being malignant, hardening it in paraffin or some other substance so that it can be sliced infinitely thin, then staining it to make the structure of the cells show up, and examining it on a glass slide under the microscope. This way, pathologists can tell definitely whether a mole, for instance, is just a simple mole or something more serious.

But this hardening-in-paraffin process takes time, and if a surgeon is operating on a breast tumor, say, he'll have to know right in the middle of the operation whether the growth is malignant. If he didn't know, he might feel he had to perform a radical operation simply because he didn't dare take a chance. So what the pathologist will do in a case like that—and pathologists, by the way, are men who are experts on diseased tissue—is a much quicker process known as a frozen section. Pathologists don't particularly like to do frozen sections because they don't give quite as exact and accurate results as the slower method, but they are very useful in a pinch. And what they do, as you may have guessed, is take the little snippet of tissue and quickly, while the patient is waiting on the operating table under the anesthetic, freeze it with carbon-dioxide snow, and then slice it and stain it and examine it under the microscope and give the surgeon a report, sometimes in as short a time as ten or fifteen minutes. Then the surgeon can go ahead, knowing exactly how much or how little he has to do.

They Get at the Truth

But chemists and bacteriologists and pathologists aren't the only ones who may help your doctor find out what is wrong with you. Physicists have done their part too, and it's a big part. You probably know a good deal about the X-ray and fluoroscopic machines which let your doctor look right through your muscle and skin into your insides and find out what's wrong with your bones and a good many of your internal organs. You may know something, too, about the basal metabolism instrument which you breathe into and which, while you breathe, measures how fast you use up oxygen and so tells whether your thyroid gland is functioning too hard or not hard enough or just right.

But there is another complicated apparatus you may not have heard so much about that gives even more precise information than either of these. It is called the electrocardiograph, and it *writes a record of your heartbeat* a good deal the way those mysterious pencils in railroad stations write whether your train is late or not. Complicated as it is, the electrocardiograph seems rather simple when you take it apart. It involves two scientific facts, one of which you probably know if you've ever studied physics. That is, whenever a current flows through a wire which is in a magnetic field the wire moves. The other fact is that whenever a muscle contracts it generates an electric current.

What the doctor does is attach two electrodes to your two arms or to [illegible] arm and one leg. These electrodes are connected with a very fine, very sensitive wire lying in a magnetic field and that wire is in a position so that its shadow falls on a slowly moving roll of photographic film. Then every contraction of your heart muscles leaves its mark and there your doctor is with a permanent record of your heartbeat, which, if he's an expert, he can read just as if the lines were words written on a blackboard.

Diagnosis Does It

One important thing your heartbeat pattern will tell him is what condition your heart muscles are in. A woman was brought into a hospital recently with a violent upper abdominal pain. She was pretty sick and the surgeon who examined her diagnosed it as acute gall bladder disease and was prepared to operate immediately. *But first he called an internist* in on consultation, and an internist, by the way, is not an intern, but a graduate doctor who is specializing in diagnosis. The internist thought the pain might not be from her gall bladder after all but from her heart, so they took an electrocardiogram to help decide, and the electrocardiogram's verdict was coronary occlusion. A coronary occlusion, you see, means a blood clot has lodged in one of the arteries that nourish the heart and is interfering with the blood supply to the heart. And the heart muscles, not getting enough nourishment, become weakened and this shows up on the electrocardiogram.

There is still another condition that science has recently evolved an exact test for, a condition, however, that can hardly be classed as a disease, and that is pregnancy. Now you may feel that pregnancy is something you're bound to be able to diagnose sooner or later, but suppose a woman is married to an engineer or explorer and he wants her to go on a long, strenuous journey with him to some outlandish spot—it might not work out so well if she were just starting to have a baby. Or suppose a woman knows she is pregnant but there is a question of whether the baby is still alive or not, as sometimes unfortunately arises. And it isn't unheard of for a woman and her obstetrician to wait expectantly for nine months and then find she has a tumor instead of a baby. So, with a hutch full of rabbits, biologists can check up on all these possibilities.

As soon as a baby gets really started growing, you see, its mother begins to manufacture an extra amount of one of the hormones of her pituitary gland, and a good deal of this hormone is given off in the urine. Well, if they inject a certain amount of this directly into the ear vein of an immature female rabbit, the hormone will almost immediately begin to affect her ovaries and make them mature. So what they do is wait twenty-four or thirty hours and then examine the rabbit's ovaries. If *they've matured at all the lady is pregnant.* A fresh young intern I know was on the laboratory service of a hospital that made quite a specialty of these tests. When the potential mothers got impatient and called up to find out what was what, he'd always drawl either, "Sorry, the bunny says no," or "The bunny says you've bought a baby, lady," which wasn't quite in the scientific spirit, but nobody ever complained, probably because they hadn't any business calling the laboratory instead of waiting for their doctor's report.

Swastika Over Mexico

Continued from page 16

the war started. Germany did not. The Nazi youths can be seen any day at the popular tearooms.

Dietrich came to Mexico fourteen years ago. He was manager of a ranch in the state of Hidalgo until he disappeared, together with 80,000 pesos. He was caught and jailed in the Pachuca hoosegow in Hidalgo. In 1934 or 1935 he became press attaché to the German legation in Mexico City. During the Spanish Civil War, he was press chief for the Nazis in Burgos or Salamanca, but was expelled by General Franco when he was found to have been involved in an abortive rebellion of Falangists against Franco.

Dietrich then returned to Mexico. One of his lieutenants is Doctor H. Herzer, who operates an innocent-looking chemist's shop in Calle de Carranza No. 35. Herr Doctor Herzer was a first lieutenant in the German army until a few weeks ago, when he was made a full captain. Rumormongers say that this means the good apothecary earned a promotion "in active service."

Up to now we have dealt with obvious facts. Just for fun, let us examine some of the less provable accusations against the Germans.

On the morning of May 31, 1938, a few days after the expropriation by the Mexican government of $400,000,000 worth of foreign-held oil property, Herr Otto Ernest Friederich Probst, geologist, was found very dead in his room in the Hotel Bristol. Herr Probst was an excellent geologist but he was also a very heavy drinker.

The gossips here and about say that his death was strange indeed. He was found strangled by a short length of clothesline, one end tied in a slipknot around his fat neck, the other attached to the head of the bedstead. He hanged himself by the simple expedient of slipping down the side of the bed. He was found, however, seated on the floor, with his feet crossed. Reporters noted these strange details. The body's air of repose was suspicious.

Under Mexican law an autopsy is mandatory. None was made. Exhumation of the body was blocked by the German legation. The gossips insist, putting together one thing and another, that Herr Probst was poisoned because immediately following the expropriation he had been heard bragging in public places while in his cups that the Nazis had bribed the workers through the Communist party to strike against the oil companies. It was the succession of labor disturbances, with mounting demands for higher wages by the Communist-inspired workers that brought about the impasse between the companies and the labor organizations that paved the way for expropriation.

The Gestapo is Busy, Too

Because he deals with the printed word, the activities of Herr Dietrich are mostly above ground and detectable. The work of the German Secret Service is more difficult to trace. Most of its agents are disguised as drummers. In addition to the Calle de Ave Maria station, the Germans have another known station for short-wave transmission mounted in a motor truck. News from the state of Campeche has it that materials for a big sending station have been received there.

Rumors of arms smuggling in the remote ports along the southeastern coast of Mexico, of hidden airplanes, of sixty-four pursuit planes received in an arms shipment debarked at Puerto Mexico, create so much smoke that even the most skeptical reporter admits to himself there must be fire somewhere. The citizens of the state of Chiapas are supposed to have been armed with rifles and pistols.

More evidence—factual and circumstantial—of Nazi boring from within comes to the correspondent in Mexico than was available, for example, concerning Nazi activities in Holland a few months before that country was invaded by the Germans. There are striking similarities in the material obtainable, but here there is less tendency to pooh-pooh than there was in smug, self-contained Holland.

Internal politics is the field of operation for the Nazi Gestapo and their propaganda brethren. Their scope is to keep the internal situation in constant turmoil, penetrate as far as possible ideologically and culturally and grab markets. At least these are provable functions. A turbulent Mexico spells trouble for America in peace or war.

The Stalinists operate, instead, in the labor field. The government itself, although avowedly non-Communistic, is collectivist and at least Socialist in its program. It has the support of the legally constituted Communist party and of the CTM, the Mexican Workers Confederation, roughly the equivalent of the C.I.O., whose leader, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, is the Italo-Mexican counterpart of John L. Lewis. It is rumored that he has signed a secret accord with the Nazis, but the report may be spurious. The only real evidence of his pro-Nazi sympathies are contained in the editorial policy of his official newspaper.

The Men to Watch

Leon Trotsky, the goat-bearded Bolshevik exile, publicly denounced Toledano to me as a "tool of the Kremlin," but admitted that the labor leader is not a member of the Communist party.

The Socialist muralist, Diego Rivera, subscribes to Trotsky's accusation that Toledano, dictator of Mexican labor, is an agent of Moscow. Toledano was at least responsible for the entry into Mexico of such prominent Moscow affiliates as Julio Alvarez Del Vayo, former foreigner Minister of the Loyalist government of Spain; Indalecio Prieto, ex-Minister of War, and General Miaja, the "defender of Madrid." Del Vayo and Miaja are in America. Del Vayo obtained an American visa after strenuous but futile objections by the American Consular staff in Mexico City. Nobody seems to know how Miaja got his.

Here is a partial list of men in the government who are Communists:

In the private entourage of President Cardenas: Attorney Enrique Calderon, chief of the department of presidential studies; Attorney Mario Souza; Attorney Manuel Villasenor, president of the Society of the U.S.S.R.; Anna Maria Reyna, OGPU agent.

In the War Ministry: Colonel Calvo Ramirez, member of the General Staff, member of the Communist party since 1920; Colonel Saucedo, also a party member since 1920.

In the Ministry of the Treasury: Attorney Raul Martinez Ostos, party member and private secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury; Lizt Arzubide, a German; Attorney Luiz Sanchez Ponton.

In government banks: Enrique Gonzalez Aparicio, manager of the Bank of Popular Credit, member of the CTM and the Communist party; Manuel Meza, engineer.

WAKES UP HALF-DEAD ENGINES
CUTS GAS BILLS..
CUTS OIL BILLS...
Triple Action

PERFECT CIRCLE'S NEW OIL SAVING PISTON RING!

Does your car waste oil—use too much gasoline? Is it sluggish and lazy? Then, have Perfect Circle TRIPLE ACTION Piston Rings installed.

These new and different piston rings improve engines *three* ways instead of one. Not only do they have far more ability to stop oil pumping, even in badly worn engines — but they also give better gas mileage — and improve performance.

Any good mechanic can install a set of the new TRIPLE ACTION Piston Rings in a few hours. You'll be surprised at the low cost.

Smoke MEANS Rings

USED-CAR BUYERS! Smoke from the exhaust means worn rings and big oil bills. Be sure the used car you buy has been *reconditioned* with Perfect Circle Piston Rings.

The Perfect Circle Companies
Hagerstown, Ind. and Toronto, Ont., Can.

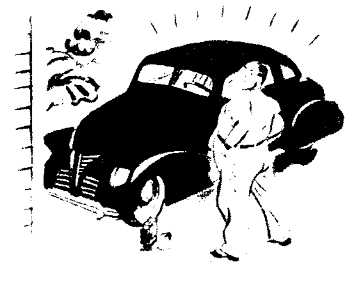
WAKE UP HALF-DEAD ENGINES

Perfect Circle
Triple Action PISTON RINGS

"I certainly am NOT loafing"

Me loafing? I should say not! When Susan called, I was merely deep in thought. "I know I am supposed to polish the car," I said. "But, Susan, you do not understand. I have been lying here inventing a new and easier method for polishing autos."

"Well, you can stop inventing right now," said Susan, pointing to the No. 7 Polish ad in my magazine. "Somebody beat you to it. And if this polish is as easy to use as everybody says it is, even *you* can shine the car quickly. Now *git!*"



Soon after, Susan stuck her head out the window and shouted: "Stop gawking at the neighbors' new car and get that polish!" "But, Susan," I replied, "this is *our* car. It was so easy polishing it with No. 7 I think I'll go into the car-polishing business!"

DUCO
POLISH AND CLEANER
Improved

DU PONT
Nº 7 POLISH
made by the makers
of DUCO* and
DULUX*
* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WANT A SAMPLE?

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Dept. 5-B
Chemical Specialties Division, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me a sample of the improved No. 7 Polish—enough for hood and fenders. I enclose *6¢ to help cover mailing costs.*

Name ____________
Address ____________
City & State ____________
(Offer good in U. S. only)

Windshield and Top Moulding Leaks stopped quickly and securely with DU PONT TOP SEALER. Good for rear window leaks, too.

The list is endless. Stalinists and Ogpu agents are named in private banks, in the Teachers' Union, the Ministry of Communications and Public Works, on the government newspaper, "El Nacional." Thirty-seven members of the Chamber of Deputies are named as Moscow agents.

The list, so far, has not been challenged.

Japan's interests in Mexico are frankly commercial, naval and military. Tokyo's tuna-fishing fleets have practically driven American and Mexican boats from waters off Lower California. They have established large colonies in the Mexican appendix and along the western coast. At least 30,000 Japanese live and work in Mexico.

Eighty per cent of the stock of the Kaishan Company, owner of the fishing fleet which has central offices in Mexico City, is owned by the Japanese government. The boats operating off the west coast are former British coast guard vessels, steel-hulled, and equipped with emplacements for 3-inch guns and machine guns. They can be turned into fighting ships in the time it takes to mount the weapons.

The fishermen's vessels average 650 tons. They can carry torpedoes, munitions, mines and supplies for Japanese warships operating in California waters. All vessels have good radios.

A number of ships have been observed taking soundings in bays and along the shore line south of San Diego.

The Japs are out for oil. They, like Italy and Germany, are getting a large share of the swag from the pilfered expropriated oil. Japan obtained from Mexico during 1938, 1939 and in the months of 1940 to date, approximately 600,000 barrels. Tokyo is dickering now for millions of tons of petroleum. Is Japan also preparing to go to war?

To combat the activities of the totalitarian enemies of democracy and capitalism in Mexico and the rest of Latin America, the United States is poorly equipped. In our embassy in Mexico City there are no funds for counterespionage or for the organization needed to gather accurate data upon the anti-American activities of foreign agencies.

Ambassador Josephus Daniels is ridiculed and lampooned as a weak old man and there are those who remember him as the American Secretary of the Navy when Vera Cruz was shelled. The Nazis don't allow the Mexicans to get over their hate hang-over.

The United States is confronted in Mexico, as in all Latin America, with a monumental test of its tact and diplomacy. In the proportion that Washington succeeds in combatting subversive influences operating within these nations, without further alienating the affections of Mexico and the republics to the south, America will have succeeded in preserving democracy in the Western Hemisphere.

Important Mexicans suggest that one of the most immediate needs is the appointment of an ambassador to Mexico City who will at least take the trouble to learn how to speak Spanish. Since his appointment, Mr. Daniels, the present incumbent, has not only not bothered to learn the language of the country to which he is accredited, but has not thought it necessary to make friends with the members of the government.

Lacking in the American Embassy in Mexico City is that social cordiality so essential in handling impressionable and sensitive Latin Americans. Little or no effort, Mexicans claim, has been made by the American ambassador to win the trust and friendship of this country's leaders. His own staff is kept at a distance.

The appointment of an American press attaché as a regular member of the diplomatic staff, with authority to counter the continuous attacks made against the United States in the Mexican press, is regarded as a necessary and vital step toward betterment of the relations between the North American republics.

When the Nazi-Soviet propagandists disseminate lies to the effect that the United States seeks territorial possession of Mexico, for instance, there should be someone in the American embassy prepared to deny such statements with sound reasons as to why the Stalinazi contentions are false.

With establishment of good will and understanding between Mexico and the United States, it would be possible to demonstrate to the Mexican authorities that Washington is concerned about fifth-column activities not only because of the threat to America but because the subversive movements are aimed at the internal structure of Mexico itself.

The suspicion of American aims generated by the Nazis and their Communist allies is so widespread and so profound, however, that almost anything Washington can or will do to smooth matters over will only arouse further antagonism. Nothing is so bitter as a family quarrel.

Somewhere, perhaps, there is a young diplomatic genius who can find an answer to Mexican-American difficulties. If he comes forward in time, perhaps Mexico can be made to realize the magnitude of the dangers it faces from within. Perhaps certain Mexican politicos can be made to realize that the Nazis can never keep their whispered promises of returning Texas to Mexico.

THESE OUR RULERS

Watch the growth of that great, beneficent organization which will be the host of the Democratic party in Chicago next month. Examine, in diverting detail, a modern political machine, smooth, powerful, streamlined, equipped by science and cunning for blitzkrieg.

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Canada Gets Mad

Continued from page 13

Board and things begin to happen. The grocer refunds the overcharge and promises to behave. If he does it again, he is persecuted.

Censorship is self-imposed. Canada's newspapers, like the United States press in 1917 and 1918, may say what they choose. It's wholly up to them. But they are asked to employ discretion and, of course, publish nothing that might be of military value to the enemy. Thus far, with the exception of the radical sheets we've already mentioned, it has worked beautifully.

Generally speaking, Canada thought our Mr. Cromwell's speech was a nice speech, but took to deploring when she caught the reaction in the United States. Thereafter Canada did everything she could to silence herself as well as her well-intentioned friends. When Mr. Gordon Conant, Ontario's Attorney General, escaped from the huddle and let go with a whoop that Canada should do everything possible to drag the States into the war, she did everything except excommunicate Mr. Conant and apologize to Washington.

All of which was excellent Canadian strategy until total war broke over western Europe. Canada awoke to more than anger; she suddenly realized that she couldn't fight Hitler with her fists. The shock magnified the awful truth that all she has to arm her troops with are contracts. And Mr. Hitler has no regard for contracts. She had ordered artillery and machine guns. A pitiful few had been delivered. It might take a year or two to produce enough to give her soldiers a chance to prove that they can fight. A hundred thousand men are figuratively under arms in Canada. They'll admit only, giving you no figures, that they're either underarmed or not armed at all. If Canada put the pressure on, she might recruit another hundred thousand in a fortnight. But what she'd give them to fight with, she doesn't know.

Reassurance from Mr. Roosevelt

That's why she has abandoned her decision not to look to the United States. Canada has pledged herself to train 35,000 pilots, observers and gunners a year at a cost of $350,000,000. But that too is just a contract. She is charged with building seventy-eight flying schools and air-training bases and manning them when they're completed with 40,000 airmen and civilians. Another piece of paper. Canada did not realize her impotency until shocked into it by Germany's swift subjugation of Holland and by Belgium's collapse.

The Dominion didn't shudder; she merely wondered what was in store for her should the Nazis not be halted—if Hitler were to dictate a peace that spoke the end of the Empire. And she didn't stop wondering until, sitting tensely at her radios, she heard President Roosevelt ask Congress for a billion, a hundred and eighty-two millions for the defense not only of the United States but of Canada, Mexico and South America. Canada's applause was louder even than America's. From Canada, as well as from South America, the President got thousands of letters and telegrams of thankful congratulation. But it almost floored the Dominion when she heard the President say that the air force of the United States should be 50,000 planes. Canada's fighting spirit redoubled, like that of a man who is assured that everything is safe at home.

There was none of that apathy or resignation that obtained before Hitler pushed all his blue chips into the center of the table. Canada's only thought was to exhort herself to speed—to send more men after more men equipped with what she might have and hope that England would have the rest.

If England couldn't give them tanks and guns, planes and armored trucks, maybe the United States would. That is Canada today—standing up straight.

Well, there was nothing to do but go ahead. Twenty years of peace had unfitted Canada for barbarism. Although Canada had come to regard her air force as her first line of defense she had so few planes that no strong enemy would bother to count them. One of the Dominion's police officials, whose most recent assignment had had him looking for spies, told us that he was afraid that a spy would laugh in his face

HIGHBALL
STRAIGHT
COLLINS
COCKTAIL
CUBA LIBRE
OLD FASHIONED
CARTA DE ORO
RUM
Ron Bacardi Superior
DE
BACARDI Y Cia
ESTABLIS D IN 1862
SAN AGO DE CUBA
PROOF-4/5 QUART
ODUCE OF CUBA
RDED TO BACARDI Y Cia
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP. NEW
There's

a DIFFERENCE worth knowing!

SI, SENOR! Like the difference between a tropical cruise and a boat ride!

Make your next *Daiquiri, Old-Fashioned, Collins, Highball,* or *Cuba Libre* with Bacardi, the world's finest rum—and taste the wonderful difference!

There are four popular Bacardi types: Bacardi *Gold Label* and Bacardi *White Label*, the finest rums of Cuba... Bacardi *Amber Label* and Bacardi *Silver Label*, Puerto Rico's finest, at a saving.

BACARDI
89 PROOF

The world's finest RUM

Distributed by Schenley Import Corp. N.Y.C. Copr. 1940

"Having nothing warlike to hide," he said, "Canada would probably bore a spy to death."

Don't take this to mean that anything remotely resembling panic had touched Canada. What had happened was that the false security-dreaming of yesterday had given way to a tough realism.

In spite of the barking you hear in Canada's legislature, there has seldom been a people more united in a crisis. In the first World War one had but to mention "conscription" to foment riots in Quebec. The French Canadian fought the draft in 1917 almost as bitterly as Canadian troops in Europe battled the Kaiser. But that's changed. Perhaps Prime Minister King will hold out against that highly vocal minority that is now screaming conscription, perhaps the Allies will not reach that point of desperation where they'll need all of Canada's fighting men. But French Canada looks differently at conscription now. Mr. Hitler has fixed that.

Down in Lansdowne Park they pay little attention to all this academic stuff. The Highlanders assure you that if you give them arms—guns, tanks, planes, limitless ammunition—and get the politicians out of their way, they'll take care of themselves. At the recruiting depots, you ask the lads why they're there. You'll hear stories that tell you what's wrong with the world. A kid told us that he'd talked it over with his mother. In their own way they decided that something had to be done about Hitler and that this kid ought to help do it. He wasn't more than eighteen.

"So I came down," he said. "I was working for an upholsterer. Things were kinda slow. The man I worked for said things were going to get worse if Hitler won. So I came down. If they take me I'll do all right. My mother said to do what they told me and if I got in trouble to go see the priest."

Well—they took him and he's now being converted into an artilleryman. He gets $1.30 a day. He must allot to his mother, whom he supported, $20 a month. To this the government adds $30.

Modern Adventurer

The fellow behind him told us that all he wanted was adventure. He was pretty frank about it too. "The only thing I got against Hitler," he said, "is that he's on the wrong side. If I was a German I'd be fighting England. I don't read the newspapers because they never tell half what they know. All they print is what they want me to know and I guess they got a good reason for wanting me to know that much. What I want to find out is what it is they don't print. That's why I'm here. I ain't had a job for seven months except for two weeks in a bowling alley. But I ain't been on relief. Oh, I got along but I got tired of that. What do I want to do in the army? Well, first I'd rather shoot parachute jumpers. Or have one of those antitank guns.

Perhaps fifty per cent of the early applicants for enlistment are either from the relief rolls or nonrelief unemployed ranks. It didn't surprise the doctors that the reliefers were in better physical condition than the other unemployed, but it did interest them to find that the morale of the nonrelief jobless was higher.

We talked to a reliefer who had a somewhat bitter view of it all. The army was a refuge anyway, a perilous one but better than none. "If they take me in the army," he said, "I got a job at last. Outside of a few weeks work I ain't had a job for eighteen months. Guess I oughtn't to be sore at Hitler. He started the war and maybe he's a heel; but if they take me at least I got a job. Oh, they'll take me. They may turn me down at first but they'll need me later on."

He is married and has two children, both under sixteen. Out of the $40 he'll get as a private, his wife will get $20 plus the government's contribution of $30. But in addition she will get $12 a month for each of the children.

"Seventy-four bucks a month she'll get," he grinned. "Hell, the four of us ain't seen that much a month for three years. All I got to do is get in the army and keep alive and hope the British are right that the war'll last three or four years."

This mechanized warfare, even if you haven't got the equipment, has changed recruiting rules. Machinery needs mechanics. You've got to have them, married or not. Naturally the married soldier is a greater expense to the government and the cost rises if he has children. But when you need machinists, motor mechanics, radiomen and other artisans you don't look for unmarried schoolboys and clerks.

Why Soldiers are Valuable

Moreover, Canada has found out something that will give you the barest hint of what it costs to go to war today. To enlist, equip and train a man from raw recruit to soldier costs $6,000 a man. To that you have to add the cost of sending him to the scene of action. As they say in Canada, $6,000 F.O.B. After that, maintaining him in the field and taking care of his dependents begins to run into money.

There was something familiar about the hatless, loose-strung, wide-shouldered youth talking to the recruiting sergeant. So we moved over to listen. The sergeant was accusing him of having come from the States.

"Not that I got anything against you Yanks," said the sergeant, "but we got orders not to take Yanks yet. We want Canadians first."

And then in a voice that could come from none but a South Carolina mouth, the applicant replied indignantly that he wasn't no mo' Yank than the sergeant was and reckoned he was as good a man as any Canadian too.

"We're taking Canadians first," repeated the sergeant. "Do you want to say you're a Canadian?"

"Sho, ah'm a Canadian."

"Well, why didn't you say so before?" demanded the sergeant. "Where do you live in Canada?"

"Over yond'. Back up country."

"Okay," grinned the sergeant. "Glad to have you. Didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Thought at first you might be a Yank."

"Nawsuh, not me."

Until Canada woke up, she was not at all anxious to enlist men from the United States. She's still making a show of rejecting them—none too vigorously. But she's taking them. If they pass the rigid physical examination and particularly if they're trained mechanics or radiomen, all the Yanks have to do is protest that they are Canadians. The recruiting officials don't look into it too deeply. They haven't time—now. Usually they let it go by asking the obvious American where in Canada he lives. And almost always he's prepared with some address.

From the recruiting depots they're sent to Canada's several training camps. More than a hundred thousand men are in Canada's uniform—army, air force, navy. But they seem a mere handful when you read the news from Europe.

But they're huge in spirit. We were leaving Lansdowne Park and the Cameron Highlanders. We asked The Sieve whether he had heard anything about the date of his departure for Europe.

"Ain't heard a thing," he shouted. "Maybe we won't go at all. Maybe they'll keep us here—to defend the United States."

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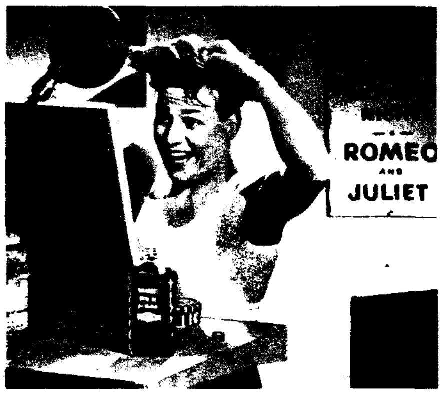

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Our Defenseless Coast

Continued from page 19

cases back in the woods, or behind sand dunes, but the two big 16-inch guns that constitute the main defense of New York are set up right out in the open at Rockaway Beach. They must depend for protection upon camouflage.

In addition to the guns, our harbors are provided with a system of outer mines and antisubmarine nets operated by the Navy, and with an inner system of mines operated by the Army. The Army mines are connected with the shore by cables and fired by electricity. But most of the cable was purchased, and placed in storage, nearly thirty years ago. It is now in very bad shape.

Special seagoing tugs were constructed as mine planters and mine companies were designated to lay and operate the mines.

There are no mine companies any more; and the planters are used as ferry-boats.

They're Not Really Forts

The soldiers live in wooden, or brick, barracks, near the batteries, just the same as they would at any Army post in the Middle West. All of the transportation, utilities, and so forth, are operated without thought of protection as in any of our cities. There is nothing about one of our harbor defenses that faintly resembles what they call a fort in Europe.

Some of them look like the back areas we occupied on the Western front.

There is an old saying that one man in a trench is as good as ten men in the open. By the same token we can say that one man in a fort is worth a hundred men in a boat.

The Germans quietly, secretly and efficiently organized a force for the invasion of Norway. It consisted of army, navy, and air force; mines, submarines, and what is known as the "Fifth Column," or propaganda and treachery. They entered the harbor of Oslo and with a small force of men captured a city of 223,000 souls. The seacoast forts fired and sank two of the German warships, and then their firing ceased.

It made no difference to the remainder of the attacking fleet whether the shore guns ran out of ammunition, whether they stopped firing by order, or whether they did not exist. The salient fact was that the Germans went on in unopposed, tied up at the docks, put their men and supplies ashore, and proceeded to overrun the country. Thus the odds were changed from one hundred to one against the German in the boat, to one hundred to one in favor of the German on the shore.

How does this apply to the United States?

The British, in 1812, sailed into Chesapeake Bay and up the Potomac River. They landed on the Maryland shore and after a short fight, in which the Americans lost twelve lives, they captured the city of Washington, burning the Capitol, "the palace of the President," and the treasury.

We would not say that the same thing could easily happen again, because we have some troops in the district and some airplanes handy at Langley Field.

But insofar as any seacoast fortifications are concerned, the British navy or any other modern navy could come into Chesapeake Bay just as easily as the warships went into Oslo.

The Germans got into Norway, not because the British navy had been wiped off the seas, but because the British navy was otherwise occupied at the moment when the dash was made across the Baltic. Had the Norwegian forts held out for a week, or even perhaps for forty-eight hours, it might have been a different story.

The Confederates at the entrance to Charleston harbor, with Fort Sumter, held out for two years in the face of the longest and most devastating bombardment in naval history, and yielded only when Sherman came down from the rear.

Properly constructed fortifications could do the same thing now.

But there are no properly constructed forts at Charleston or anywhere else on the Atlantic Coast. There is not a properly fortified harbor from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande.

There is no such thing as concerted action in the seacoast fortifications of the United States.

If New York harbor were attacked, the submarines, the coastal motorboats, the outer mines, and certain of the aircraft would be operated by the Navy. The guns on shore, the inner mines, certain of the aircraft, and the mobile troops, would be operated by the Army. Within the Army, the guns and mines would be controlled by one man, the aircraft by another, and the mobile troops by a third. There would be no co-ordination between these various Army units except through the corps area commander and his staff, or by some other incidental authority who has never had any experience or particular knowledge of such matters.

It is not only conceivable, but almost certain, that in case an enemy bomber should appear, it would be simultaneously attacked by Navy planes from the shore, by Army planes, and by Army antiaircraft guns. There would be a corresponding confusion in the use of flares, searchlights, and signals.

At the conclusion of the World War General Pershing said:

"In each succeeding war there is a tendency to proclaim as something new the principles under which it is conducted. Not only those who have never studied or experienced the realities of war, but professional soldiers frequently fall into the error. But the principles of war as I learned them at West Point remain unchanged."

General Murray's Plan

Among these immutable principles are those that form the basis of organization for a fortress or fortified harbor. Such an organization was worked out many years ago by one of the ablest coast artillery officers America has ever produced—General Arthur Murray.

Under this plan the fortified area, together with all the included implements of defense, should be under the command of one man, thoroughly competent to perform that duty. And neither the death nor disability of the permanent commander, nor the casual presence of someone else senior to him in rank, should be permitted to disturb this principle.

As it is, the greatest confusion would exist in the forts at the outbreak of war. Under the mobilization plans all the Regular officers would be promoted at least one grade. They would be ranked then in their new grades by National Guard and Reserve Officers of the same grade, who get credit for days of active duty in time of peace. That is, every colonel of the Regular Army would be ranked by every colonel of the National Guard.

Similar confusion has developed in the past, when Regular officers in no way

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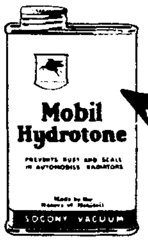

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connected with the coast defense happened to go into the fortified area on other duty, even officers of the Philippine Scouts.

The harbor defenses of the United States should be organized as follows:

First: A competent officer should be assigned to the command of the fortified area. It makes no difference whether he be an officer of the Army or an officer of the Navy; nor does it matter what may be the color of his stripes. He should be assigned by the President, and should have ex-officio rank, both in time of peace and in time of war, sufficient to insure his not having to give up the command to someone else who might happen along. Some such arrangement is contemplated in the Articles of War. Moreover, the line of succession should be so fixed that in case of siege or otherwise it would be impossible for the command to devolve upon some person for whom it was not intended, or who was not qualified by training and experience to exercise it.

Second: Within the fortified area of the land and the sea, the commander of the fortress should have under his control the fixed permanent fortifications, the inner mines, and the aircraft, submarines and coastal motorboats (small torpedo boats) assigned to the local defense; also the mobile troops known as the artillery supports, whose purpose is to protect the rear of the forts from enemy raiding parties. The submarines and motorboats, of course, would be operated by Navy personnel. The aircraft and all the other various Army activities would be operated by officers and men who were qualified by training and experience for that duty. And the staff of the fortress commander would be similarly composed.

Third: Between the fortified areas the coast would be protected by mobile troops, organized to the best advantage for the problem at hand; that is, to repel invaders who may attempt to force the shallow waters, or to operate in open warfare upon the land.

To Co-ordinate All Services

Fourth: In Washington, there should not be a chief of (the) Coast Artillery (Corps), who like the chief of Cavalry, the chief of Infantry, and others, is little more than the representative of a group of individuals that use the same weapons. There should be an Inspector General of Coast Defense, or some such officer, who should be the adviser upon all matters pertaining to the fortified areas, including weapons, personnel, and supplies that go within these areas, and excluding all that go without.

The Coast Artillery and the Field Artillery should be combined, and its various units, officers and men assigned to duty with the coast defenses or with the mobile army as occasion may require. That is in effect the way it operated during the World War. Out of the present authorized strength of the Regular Army, thirty thousand officers and men should be assigned to the coast defenses, for the service of the big guns, the antiaircraft artillery and the mines of the United States proper, exclusive of the Panama Canal and Hawaii.

At the outbreak of war these should be supplemented by the instantaneous mobilization of National Guard organizations, now already trained for that purpose. These, under the plan of General Arthur Murray, were known as Artillery Reserves. In addition still there should be Artillery Supports, that is infantry, artillery, etc., required to resist landing parties in rear.

Airplanes, with air troops, should be permanently assigned to the coast defenses at the rate of one plane for each two major-caliber guns, and in conjunction with the artillery should develop a practical system of observation and range-finding for the big guns in the forts, such as they already have done for the Navy, and for the smaller guns of the Army in the field. Airplane bombing of enemy vessels in conjunction with fire from the shore should also be developed.

Replace Obsolete Equipment

Two hundred million dollars should be made immediately available for the complete rehabilitation of our whole system of coast defense, a very small sum as compared to the forty billions we spent during the last war in our effort to stop them on the other side.

This would permit us to undertake the following:

Tear out all the old antiquated batteries and replace them with guns protected by steel turrets and capable of resisting high explosive shells fired from the sea or dropped from the air.

In addition to a reconstructed Fort Story, at the southern entrance to Chesapeake Bay, construct another fort at Cape Charles on the northern side, and an additional one upon the submerged shoal known as the Middle Ground.

Construct additional forts in the Houston-Beaumont area of Texas with special reference to the protection of the oil fields.

Replace our 1898 models of range-finder towers (in many cases constructed of wood) by bombproof structures equipped with automatic mechanical computers, such as we now have for our antiaircraft guns.

Provide bombproof and gasproof shelter for the war garrisons with all necessary provision for their maintenance and supply.

Provide an adequate supply of seacoast ammunition commensurate with the life of the guns.

Provide a sufficient number of antiaircraft guns for use within the fortified areas.

Replace all mine cable, and provide more modern means for the operation of the mine fields, especially with regard to planting and repair at night, in the face of the enemy.

Modernize our mine planters and return them to their normal work.

Provide the necessary equipment for converting lighthouse tenders and harbor boats into emergency mine planters.

Provide a sufficient number of harbor boats, barges and tugs to meet the ordinary conditions of peace.

Same for motor transportation.

Provide harbor defense submarines, capable of operating in shallow water, and the new coastal motorboats (small torpedo boats) recently adopted by the Navy.

Provide aircraft suitable for the harbor defense work in connection with the guns on shore.

With such a system of coast defense at home; with a high seas fleet too strong to be defeated in our own waters and too weak to fight abroad; and a relatively small mobile army capable of immediate expansion, we need not worry ourselves about invasion from Europe.

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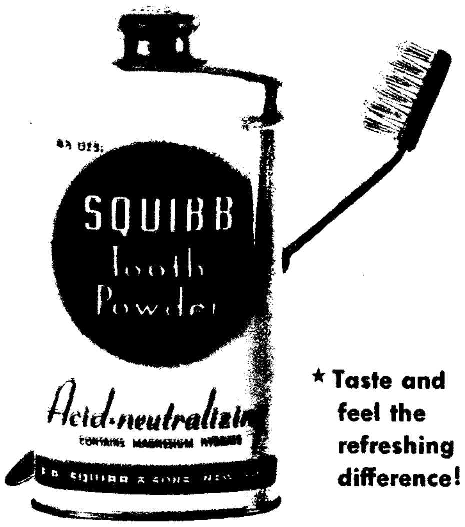

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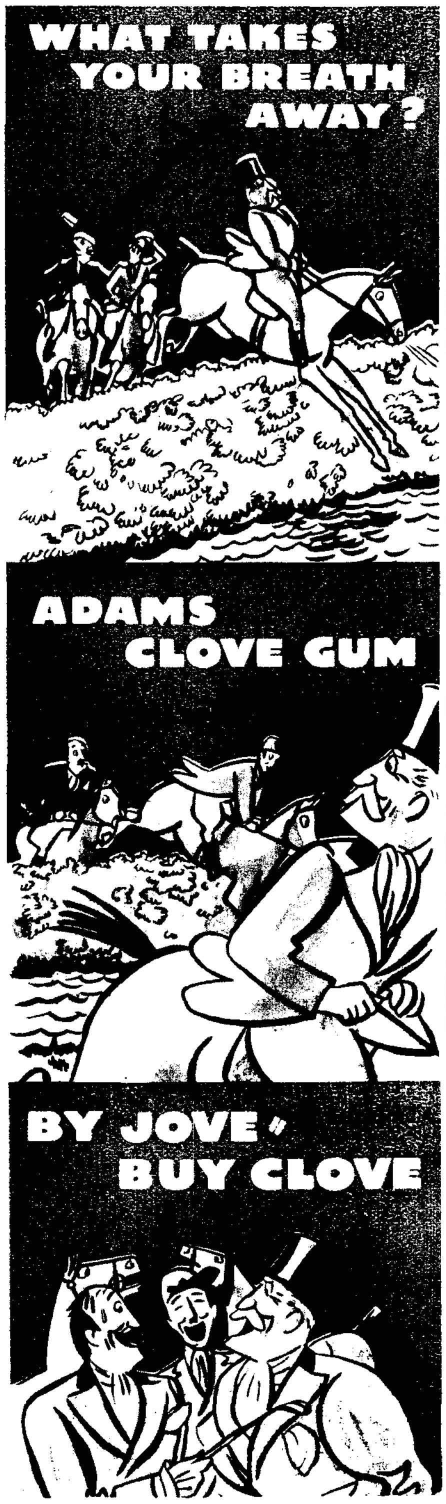

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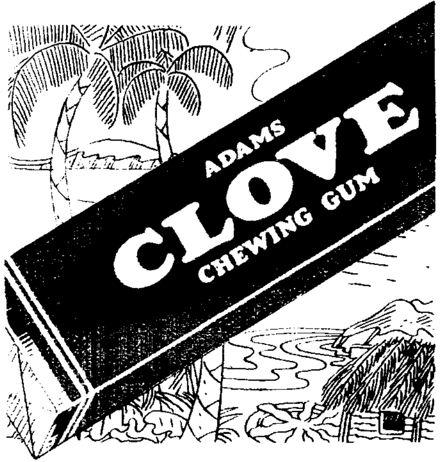


A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 22

welcomed the girl with a stately air as if the call were merely a social one, saw to it that she and her tray were comfortably placed by the fire, spoke doubtfully of the weather. The storm was not over evidently.

Cherry took this cue, and they discussed California's amazing climate and Mrs. Marshbanks' first impressions of it when she had come to the West a bride half a century earlier. . . .

The clock struck four. The old woman looked across at her companion, her voice sounded oddly firm and clear in the silence.

"Judson was an honest man," she said, "but he never was fair to his brother. Frederick—Frederick was impulsive. I loved both my sons; it was never true that I loved Fred better. But he needed me more than Judson did. You—you are like him."

Cherry was unable to speak. She felt her throat thicken; tears stung her eyes. The proud, stiff old voice went on.

"I would be very sorry to think that anything I had ever done had hurt you," said Mrs. Marshbanks. "When something surprises you and—and distresses you, sometimes you act without thinking."

"I don't think it matters much now," Cherry said, with some difficulty. "It might have been unimportant. Nobody knew what was in that envelope."

"It was unfortunate. I suppose," the old woman said reluctantly and proudly, "that my boy inherited his disposition from me. He would not be crossed."

"I'm surprised that you say that I'm like him then," Cherry said, with a half-smile, "for if ever a human being was crossed, I have been!"

"You are much stronger than your father," said Mrs. Marshbanks. The girl felt an odd sense of pride. It was something—even on this strange, terrible day—to have won the respect of her strange, alienated old grandmother.

"You can stand what would have broken him," Mrs. Marshbanks presently added. "You know, I suppose, that Judson left you a little property in his will?"

"Someone told me—Mr. Richardson told me, I think. He was always generous to me," Cherry said. "I forget what was going on when I found out, but I'm sure I was too distracted to know or care very much."

"WHAT I have will be yours, too," her companion went on, unemotionally. "It is not what you might have had, but it is something."

"Thank you," Cherry said simply. There was a tap at the door and she sprang to it, her heart hammering wildly. It was Kelly.

He looked tired, and was graver in manner than she had ever seen him.

"Fran and I are going out with these lads a while," he said, without preamble. "I wanted you to know. See you later."

She caught at him, her eyes frightened.

"Kelly, will they let you come back, surely?"

"Oh, certainly," he said with a smile.

Then he was gone in the dusk of the hall and Cherry turned back into the room.

After that, Mrs. Marshbanks and Cherry sat quietly, saying little.

It was a relief to both when Greg came in, immediately flashing up lights.

"What's happened?" he inquired. "Martin looked like Boris Karloff when he let me in."

"Nothing's really happened; at least, we don't believe it has," Cherry told him, choosing her words carefully. "But Fran went sort of crazy today and told them a long story about how she killed your father."

"What do you know about that!" Greg commented scornfully. "It's got on her nerves. What'd they do?"

"Well, she and Kelly Coates went out with them—to police headquarters, I suppose."

"Coates, too?"

"She said it was on his account."

"Ha!" Greg ejaculated, more seriously. "What do you think, Cherry?"

"Cherry has sense," the old lady said unexpectedly.

"I think it's hysteria, truly I do, and Kelly does, too," Cherry answered. She moved her aching back, trying to find a comfortable position.

"He and she—I never knew there was anything going on there!" Greg said.

"It was over anyway," the girl stated. "And he and I were going to be married," she added, after a pause.

"It sounded as if you said—you didn't say—" Old Mrs. Marshbanks stopped in midsentence, looking keenly at the girl.

"Yes, we planned it only a few days ago," Cherry said dully.

"Fran know it?"

"Nobody knows it."

"But if that's the case, how could she possibly have quarreled with Jud about him?"

"That's one reason why I think she didn't."

"Tough on you, Cherry," Greg contributed, struck.

"It's tough on us all."

"You mean you're to marry Kelly?" The older woman still found it hard to believe.

"Some day," Cherry answered simply, looking away to hide her filling eyes.

"And how long has this been going on?"

"Ever since I first saw him—for me. He walked into my life," Cherry said with the air of one thinking aloud, "and *he's never walked out*. And I don't care what they say or what they do," the girl went on, her look meeting that of Mrs. Marshbanks squarely, "he never will."

"Well," said the old lady dryly, "that complicates matters."

"I should think it would simplify matters; I should think it would let Kelly out of it, at least," Greg said.

"I don't think anything any more," his grandmother stated wearily. "I guess I've lived long enough. So you got him away from Fran, did you?"

"That was all over. They hadn't seen each other for months. But Fran suddenly got all worked up about it. She had letters from him that the police found."

"Those letters!" the older woman said scornfully.

"Letters that are months old. He told me that this morning. But they found them, and now—with her saying that she quarreled with the judge, and suddenly grabbed the revolver and fired it—I I suppose they'll think they're important!" Cherry supplied.

"Lord, they might think he's an accessory," Greg suggested, with an acute recollection of the plots of favorite novels.

"It won't make any difference, as far as I'm concerned," Cherry answered on a tired note. "Are you coming down to dinner?" she asked her grandmother. "I think I'll go get dressed. I suppose we will all go on just the same?"

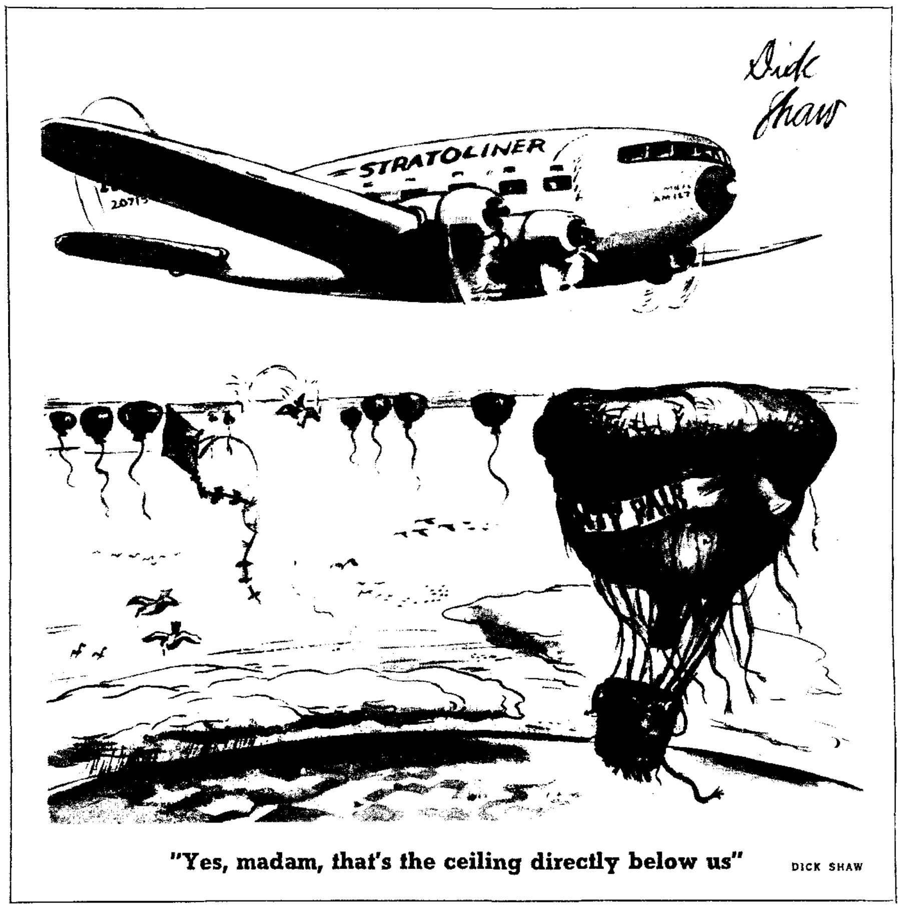
"I suppose we will," the old woman agreed, after a second.

"D'YOU know something funny," Greg demanded from the couch where he had stretched himself, his legs crossed high in the air. "You two look alike! You've got the same chins, with a cut in them, and your eyes have the same look."

"I wish you would take those great shoes off that pillow," said Mrs. Marshbanks by way of reply. "Come back when you are dressed, Cherry," she added, "and I'll go down with you. I—I hate to be alone."

"I hate to be alone, too," Cherry said.

"Well, *I'll clean up as well*," Greg stated, bringing his feet to the floor.



"Yes, madam, that's the ceiling directly below us" DICK SHAW

Cherry was already moving toward the door when there were voices and the stir of feet in the hall. A moment later Amy and Count Gogo burst in.

Amy wore a beautiful suit of biscuit-colored cloth, with a short coat of creamy fur and a smart tricorn hat about the size of a doll's hat. Her cheeks were red from the cold winter air and she was laughing with excitement. Her husband of a day beamed darkly in her wake.

"Gran, darling," Amy said with her kiss, "we were going through town on our way to Del Monte and we got homesick, and so we're putting off our honeymoon, and we came home to see you! You kiss her, too, Gogo!"

Her grandmother was visibly startled, but she rallied enough to keep the surface unbroken, returned Amy's kiss, accepted Gogo's salute of her hand. The newly wedded couple explained that they had spent the night at a dude ranch near Reno, "where Gogo stayed at the time he was getting his last divorce," Amy added cheerfully. And when Greg had replenished the fire, and May was summoned to be told that the count and the countess would have Amy's old room, and that there probably would be seven for dinner, matters took on a suddenly brighter complexion.

IN RETURN, as neither Greg nor the old woman seemed to know quite how to handle it, Cherry informed the newcomers that Fran had been asked to go to police headquarters "to explain something," and that Fran had "sort of broken down" earlier in the day, and they were questioning her.

"But why? She doesn't know anything about it!" Amy exclaimed, aghast.

"You kennot possibly know zat, de-ar," said the count.

"Why, but Gogo, *Fran!*" Amy reproached him.

"Well, zumbody know about it," he offered mildly.

These few minutes of explanation and welcome over, Cherry was conscious of a sudden drop in the atmosphere. Amy glanced at her husband, who seemed a trifle hesitant; the old lady, quite aware that something was in the wind, looked from one to the other quickly; they hadn't, Cherry perfectly appreciated, come here today for quite the affectionate reason they had given; there was more to it than that. Gogo had something on his mind, and this was a business visit.

"The thing is, Gran," Amy burst out, before Cherry had time clearly to formulate these thoughts, "that yesterday when I grabbed some things to go and meet Gogo there was some mail on the hall table, two or three letters for me, and I took them along. We didn't look at them until this morning and then I—we—Gogo felt—we both felt, that it might be important, and that we ought to talk to someone about it."

"If it is for Aimée's comforts, zen it is important to me," Gogo said impressively.

"I don't know what it's all about!" Amy confessed, ingenuously.

"My little innocent," said Gogo.

"You say it's business, Amy," old Mrs. Marshbanks said, with a level look at Gogo that caused Cherry a vicarious chill. "What sort of business?"

"It's from some lawyer, Gran," Amy explained. "Mr. George Comstock. He says that owing to the sudden death of his father, Judge Thomas Comstock, affairs in the office—I'll read it," Amy interrupted herself, opening a sheet of paper.

"'Affairs in the office have been in some inevitable confusion, owing to the recent sudden death of my father,'" she read aloud. "'My partner, Mr. Edward Brace, and I,'" the letter went on, "'have been attempting to the best of our ability to straighten out his affairs. We now discover for the first time that a document deliverable to you on the occasion of your twenty-first birthday, November seventeenth of this year, has been overlooked, and is now eleven days overdue. The envelope, sealed, was deposited here at the request of your father, the late Frederick Archibald Marshbanks, at the time of his death. The accompanying instructions request that we also get in touch with Miss Charlotte Rawlings, whose whereabouts we are now endeavoring to ascertain. Assuring you of our regret in the unavoidable delay engendered by a recent serious loss—'" Amy stopped short, lowered the hand holding the letter, looked blankly at her grandmother. "What on earth does it mean?" she demanded.

"Why, I don't know, dear," faltered the old lady.

"Aimée has tolt me of a story tolt by Cherie here," the count began anxiously. "Coot it haf anysing to do wiz zis?"

"If it is a duplicate of that paper Uncle Jud said he had had—" Amy added, again leaving her sentence unfinished.

"If it is to Aimée's interest, zen we must fight," the count put in.

"Cherry, did they write you?" Amy demanded.

"The Comstocks were great friends of your father," old Mrs. Marshbanks contributed. "But I never heard—" she stopped short, shaking her head.

"It seem to me zat I should have known of zis, Aimée," said the count.

"Gogo, why should I tell you a lot of family rubbish that I didn't believe myself!" Amy answered sharply. "Up to now—up to the time I got this letter, there wasn't any proof of anything!"

"There may not be now, Amy." Even at this tense moment Cherry found it funny that she should be the one to console the other girl.

"Well, you can imagine how it makes me *feel,*" Amy said in an injured voice, with a glance at Gogo.

"Frederick — your father — would never—" the old woman began faintly. "I am sure there isn't—I am sure there isn't any truth in what Judson said! It wouldn't be fair. It would put Amy in such a terrible position. Oh, my child," Amy's grandmother said, in a burst of anguish, "why did you marry until this matter was settled? How could you rush off and take a step as serious as this, without telling us—without asking us—"

"But you are not saying zat Aimée perhaps will be robt of all ze money her grandfazzer gave her?" the count put in, in a tone of stupefaction.

"No, she's not saying anything at all!" Cherry assured him boldly, her eyes aching in her head, her back icy. "There's no use worrying about this until we know. I haven't had any notice about it, and if it concerned me I think they'd have let me know. Don't worry, Amy."

THERE was a brief silence. Cherry's eyes went from one face to another; she could think of nothing to say.

The count moved to Amy and touched her on the shoulder.

"It will be very hardt, it will seem very strange to my frienz, my frienz zat I have promise to help," he said in an annoyed tone. "I tell zem to come and stay wiz me, I tell zem zat my horse—my house, all is for zem." His reproachful look swept the circle; he spread his hands open, appealing for sympathy.

"Your room is ready, Countess," May said, from the doorway. Cherry saw a little pleased look, a mollified expression, come into Amy's face. The title was impressive to them all.

"Yes, we will see zis Comstock tomorrow, and meanwhile, I will have a bass and a sleep," announced the count,

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following the maid from the room. Greg, with a shrug and an eloquent glance at Cherry, had already abandoned the family tangle. Amy loitered for a last word.

"They feel different about things in Gogo's country," she said. "I mean, in marriages and everything, they have to know about money—"

"They say that's because of the military service. There was a French Sister at Saint Dorothea's," Cherry supplied kindly, as the other girl hesitated, "who said that the money arrangements before a marriage were because men had to take out four years for military service before they got started."

"Well, that's it!" Amy accepted the explanation eagerly. "The first thing that Gogo said," she went on, "when we read this horrible letter was that it wouldn't be fair to me—it would put me in a false position for him to have married me thinking that I was—well, was rich and that I could help out all these people he has promised to help, and that he could pay up some bills. As if," Amy diverged suddenly with an attempt to speak scornfully that Cherry found infinitely pathetic, "as if money mattered! It was only—Gogo says it's only that he expected something different and made all these *plans,* and now of course he won't be able to carry them out."

"We'll know tomorrow," Cherry said, one hand over her aching eyes.

"He says, Gogo says, that it's a bad sign that they want to get in touch with you, Cherry," Amy observed, too deeply absorbed in her own troubles to consider the possible effect of such a remark upon Cherry. She trailed away disconsolately, and Cherry was left alone with her grandmother.

The old lady extended a hand to her, and as Cherry went to stand before her, grasping it, she drew the girl down so that Cherry's ear was close.

"She's destroyed her life!" the old woman said, in an electric whisper. "The money was all he wanted!"

"Oh, maybe not," Cherry answered, but without conviction.

"Oh, why, why, why did she do it! Little fool-fool-fool!" She heard the only half-audible murmur. "Well, go change your clothes, my dear. I suppose we'll have dinner as usual."

CROSSING the hall, Cherry could hear Gogo's voice speaking high and angrily in Amy's room; she heard nothing from Amy in reply. An occasional word was clear:

"Contemptible—to seem a fool to zem—to haf to cancel the rent of the villa where we were to be—"

With a heartsick pang of sympathy for Amy, Cherry turned away from her own doorway, and went downstairs. Lights were lighted as always at five o'clock; fires were snapping and crackling; in the library a solitary young policeman yawned at the desk.

When she reached the lower hallway Martin, his old face as impassive as ever, was admitting Fran and Kelly.

Both looked beaten. Kelly's face was gray, and Fran was obviously exhausted. May, hovering near, descended from the landing and took Fran's heavy coat, and the hat that with a weary gesture she removed from her dark, disordered hair. Her eyes, sunken in rings of pale violet, went almost without recognition to Cherry's. She said faintly to May that she was going to rest before dinner.

"You'll want your dinner upstairs, Fran," Cherry said, all sympathy.

"No, no," the other woman said feverishly. "I'm coming down! I don't want to be alone. I'll lie down for a while!"

She and May went up past the potted palms and the great statue of a Nubian girl holding up a cluster of lights, disappeared into the softer glow above-stairs. Kelly, shedding his coat and hat, drew Cherry into the drawing room.

"You're hot!" he said anxiously. "Feel all right? You haven't caught cold?"

"No, I've been near a fire. Kelly, what's happened?"

His face looked dirty and his hair was mussed; his eyes were dark with fatigue. He put his arms about her, and their cheeks touched.

"What a comfortable person you are, Cherry!" he said. "But your face feels hot, sweetheart."

"Has it been horrible, Kelly?"

"Well, bad. Yes," he admitted. "It's been a long drag. They've questioned her; they've tried to shake her. I don't know what it's all about."

"But they don't believe her, Kelly?"

"They didn't for a while. I don't know what they believe now."

"You told them she was lying?"

"I told them the truth. I feel sorry for her, but I wish I knew what she's after."

"They'll not believe her," the girl said confidently.

"They didn't to begin with. But after several hours— You know, Cherry," Kelly said, interrupting himself, "it occurred to me for the first time today what a conviction means to an innocent man. It happens. It's even happened when it was carried as far as execution."

"Oh, hush!" she said impatiently.

"Yes, I know. But I'm not talking about myself. I'm just saying that there have been cases of innocent men being convicted of capital crimes, and I suppose there are dozens of other cases where men go to jail for smaller ones. It's the damnedest feeling. Evidence piling up, and men whose mentality isn't of the first order weighing it and misconstruing it and coming to their own conclusions. Hours going by and smoke thick in the air, and a woman as white as a sheet answering and sitting still and answering again. 'Mr. Coates and I had often said we wished my husband was out of the way.' 'Mr. Coates had told me of poisons, without ever mentioning that he thought we would ever use them.' "

"She didn't say that!"

"Over and over. She had them guessing, all right!"

"But what did *you* say?"

"That I had never had the slightest animosity toward the judge, that I couldn't understand Mrs. Marshbanks' statements. . . . I only stopped in to see you a minute, dear. I'm on my way home; I'll be back tomorrow."

"Kelly!" Instinctively she clung to him, her eyes frightened. "Don't go away!"

"I've got to go home."

"They'll let you?"

"Oh, yes. They only asked me to come back tomorrow."

"Are you out on bail?" she asked.

"No!" He could smile at her horrified tone. "They haven't arrested me or anybody as yet."

"Oh, Kelly," she half sobbed in his arms, her face against his, "if I could only go with you! If we could only be alone over there, out of all this, where it's cool and quiet, just by ourselves! If we could have a fire, talk and forget it all!"

"We will, Cherry. This won't last long. Before you know it we'll be heading for San Rafael, we'll get that license, and have lunch, and then go back to Topcote, and fuss around getting it ready—"

"It sounds like heaven!" she stammered, laughing through tears. Then she raised her face for his last kiss, and he was gone.

MAY stopped Cherry as she was slowly and thoughtfully mounting the stairs.

"Would you go in to see Mrs. Marshbanks, please?" the maid said.

"Old Mrs. Marshbanks?"

"No, Miss Cherry. Young Mrs. Jud."

"Oh-h-h?" Cherry's voice was all reluctance and distaste. "Did she ask to see me?"

"She did before ever Mr. Coates left. She was so upset we've telephoned the doctor," May said.

"I'll go in," Cherry agreed, her hand on Fran's door. But as she approached the silken, pillowed, low bed where Fran was lying she made no attempt to smile, and only despair and resentment were in her heart.

"Did you want to see me, Fran?"

"Cherry," Fran said, in a tragic, quiet voice. "Sit down, won't you? Has Kelly been talking to you?"

"Yes, we were talking," Cherry said coldly and briefly. And then suddenly breaking, and sinking on her knees beside the bed, "Fran, how could you! You *know* you had nothing to do with this all, and you know Kelly didn't!"

"I think I'm going crazy," Fran whispered, her eyes closed, her feverish hand tight on Cherry's. "I suddenly—suddenly wanted it all to be over—to be out of it! And Kelly *had* loved me, Cherry—"

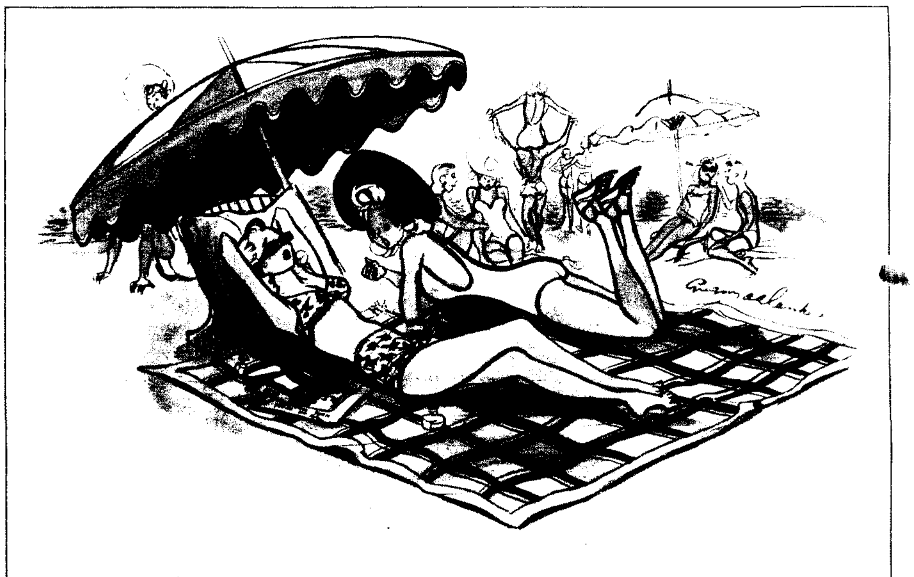
Still acting. Cherry's heart, opened on a sudden impulse of hope and confidence, closed again in despair.

"What do you think they will do?" Fran breathed the question, not opening her eyes.

"I don't know what they'll do. I know it will ruin his life," Cherry answered bitterly.

"Oh, no, no, no! Oh, my head!" Fran murmured. "Amy's here," she announced faintly.

"Yes, I know." Cherry sat back on her heels, chilled and weary. "They stopped



"I'm a little disappointed in all the rest we're getting this vacation"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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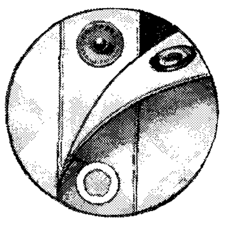

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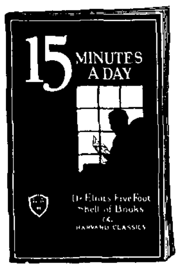

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off here on their way to Del Monte," she said.

"They're not on their way anywhere until they find out the meaning of that notice from Constable or Comstock or whatever his name is," Fran corrected it, in quiet scorn. "I never knew anyone to show his hand quite as plainly as Gogo did!"

"You saw him?"

"No, but she came in here a few minutes ago to find you. She'd been crying. Married yesterday," Fran's beautiful hoarse voice, a shadow of itself, said on the same light note of contempt, "and she's been crying!"

"She wanted me?"

"Yes. It seems Gogo couldn't wait to go down to the office tomorrow, and telephoned the lawyer tonight. Comstock's coming up, with some papers and a notary and what not, at half past eight."

"Mr. Comstock is!"

"So she said. He asked Gogo if he knew how to get in touch with you, and Gogo said you were right here."

"Tonight!"

"And Cherry," Fran said, opening her tired beautiful eyes, "about this other thing, don't judge me too hard! I never would have dragged Kelly in. They did that—these great husky beasts of men, full of coffee and beef and potatoes, smelling of them, and asking me question after question!"

"But why should you say you did it, Fran?" Cherry demanded simply. It was all like a dream anyway, this hour and this talk; the fears she had felt since that frightening message at noon; the prospect of the lawyer's call tonight, a session with hysterical Amy and the puzzled and balked Count Gogo. She might as well say anything she liked to Fran; nothing mattered, except that her head ached so terribly and she felt so hot and dull.

"Because I did it," Fran persisted. "Or at least I know who did!" she added half aloud. "Or at least I think I do."

"But you wouldn't say who did it to protect Kelly, Fran?"

"Why should I? Nobody's protecting *me*. I'm sick of the whole thing." Fran tossed on her pillows. "I think I'm going out of my mind!" she said in a whisper. "I'm going down to dinner, Cherry," she added. "I can't stay here and think or I'll go mad! Who's here? Amy and Greg and Gogo and the old lady? It'll be a gay meal. But I keep hearing their stupid fat voices and answering their questions and I can't stand it!"

"THIS will be over some day," Cherry thought, going to her own room. "We'll look back on it and wonder how we lived through it, and it'll all be a dream."

It was dreamlike enough now. The unreality of it lasted through the strange dinner when they all talked trivialities by fits and starts, and were silent, fell to thinking, were suddenly talking again. When the telephone rang in the hall they all started, and when the lawyers actually arrived and Cherry and Gogo and Amy took them into the drawing room, and sat solemnly facing them, it was more like the figment of a sleeping brain than ever.

She was tired. She felt her face blazing and her hands cold. When George Comstock, serious and middle-aged and heavy, opened a long envelope and took from it another long envelope, Cherry had a bewildered feeling that she had been there before, that all this had happened before, that she knew what that envelope contained.

But she sat quite still while he asked which of the young women was Amelia Marshbanks, and, upon Amy claiming the title, handed it ceremoniously to her.

There had been preliminary apologies. It had been explained that the document should have been handed to Miss Marshbanks immediately upon her coming of age. But because of the death of the senior Comstock, and so on and so on. Amy had listened in obvious impatience; Gogo attentively, desperately trying to understand the exact meaning of the long legal terms; Cherry in bewilderment.

AMY took the envelope and opened it. The lawyer then stretched his hand for it, and she surrendered it obediently enough. He read it aloud.

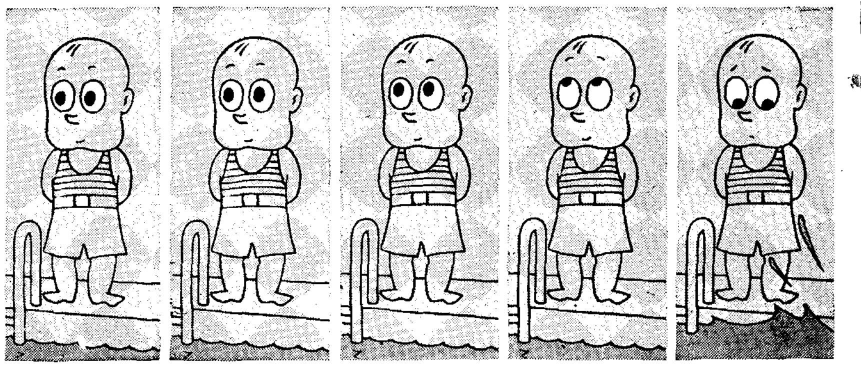
"My dear daughters, if both of you survive until the day set for the reading of this will," it began. Cherry's head was rocking. By this time she was gripped in the deadly hold of aches and pains, chills and fever. The long nervous strain of the day and the drenching she had had at noon were culminating in an attack of something—she had been ill so little that she did not know what. The room moved dizzily about her; her eyes felt thick and crusted and wanted to close. With even her most desperate effort she could not seem to understand what George Comstock was reading:

". . . beg you, my daughters, who read this, to believe that it was only the conviction that my child by my wife could not possibly survive, and my hope that the substitution of Charlotte's baby in her place would be an act of charity to all concerned . . ."

It was true. The expressions on the faces of the others told her; she was Amelia Marshbanks, Amy was Charlotte Rawlings. The long mystery, weaving its way through the studious years at Saint Dorothea's, soberly begun, for her at least in that atmosphere of white high walls, the quiet moving of black-clad forms, the ringing of bells, had come to its end. . . .

The voices about Cherry seemed suddenly loud and confusing, and filled with odd, clacking notes. The pains that possessed every inch of her, dried her mouth and weakened the muscles of her legs and hammered in her head, gave way to a swimming sort of weakness. She remembered saying, "Air!" and May running in from the hall, and then everything was blackness.

(To be concluded next week)



BELLY FLOPPER CROCKETT JOHNSON

The End of Hate

Continued from page 10

"You know he's one of Mosby's men?"

"I'm in the Seventh Virginia Cavalry," said Tib.

"Are you one of Mosby's men?"

Tib didn't answer.

"All right, boys, get the rope."

Dr. Pilgrim's austere presence asserted itself again.

"I don't want to hang him, but this type of irregular must be discouraged."

"We string 'em up by their thumbs sometimes," suggested the corporal.

"Then do that," said Dr. Pilgrim.

By seven that evening the road outside was busy again. Mail and fresh vegetables were moving toward the capital—the diversion was over, except for the stragglers along the Pike.

In the farmhouse it was quiet. Prince Napoleon was waiting for an ambulance from Washington. There was no sound—except from Tib, who, as his skin slipped off his thumbs, repeated aloud to himself fragments of his own political verses.

When it was late and the provost guard was dozing on the porch, someone came who knew where the stepladder was—she had heard them dump it after they strung up Tib. When she had half sawed through the rope she went back to her room for pillows and moved the table under him and laid the pillows on it. She did not need any precedent for what she was doing. When Tib fell with a grunting gasp, murmuring deliriously, "Nothing to be ashamed of," she poured a bottle of sherry over his hands.

IT WAS a hot, sultry morning, with sleeping dust from the fields and leaves. Since midnight Josie had been driving in the direction that Tib indicated before he lapsed into a broken sleep beside her; but as they approached a village she reined in and woke him gently.

Tib sat up with a jerk, stared at his hands wrapped in the tearings of a petticoat, and remembered.

"We've got to find a doctor," Josie said. "I think we're in Virginia."

Tib stared around. "It looks like Louden County. Leave me anywhere."

"Not before we find a doctor."

That was the last thing he heard as his tired heart tried once more to leap out of his body. His knees buckled. . . .

When he awoke hours later, everything was changed—they were in a glade of trees, with the horses hitched and standing. His hands burned like fire.

"I know a doctor—" he murmured.

"We found a doctor and he fixed your hands. I wanted him to put you to bed —it seems that our cavalry—the Union cavalry are all over here. He didn't dare hide one of Mosby's men."

Her hand touched his hot forehead.

"You're exactly like an angel," he whispered drunkenly. "That's a fact."

"You don't know me," said Josie, but her fingers stayed on his forehead, pushed back the damp strands.

"If I could just get to one of our houses—" Tib fretted indiscreetly. "We have a chain of sympathizers' houses right through the Yankee lines. Or else I could go due east to Georgetown."

"Georgetown!" Josie exclaimed. "That's part of Washington."

"If you think I haven't been in Washington often enough—" He stopped himself and added cryptically, "Not as a spy, mind you—as a dispatch carrier."

"It seems so risky to go there."

"Longest way around, shortest way home."

He closed his eyes—then surprisingly he added: "We can get married in Lynchburg."

In the dim world of the journey it seemed to him that he had proposed to Josie somewhere and she had accepted.

"Try to sleep until it's dark," she whispered.

As he slept she watched him. Then, exhausted herself, she lay down beside him, moving his head till it rested on her shoulder.

When she awoke it was dark; she felt that he was awake, too, but she did not speak. Why not wait a while—wait like this—alive through the very recklessness of her protest and its unknown consequence. Who was she now? What had she done with herself in twenty hours?

After an hour a faint chill from the uplands sifted through the glade.

"What are you?" he demanded suddenly. "You're a good girl, I know—"

"Just another human being."

He considered for a moment. "You're coming on South with me. When we get to our lines we can be married."

"That's not a good idea. I must go to Washington. My brother'll understand —in his own way."

They got up and walked to where the horses had stood patiently through the hours. Before they got into the buggy, Josie turned to him suddenly and for a moment they faded into the sweet darkness, so deep that they were darker than the darkness—darker than the black trees—then so dark that when she tried to look up at him she could but look at the black waves of the universe over his shoulder and say, "Yes, I'll go with you if you want—anywhere. I love you too."

It was a long night. Somewhere outside the first ring of Washington forts they stopped the horses; Tib went into a farmhouse he knew and came out in civilian clothes with the papers of a Kentucky deserter. Josie gave her own name at the barriers and showed a letter from the hospital where she was to nurse.

Then along the sleeping streets of Georgetown with the horses nodding and drowsing in their traces.

"That house on the corner," he said. "This is the only possible danger. Sometimes they get on to the Southern stations and set traps. I'll go in alone first—"

He pulled with his teeth at the bandage on one hand and she cried out in protest.

"I'll just free this one. In case of any trouble I'd like to be able to use one hand. It won't hurt."

"It will!" she said in agony. "I wanted to wait till you were safe before I told you—the doctor had to amputate your thumbs."

"Oh."

WITH an odd expression, Tib stared down at the bandages.

"In order to save your hands."

"I can feel my thumbs."

"It's the nerves you feel."

Tib was out of the buggy like a flash —stood beside it trembling.

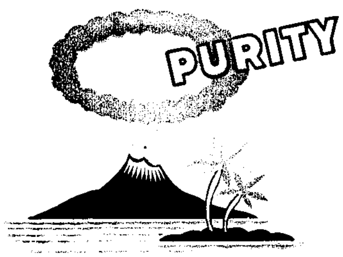
"Drive on," he said in a strange voice.

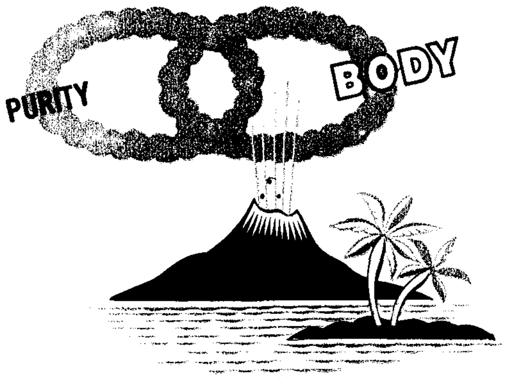
"What?"

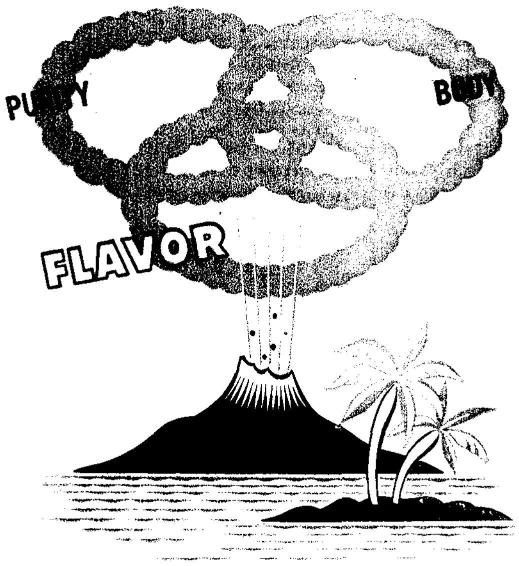
"You were trying to pay for what your brother did. Drive on!"

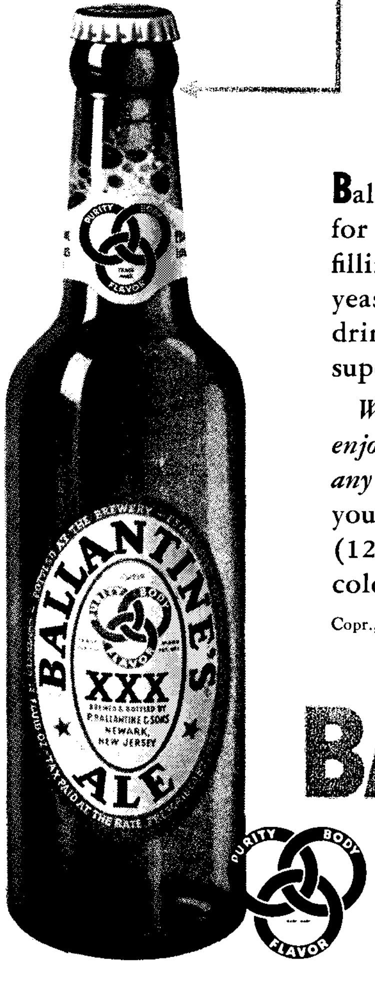
In the brightening dawn she looked at him once more, all other feeling washed by a great surge of compassion. Then he was no longer there—and a sense of utter ruin crept slowly over her. She slapped the reins on the horse and drove down the street, aghast and alone.

April, 1865. And Tib Dulany—by two days an ex-trooper of Confederate cav-









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ANS.—Buy a reliable cook book? Smile at the butcher? Both helpful, but not enough! She must, above all, be careful of her seasoning! For seasoning makes the dish . . . yes, makes the meal! That is why those brides, who are novices in the kitchen, should put Lea & Perrins Sauce on their first grocery order. A dash of spicy, tangy Lea & Perrins adds delicious flavor and appetite-tempting goodness to meats of all kind, fish, soups, salads and gravies. Nothing will please Hubby more. 'Tis the bride's cheapest and best possible cooking insurance.

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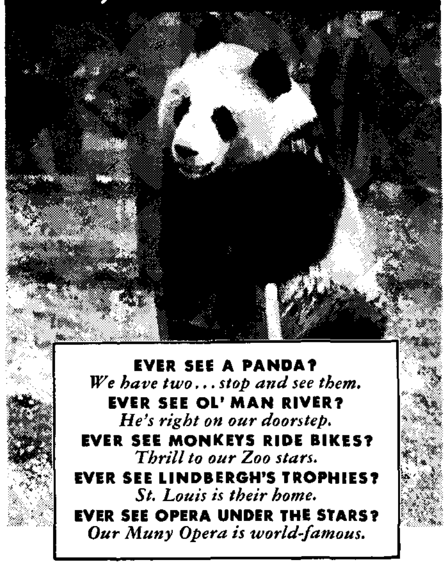

EVER SEE A PANDA?
We have two . . . stop and see them.
EVER SEE OL' MAN RIVER?
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EVER SEE MONKEYS RIDE BIKES?
Thrill to our Zoo stars.
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alry—looking into the bar of the Willard Hotel—in Washington, now a busy, noisy world. He had come on a desperate chance—turned his back on the dark years—to get a job in the West. It was for a test of his ability to forget the past that he had ridden penniless into the capital—the day after Lee's surrender. His story was the story of men who have fought in wars—at the newspaper offices:

"We're saving our jobs for our own men." In the printing shops they stared at his thumbs: "How do you set type with a mutilation—"

Tib went into a shop and bought gloves, as a sort of disguise; he got a trial at one place—but he was no good now as a journeyman printer. No good as a printer—no good now.

The atmosphere of the Willard bar—a boom-town atmosphere—depressed him. Upstairs, in the plush corridors, he quivered at the sight of women in fine clothes; he became conscious of his hand-me-down suit, bought in Alexandria, Virginia, that morning.

THEN he saw Josie Pilgrim coming out of a dining room on the arms of two officers—more beautiful than he had remembered. She was a ripe grape, she was ready to fall for the shaking of a vine. . . .

But it wasn't quite this that made him turn around and walk blindly in the other direction—it was rather that she was the same, she was the girl of those old nightmare hours, the girl whose brother's face he had conjured up in the last cavalry action.

And this had made her beauty a reminder of cruelty and pain.

In the past months, Tib had been trying to belittle her into a species of impressionable gamin—a girl who might have ridden off with *any* man. To certain people the symbolism of women is intolerable. Because Josie's face represented a dream and a desire it took him back to the very hour of his torture. . . .

Later when a fellow boarder in Georgetown buttonholed him on the stairs, he shook him off.

"Mr. Dulany, I ask only a little of your time," the man said. "I know you were one of Mosby's men—a true Southerner—that you came to this house several times during the war—"

"Very busy," Tib said.

They were a ruined lot—Tib hadn't liked the spies with whom he had been in contact during the war—now, anyhow, he was absorbed in an idea of his own:

To get a fresh start one had to even things up. Spew forth in a gesture the hate and resentment that made life into a choking muddle. He went upstairs and took a derringer out of his haversack.

AN HOUR later Josie Pilgrim's carriage drew up in front of the boarding house. A woman held the front door half open and looked at her suspiciously.

"I saw a friend, Mr. Tib Dulany, in the Willard," she said.

She kept looking at the flounce on her French skirt.

"You want to see him?" the woman asked. "Please step inside." She took Josie by the arm like a doll, spinning her into the hall.

"Wait," she said.

As Josie waited obediently she was conscious of a scrutiny from the parted double doors of a parlor—first one pair of eyes, then another.

The woman came down the stairs.

"He's gone," she said. "Maybe he's gone for good."

Josie went back to her carriage—back to the state of mind where she lived between two worlds. Her beauty had not gone unnoticed in Washington. She had danced at balls with young men on government pay, and now in this time of victory she should be rejoicing—but she had seen the Glory of the Lord hung up by the thumbs—and then left her heart in the street in front of this house eight months ago.

Dr. Pilgrim was busy packing when the housekeeper told him he had a patient below.

"Tell him I'm busy. Tell him I'm leaving the city—tell him it's nine o'clock at night."

"I did tell him. He said he was from another town—that you once operated on him."

The word operate aroused Pilgrim's curiosity. Patients seldom spoke of the new dental work as "operating."

"Tell him I'll be right down."

He did not recognize the young man wearing black gloves who sat in his parlor. He did not remember any previous transaction—moreover he didn't like the young man—who took some time getting to the point.

The doctor was starting next day for France, on a special invitation from a cousin of Napoleon the Third, to take up plutocratic practice in Paris.

"You're a Southerner," he said, "and I have never practiced my profession in the South."

"Yes, you have," Tim reminded him. "Once you practiced within the Southern lines."

"That's true! I did. Thanks to that I am going to France—" He broke off suddenly—he knew who Tib was—he saw death looking at him from across the room.

"Why—it's you!" he said. "You're that rebel."

Tib held his pistol loosely in his hand pointing at the floor. He slipped off his right-hand glove.

"There are servants in the house—and my sister—"

"She's at the theater."

"What are you going to do?"

With a sudden surge of hate up into his throat:

"I'm going to shoot your thumbs off. You won't be much use in your profession, but you may find something else to do."

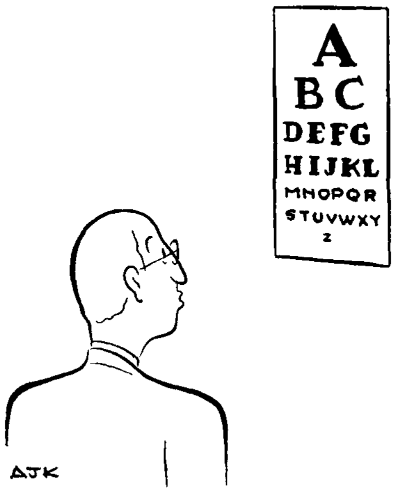
"They'll hang you—whatever I did to you was in discharge of my duty. Why—the war's practically over—"

"Nothing's over. Things won't begin till you and I start life on the same terms. Even this won't be as bad as what you did to me. . . . I think we'll close the windows."

He got up without taking his eyes off Pilgrim. There were loud voices in the street now but in his preoccupation Tib did not at first hear what they were calling. A window was flung up across the street and someone shouted from a passing carriage.

"The President's been shot! Lincoln's been shot!"

The carriage went on—the shouting voices multiplied—the quality of panic in them chilled Tib before he realized the import of the words.



"Abe Lincoln has been shot," he repeated aloud. Automatically he pulled down the last window.

"Oh!" groaned Pilgrim. "You people allowed to run loose in Washington!"

Into Tib's bedeviled head came the thought that the plot had been formed in the boardinghouse where he had lai[illegible] his head last night—half-heard conversations became plain to him—that must have been the private business of the man who tried to speak to him on the stairs.

On the porch outside there were footsteps—Tib had scarcely put away his gun when Josie Pilgrim, a young officer by her side, hurried into the room.

"Brother, have you heard?" Seeing Tib, Josie's voice looped down: "The President was shot and killed in the theater—" Now her voice was high, flicking at the lower edge of panic.

DR. PILGRIM stood up, trembling with relief at the interruption.

"It's a reign of terror!" he said. "This man—"

Josie crossed the room and stood beside Tib.

"So glad you're here," she said.

"So am I," Dr. Pilgrim said. "Perhaps Captain Taswell *will* put him under arrest."

Confused, the officer hesitated.

"Captain Taswell," Josie said, "when you asked me to marry you I told you there was someone else, didn't I?"

He nodded.

"This is the man. He and my brother have quarreled. Nothing that my brother says about him can be believed."

"He came here to kill me!" Pilgrim announced with certain civility—sobered way down. He walked to the window, came back, sat down, and listened to Tib's voice speaking loud and fierce:

"No. Not to kill you."

"My brother is afraid," Josie said, with calculated scorn. "He's bothered by something he did months ago."

Dr. Pilgrim made himself speak coolly:

"This man happens to be a Mosby guerrilla."

As Captain Taswell's belief wavered between brother and sister, Josie did something irrevocable, crossed a bridge as definite as the rivers that mark the Virginia border.

"We ran away together," she said to Captain Taswell. "We were going to get married, but it seemed better to wait till the war was over."

Captain Taswell nodded.

"In that case, I'm afraid I'm in the way."

As he went out, Dr. Pilgrim started to call after him, but his lips closed without sound. Josie looked earnestly at Tib. "I guess now you've *got* to marry me."

"You seem to be doing things for me always," Tib answered.

It has been whispered that there are only two kinds of women—those who take and those who give—and it was plain which kind Josie was. Even though his country was a desert of hate Tib was no longer a soul lost by wandering in it.

The shocking news of the evening—still only faintly appreciated—had made a sea change. The strongest man had taken the burden upon his great shoulders, given life its impetus again even in the accident of his death.

Dr. Pilgrim realized something of the sort, for in the silence that ensued he made no comment; nor did he voice any objection when Josie made another decision:

"Tib, dear, I don't know where you're going—I don't know where we're going, but Brother and I would be awfully happy if you'd sleep in this house tonight."

It's "33 to 1"—
this is my prize catch!

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YOU'LL enjoy the very *look* of this beer—its clarity, its sparkle, its creamy collar.

But wait till you *taste* it!

Such flavor, such smoothness, can only come from the *blending* of 33 separate brews...not two, or five, or ten, but 33—from 33 separate kettles!

Each brew is as fine as 96 years of skill, the 28 Pabst scientists, and Pabst ingredients can make it.

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An expensive way to brew? Of course! It's like blending champagne, coffee, or tobacco to produce the finest. And that's what makes it *America's Premium Beer*...with a smoothness that is unique, and a goodness that never varies.

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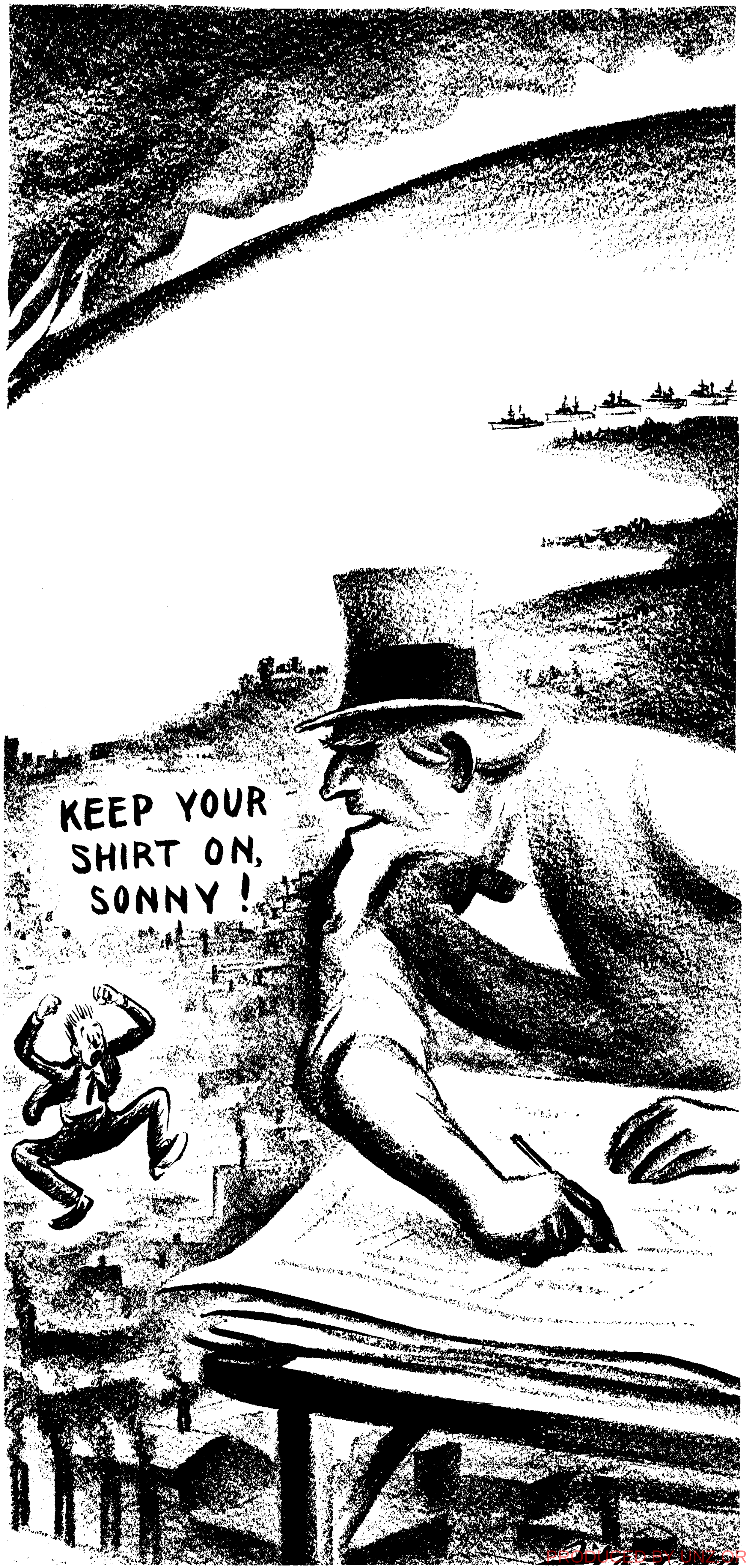

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, SONNY!

Arms, or Alarms ?

WHEN Adolf Hitler cut loose his blitzkrieg in Holland, Belgium and northern France, he would seem to have blitzed the intelligence of a lot of Americans.

To hear some alarmists tell it since those admittedly world-shaking events, there is little hope for us at best, but the least we ought to do is to create a two-ocean navy, a 75,000-plane air force, and a 3,000,000-man army—all overnight, of course.

Well, that's how a lot of us Americans are. We like to have everything on a grand scale. We like to have record-breaking booms, history's greatest depressions, the most frightful national perils of all time . . . and if the United States ever does go to smash, a great many of us will be disappointed if the explosion isn't the biggest the world ever dreamed of.

Couldn't we this time, though, stow the hysteria and look at our arms problem sensibly? We'd better, because it is a fact that we are living in tough times in the world; and hysterical nations, like hysterical people, have extra-tough going in tough times.

As we see it, here is our position at this writing:

For several generations, the United States has counted on the benevolent neutrality of Great Britain in any Atlantic conflict we might get into. That is to say, the British navy has been our unofficial bulwark on the Atlantic.

We are now faced with the possibility that we may lose this bulwark and have to rely on our own resources exclusively.

It behooves us to consider carefully, if not prayerfully, what the loss of the British navy or its transfer to other hands would mean to us.

That is one change that may occur. There is another change that already has occurred. We refer to the fact that a gangster frame of mind now possesses the governments of Germany, Italy, Japan and Russia. Any one of them will strike at us without warning or provocation, its only object being to get something good that we have and it wants, and its only possible deterrent being possession of superior fighting power on our part.

That's the kind of world we live in nowadays. A person or a nation that cannot change with changing times cannot long survive. Can we make the adjustment?

We can if we keep our heads screwed on, serious though the position is.

In the first place, we don't exactly start from scratch in the matter of building up our defenses.

We have the world's most powerful navy just now—not a two-ocean navy, but not a couple of gunboats and a captain's gig, either. As a foundation for whatever sea defenses we shall eventually need, we have 15 first-class battleships now afloat, with six 35,000-tonners and two 45,000-tonners coming, plus the necessary auxiliaries.

Our air force is not as big as it should be—4,165 first-line fighting planes at this writing, as against Germany's estimated 12,000. But our potential production, our natural resources and our reservoir of man power are all superior to those of Germany.

Our Army is no mechanized monster, and it ought to be expanded rapidly and given a lot more equipment of various kinds than it now has. But after all, its 165,000-odd officers and men are excellently trained specialists in warfare; and plans are already under way to enable us to throw an initial protective force of 425,000 men into the field on short notice, and to expand that force to 750,000 within thirty days.

We're short on antiaircraft guns, but long on factories that could be shunted into antiaircraft production in a hurry.

In the second and more important place, we have the brains and the initiative and courage in this democratic country to build up adequate defenses if we'll only give those qualities a chance to function.

Those qualities are not to be found in the twitterbugs who rush around screaming that we're all about to be killed by lightning whenever a cloud appears in the sky.

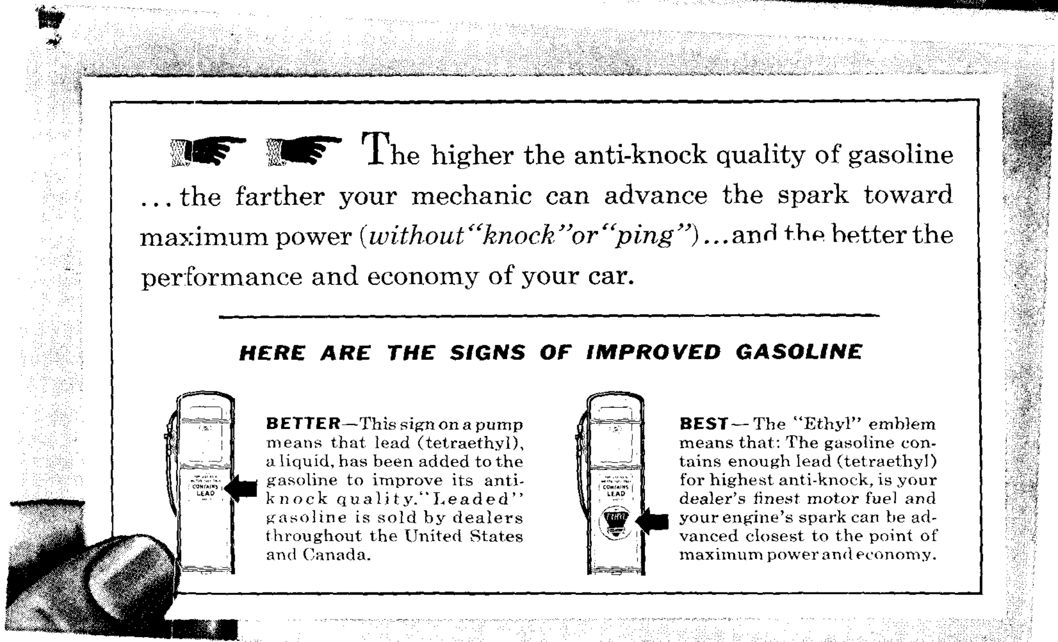
The sensible thing to do is to give the Administration, Congress and the keymen in our land, sea and air forces credit for knowing something about national defense; to stand by them in their efforts (long under way) to work out and put into operation plans for adequate Western Hemisphere defense; and to make ready to pay the reasonable and carefully itemized costs thereof.

This is a hot spot that we're on. But we've been on hotter ones in our time as a nation, and we've always worked off of them.

We didn't do it by falling for the alarmists and going berserk, though. We did it by facing the emergency, analyzing it in cool blood, figuring out the necessary steps, and taking those steps without fear, faltering or heart flutters.

"Why doesn't somebody tell me these things?"

1. I'll bet there are thousands of car owners just like me. I mean people who've been driving so long that they take their cars for granted. But recently I saw something in Collier's that made me wonder if I wasn't *too* easily satisfied with my car's performance. It was a chart that told me something *new.*



The higher the anti-knock quality of gasoline ... the farther your mechanic can advance the spark toward maximum power (*without "knock" or "ping"*)...and the better the performance and economy of your car.

HERE ARE THE SIGNS OF IMPROVED GASOLINE

BETTER—This sign on a pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. "Leaded" gasoline is sold by dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

BEST—The "Ethyl" emblem means that: The gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock, is your dealer's finest motor fuel and your engine's spark can be advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy.

2. The chart (*at the left*) was part of an advertisement that told how a motor service man could step up my car's power and economy if I filled the tank with the best gasoline so he could advance the spark.

3. So the next time I saw my own motor service man I asked about it. "Joe," I said, "is this talk about advancing the spark and using the best gasoline on the level?"

"Certainly it is," he answered. "I could step up your car's performance plenty if you'd use the best gasoline."

4. "Why doesn't somebody tell me these things?" I demanded. "Don't you think I want to get everything I can out of my car?"

"Gosh, Mr. Stevens, I'm sorry," he answered. "We usually tell our customers that 'the better the gas, the better the car'—but we figured anybody who's been driving as long as you would know all that."

5. Well, I filled my tank with highest anti-knock gasoline and had him advance my spark then and there. What a difference it made! More power, more pep, more economy, more everything!

(*Maybe* ***you*** *are missing something, too. Read the chart again and then talk to* ***your*** *motor service man!*)

The better the gas— the better your car!

TUNE IN EVERY MONDAY NIGHT—Tony Martin, Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, featured on "Tune-Up Time" over coast-to-coast network, Columbia Broadcasting System.

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